

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

February, 1930

Ten Cents a Copy



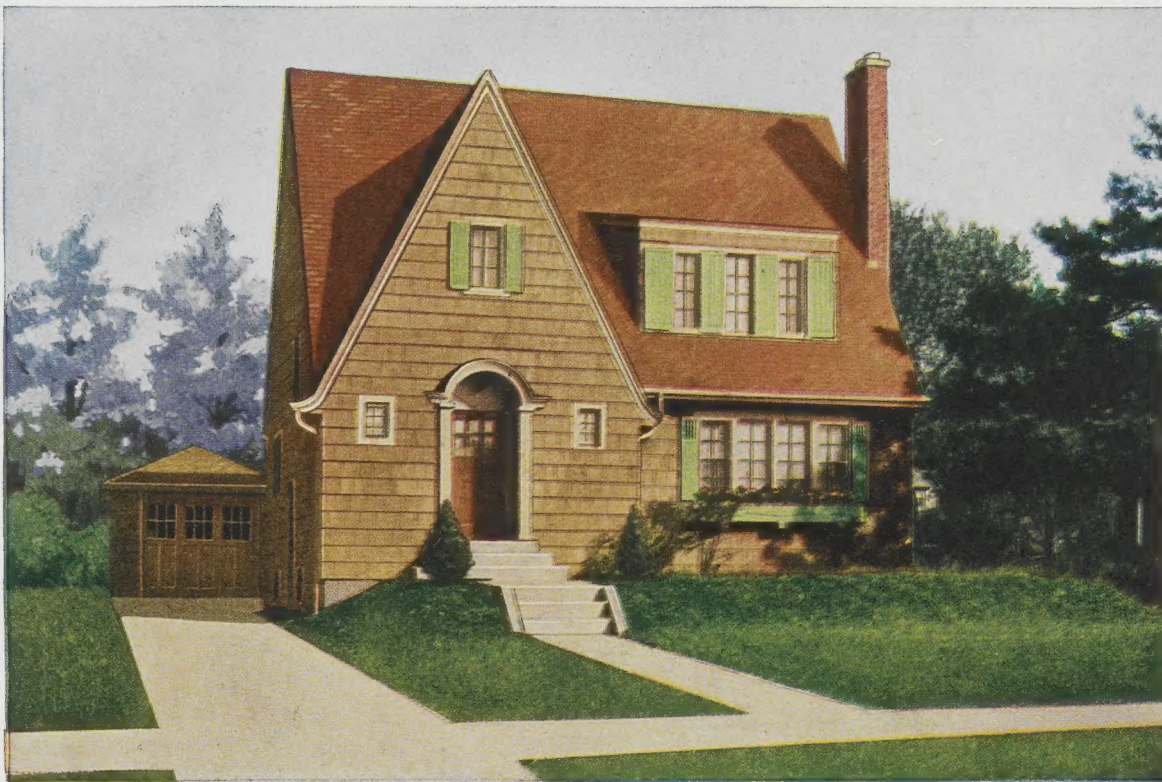
Charles
Harbens
O

Aboard the Graf Zeppelin
with
Lady Hay DRUMMOND-HAY

Make Your Home-Building Plans—Now

SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE

BEFORE the hustle and bustle of spring before your home-town lumber dealer is up to his neck in work while you have the leisure to plan carefully, let him show you his absolutely new set of architecturally designed plans of up-to-the-minute homes.

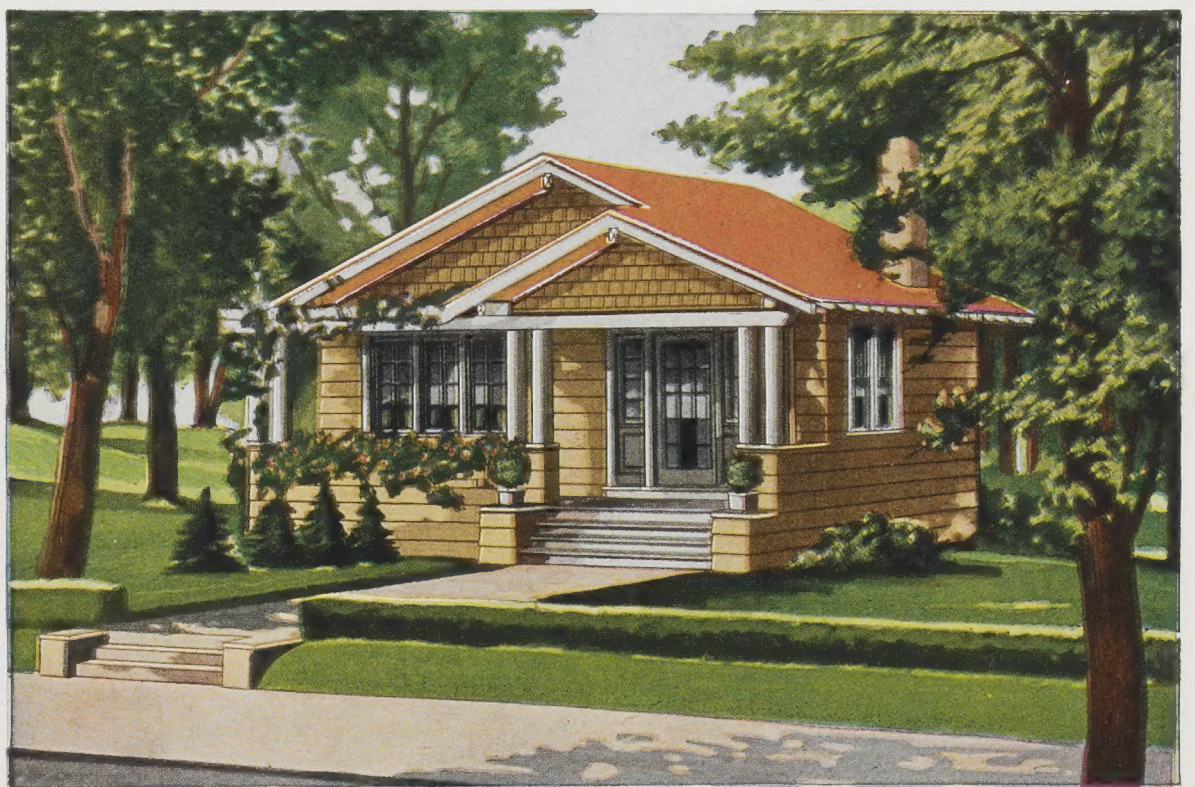


Discuss your ideas with him. Ask his advice about the home you have been dreaming of. From his complete collection of plans you will surely find the one to suit you.

See your lumber dealer soon—because now he has the time to go into your problems and solve them. Don't Blunder—Use Lumber.

This plan, which suggests "home" in every sense of the word, has not been sacrificed for exterior effect. On the ground floor is a large living-room, dining-room, kitchen and sunroom. The three bedrooms and bathroom on the second floor are also of good size. Ask your home-town lumber dealer to let you see Plan No. 44, size 32 x 26 ft.

For a compact, economical and practical bungalow, this design can be recommended. There is a large combination living and dining-room across the front, with good sized kitchen, bedroom (with closet) and bathroom at the rear. See Plan No. 42, size 24 x 22 ft.



CERTIFIED BY CENTURIES
WOOD
USE IT—NATURE RENEWS IT

Inserted by the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association, and the Associations of the B.C. Lumber & Shingle Manufacturers Ltd., the Mountain Lumber Manufacturers, the Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers, and the Western Canada Sash & Door Manufacturers and Jobbers.



"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care, acting at once as a cleanser and a valuable and soothing emollient."

A. Leblanc
NICE

"The one soap I recommend is Palmolive"

says Albert Leblanc of Nice

Famous Beauty Specialist of the fashionable Hotel Negresco at Nice, on the French Riviera, frequented by many of the world's smartest women.

"It is quite wrong to suppose," says Albert Leblanc, of Nice, "that the skin can be thoroughly cleansed except by the use of soap and water. I am still occasionally asked: 'Shall I use soap on my face?' My answer is always a decided affirmative. But the one soap I recommend is Palmolive!"

Monsieur Leblanc is an authority. He has a beauty salon at the famous Hotel Negresco, in Nice, where he cares for the complexions of women whose names make society news all over the world. He had his beauty training in Paris, and, like the great Parisian experts, he considers palm and olive oils invaluable in keeping complexions lovely.

Other soaps won't do

Substitutes for Palmolive may irritate the skin, and spoil its colorful freshness. These changes may come so gradually you scarcely notice them. Then—all of a sudden—you find the pores coarsened, the complexion irritated, the texture losing its smooth loveliness. The pure



Facade of Leblanc's Salon at the Hotel Negresco—where Monsieur Albert attends fashionable women from all over the world. The smart women who gather at Nice demand the very finest care in matters of beauty culture.

olive and palm oil lather of Palmolive Soap soothes, cleanses, removes impurities gently and safely.

"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care," says Leblanc . . . and there are more than 18,000 other renowned beauty specialists who agree with him.

This treatment, night and morning

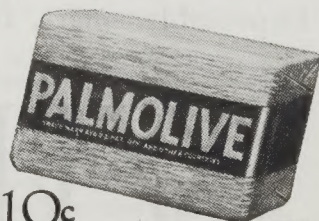
Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is refreshing as an astringent.

Only a specialist can advise you

Being beautiful in itself gives no one the right to advise you on beauty. For such advice you must go to a skilled, experienced beauty specialist. And just think of it! 18,012 experts—all over the world—recommend Palmolive Soap! In big cities, in small towns, smart resorts; in America, France, Germany, Spain, England—everywhere that beauty culture is practiced—its foremost exponents tell you to guard against enemies of facial beauty by twice-a-day use of Palmolive.

Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils gently penetrate the pores, releasing impurities and protecting the tender fabric of the skin from the abuses of modern life.

Millions use Palmolive for the bath, as well as for the face. Your very first cake of this bland, skillfully blended soap will show you why Palmolive is the choice of those whose business it is to know.



You can make your stocking money GO TWICE AS FAR

New York's Musical Shows tell you how!

Kee every pair of the lovely sheer stockings you buy just like new *twice* as long—then your stocking money will go twice as far.

Wardrobe mistresses of the big musical shows tell you how . . . they have thousands of pairs of sheer dancing stockings to care for. They must know—they can't afford to guess—the very best, safest way to cleanse them.

Comparing the different cleansing methods, they found that "Stockings which are always washed in Lux last for more than twice as many performances—give more than *double the usual wear!*"

Now every musical show in New York uses Lux to double the life of stockings.

You, too, can be sure of the same wonderful results—make your stocking money go twice as far. Simply use gentle, safe Lux. Avoid rubbing stockings with cake soap. Avoid the harmful alkali found in so many soaps, whether flakes, cakes, chips, or powders.



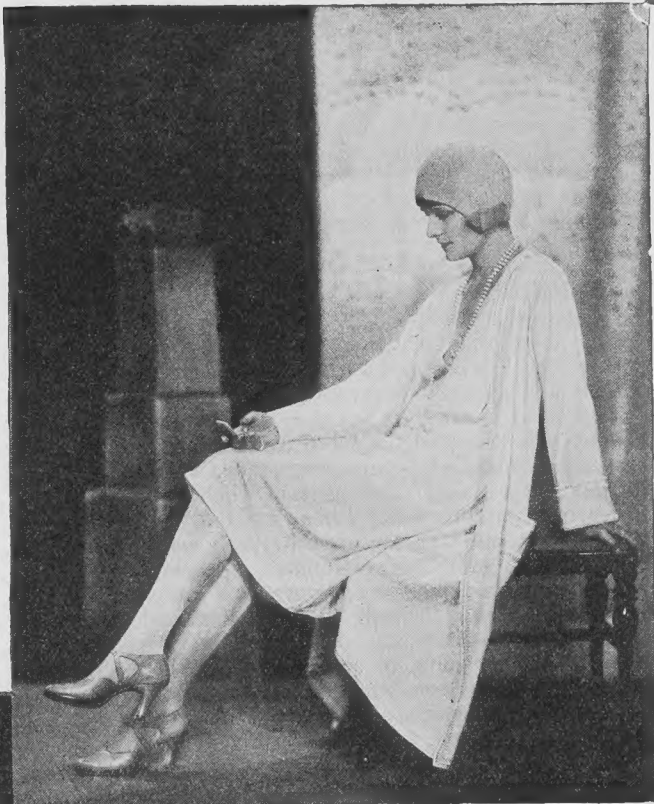
"SINCE I LEARNED this secret of the big Broadway shows, my stocking money goes twice as far"—girls everywhere are enthusiastically saying . . . For whether your stockings cost \$1.15 or \$10.50 they can be made to wear ever so much longer—just as the great New York musical shows make their stockings last twice as long—if you always wash them in pure sparkling Lux suds.



(Above) MARILYN MILLER beautiful Ziegfeld star . . . "Our stockings stay like new twice as long with Lux," says the Ziegfeld wardrobe mistress—"and all our washable costumes, too (from chiffons to cottons) are kept new looking with Lux. Naturally, I insist on Lux."

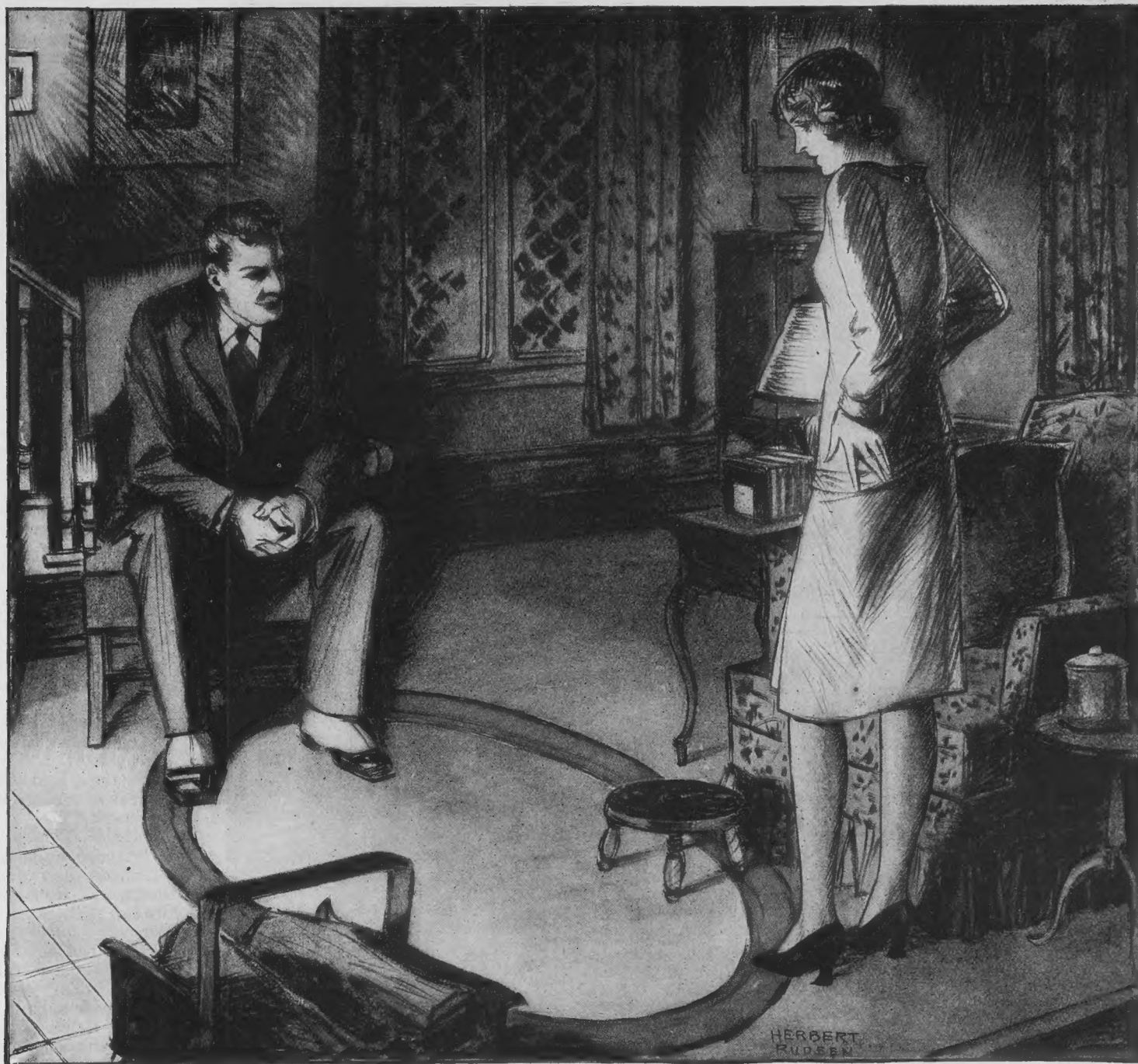
(Above right) NORMA TERRIS, the adorable Magnolia of "Show Boat." This marvelous show uses 600 costumes with stockings to match! "I find our sheer hosiery gives us twice the wear with Lux," says Mrs. Victoria Reilly, wardrobe mistress. "Lux is wonderful and a great economy in laundering all fine fabrics."

Summing up for all Broadway producers, the Shubert general manager adds: "We would use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box—Lux cuts stocking bills in half" . . . Lux is so much purer, so much more carefully made—that is why Lux doubles the life of stockings.



RUTH ETTING featured in the rollicking "Whoopie," is enthusiastic about Lux . . . "Of course I use Lux," she says. "Show me a stage woman who doesn't. Washing one's fine things in Lux is surely the a-b-c of fashion wisdom and clothes economy."

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soap makers by appointment to their Excellencies
the Governor General and Viscountess Willingdon



Kenneth frowned. "It's beastly fishy."

A Wife Can Be Such a Help

By Gertrude Macaulay Sutton

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

LOUISE NASON surveyed her living-room, and knew that it was good. Curtains of a delicately tinted shot taffeta; walls of still paler shade, thick black carpet, lounge and easy chairs covered in chintz of wide mauve, and cream stripes overrun with conventionalized tulips and foxgloves.

Walking to the window, she looked on the white outside world. Through the lazy drift of huge snowflakes the street lamps were a row of blur-edged moons. Her hand found the weighted green silk cord, and drew the curtains. They slid together easily. That was because she had used curtain rings a size larger than the shop clerk had advised for the diameter of the pole. She fingered the curtain. Nothing home-made about it. Lined with good quality case-ment cloth, triangular corner weights, French pleats where each curtain pin was carefully sewn on at accurate intervals. The valance, too, was a success; shirred snugly over unholsterer's buckram. She had copied it from one of Mary Whitney's, made for her by Landers, Bronson and Company.

But even if you were clever about it, good curtains cost money. She might have had a smart evening gown . . . And next season the gown would be out of style, while these curtains would be a daily joy for five years.

Into the home which she loved Louise Nason had put taste, effort, and many dollars out of her own income.

Kenneth would be home any minute. She switched

on a bridge lamp, and smiled. The shade had been her own idea, done for her by one of the girls of the art school; the back of the parchment rubbed pale green toning up to amber, on the front a fantastic negro "spirituals" scene. Kenneth grinned whenever he looked at it.

She put another log on the fire. It was not worth while beginning to read. Her gown, stockings, and shoes were laid out on the bed beside Kenneth's evening clothes. The studs were in his shirt. Even his scarf was ready, by his thick gloves of cream cham- ois. She was glad she had bought him that scarf. A man ought to have a really swanky one for evening wear.

Four years ago her life had been a round of parties, new frocks, and imagined happiness. Happy—without Kenneth or Pugsy!

Her ears caught his step. She went into the hall. It had become a joke that, how she always knew his step. In hospital after Pugsy was born her room had been at the end of a long corridor, but from the moment he left the elevator she had known his step from the many others that daily walked that floor. And she had smiled as it came nearer. Adorable Kenneth!

Before he could take out his latch-key, the door was

opened for him. "Hello, great big cosy bear!" She snuggled her nose into his raccoon coat, her Christmas gift to him.

He grinned. "It is cosy," he conceded.

"Of course it is. Do you think I want to lose a rather decent husband by pneumonia? Everybody should have a fur coat in this Canadian climate."

As he placed the heavy coat carefully on a sturdy hanger, he stroked its fur boyishly. "It's gorgeous. I feel I ought always to stand up in the street cars. Its rear mustn't be allowed to get that sat-in look." Then his smile vanished. "Louise, I feel mean every time I put the dang thing on."

"Ass!"

"I believe you spend every second morning mending the slits in *your* coat! And!" he shrugged helplessly, "I can't buy you another—not the sort you ought to have."

Louise's coat had been beautiful five years ago. But it now tore spontaneously, and was *demodé*. They had agreed that it would be wise to "make it do" until they could buy a good one. But this raccoon coat had cost \$600. Louise had bought it out of her own money, a surprise for him. "Surely," she had begged, "she could spend her own pennies in whatever way pleased her most!" And haughtily, "So, that's all there is to it. See?"

Kenneth sank into an easy chair, and gazed rest- edly about him. "This is a good room. I'd like Helen to see those curtains."



"I can almost feel it on my arm now."

Helen was his sister.

"She will, dear."

He grinned. "And tell people how extravagant you are, always having the decorators in."

"Shall I confide that I made them myself?"

"Certainly not. She'd at once tell you sweetly where their home-manufacture showed. And then you'd worry for fear she was right."

"She's a wonder at spotting defects—sweetly. Do you think she'll recognize my shoes tonight?"

"Louise, you're not wearing those old ones you had dyed?"

She nodded, as if it were a distinct lark.

"But, Louise! Tonight is so important." His thin, tired face was distressed.

"They're perfectly good shoes. Conservative, perhaps. But black satin always goes."

He stared wonderingly at her. She wrinkled her nose. But for once the little grimace failed to draw an answering smile.

"This can't go on," he said. "No Louise, it can't. When I met you, you were the most stunning creature I had ever seen. Your clothes frightened me. They seemed to make you unthinkable as the wife of a struggling young stock-broker."

"I didn't notice any hesitation."

"Well, Helen rather helped there. She said: 'It's a good thing she has money of her own, if you must marry a milliner's bill.'"

Louise smiled tranquilly. She knew Helen and Helen's type of remarks.

After awhile he spoke seriously.

"By jove, I can't get over how decent it is of Dick Whitney to ask us tonight. Harwood Creagen controls more money than any man in this town. His company's investments run into many millions annually. That's saying nothing of his private fortune."

"Creagen's a relative of the Whitneys, isn't he?"

"Second cousin of Mary Whitney, I think. Of course, the Whitneys don't see much of him. He's a generation beyond them, and besides they haven't the money to run around in Creagen's set. But I gather that they dine Mr. and Mrs. Creagen about once a year, and in return are included in some bigish party about so often."

"Watch me with the old dear. I shall be as bright as a pin."

"Don't overdo. Creagen would see through it, and his wife would dislike you."

She wrinkled her nose. "When you see me obvious, you may divorce me."

But he was already thinking of something else.

"How the devil do you suppose Helen got wind of this party?"

"Helen usually does get wind of most things."

"I wish to goodness she wasn't to be there tonight." Kenneth Nason frowned. "It's so beastly fishy."

"You mean because Ralph is in stocks too?"

"Of course!" His impatience was at the situation, not at his wife.

"But, my dear, Mr. Creagen may not know that."

"If he doesn't, Helen will soon let it slip out—fearfully incidentally."

He looked at his watch. "Time to dress," he said tiredly.

Later, in their room, Louise returned to the fly in the ointment.

"It was nice of Dick Whitney to arrange tonight, but why did he dull it by asking Helen and Ralph?"

"My dear, he couldn't help it. You know Helen. I inferred that she tackled Mary point-blank. Helen is a corker that way."

"But, how—odd. Of course, she and Mary play a lot of bridge together. Helen plays a good game, and likes high stakes."

"Dick told me frankly. You know how funny Dick is. Giggled like a kid. Put his hand up, and whispered behind it. 'Fact is, Mary had to ask Helen. Awfully sorry, old chap. But at least it will still be in your family if Helen gets her fingers into those Creagen orders. What could Mary do? And Helen has such a good heart. Always sending presents to our kids. Heart as big as your head. Mary couldn't help herself. Helen said she was dying to meet the Creagens.'"

"Oh, well, let's just go and be as pleasant as we can, and hope something may come of it."

"Creagen sweetens all the big firms. If he thought of it, he wouldn't mind turning something our way, even if we are small."

"What's Creagen like?"

"I've never met him. In business he's hard. If he dislikes a man, he sets himself to break him. He has broken more men than he has made."

"He may be very nice socially."

Kenneth Nason made no reply. He was running his hands through his thick dark hair—"scrubbing-brush hair," Louise called it—and frowning.

"Well, what is it, Angel-face?"

Louise's pet names had at first disconcerted her husband, but in time their incongruity had grown attractive, and she kept them strictly *intime*.

"Hell!"

"Angel-baby-puppy!"

"Sorry, dear. It's—this Helen business!" He ruffled his hair violently, and gazed distractedly at her.

They had not been long married before they had had to confess that Helen was a problem. Being his sister made it hard for them to disparage Helen. But, there it was, always cropping up, couldn't pretend it didn't exist. Kenneth had said: "Look here, she has her good points. Ralph seems satisfied. Let's just regard her as a joke."

So that had always been their line. Helen was a joke. Helen meant well. Helen just blundered. Helen was just a little—well, *direct*—her means to an end.

"Don't worry, Angel. There'll be plenty of plums to go round, even if Helen does grab a particularly juicy one for herself."

"I hoped so much from tonight. Not that we would toady to Creagen. If he has any perception, that wouldn't do any good anyway. But Mrs. Creagen's an older woman. She must have seen a good deal of the world. I thought she'd realize that you were absolutely first-class."

"Perhaps she will, dear."

"With Helen there!" scornfully. "I've seen you in Helen's company too often. Helen paralyzes you."

"I—know. I'm so sorry, dear. But it always seems like a race for first place to talk before Helen. She is so—vivacious."

He nodded drily. "Vivacious" meant the same to each of them. They had developed a polite vocabulary of glossings for Helen's peculiarities.

WHEN Louise was shown into Mary Whitney's bedroom, Mrs. Creagen was already there. Louise knew that it could be none but Mrs. Creagen by the strands of staggering pearls the huge diamond earrings and the general aroma of elderly plutocracy.

The maid, an extra whom Mary Whitney engaged when entertaining, was laying on the bed a cloak of chinchilla. Mrs. Creagen sat down and extended her feet to the maid. Her face gave no sign of common humanity to the girl who knelt over her carriage boots. There was no insolence about Mrs. Creagen, maids to her were as impersonal in their service as an electric switch button.

As Louise undid the loops of her fur coat, Mrs. Creagen favored her presence with a faint sign of recognition—a faint and chilly sign.

Louise smiled, and tried to hurry over the removal of the derelict coat. As she slid her arms out of the garment, she saw Mrs. Creagen regard it strangely for a moment. Only for the briefest moment, and then a tactful glancing away.

Of all the bad luck! A brand-new slit had opened from shoulder nearly to hip!

"We are having quite a snowstorm," remarked Mrs. Creagen frigidly.

Bundling the slit inside the folded coat, Louise laid it on the bed.

"Yes, a storm, a real storm."

What a dull thing to say. Something bright, amusing, should have been offered to the wife of all the millions.

Helen Lloyd entered. Her dark hair, worn almost straight, was brushed back from her face. She wore less make-up than was her wont. Her evening cloak of black and gold lamé, trimmed with black fox, exuded Paris. Carriage boots of geranium velvet accentuated a faint line of the same color in her cloak.

Helen was not pretty, but was always "good style." Moreover, she never wore clothes which she could not "carry."

Mrs. Creagen's smile to Helen held a hint of spring.

And suddenly Louise hated her last year's evening gown of black satin. It was all right. But it was an honest gown, it said, "I am last year's. I am ready made. I mean well, and I am useful."

Helen shed the lamé cloak carelessly, and gave a casual hitch to the shoulder-strap of a sophisticated gown. Her only jewels, outside her engagement ring, were a string of medium-sized Tecla pearls.

To Louise Helen gave a formal nod.

But when Mrs. Creagen had descended, Helen looked again at her sister-in-law, at the last year's dress and the dyed shoes.

"I hear," she said sweetly, "that your new curtains are absolutely beyond words. You certainly have a charming home. Oh, well, as I tell Ralph, one can't have everything."

"No," agreed Louise pleasantly.

"Do you like it?" Helen extended her arms, and turned slowly around. "Just came from Duchesne this afternoon."

Duchesne was a dressmaker newly arrived from Paris. He designed gowns to "express his clients."

"It's terribly—clever," Louise said enthusiastically.

Helen shrugged. "Oh, well, I just can't enjoy myself unless I know I'm decently dressed."

She spoke as if it were a quality peculiar to herself. Helen was always "decently dressed," although her husband was usually a little shabby. But as Helen frankly put it: "I think it's rather distinguished for a man to be a little shabby. If there is anything more middle-class than a new dinner-coat, I'd like to see it."

Helen had a gift for transforming her extravagances into virtues. Only the day before Louise had encountered Helen buying underwear. Noting the simple knickers which Louise was buying and her own purchases, Helen had shrugged amusedly, and had said:

"Well, after all, it's Ralph's money, and I'm jolly sure he gets more thrills out of my underwear than he would out of a new set of slip-covers for our living-room."

And Louise had remembered with a pang Kenneth's boyish delight at the nightgowns of her trousseau. True, she still wore the same nightgowns—she had had a lavish trousseau. But no nightgowns are the same nightgowns after four years of washing and careful mending. Besides he knew them all by heart. And how his eyes used to shine, as he would exclaim: "Another delectable nightshirt!" The dear funny thing would call them nightshirts! He had gazed at them in their first glory with positive awe. He had picked "favorites." But he hadn't mentioned "night-shirt" for over a year. She now went to bed merely clean and carefully mended, no longer "delectable."

Before the witchery of Helen's gown Louise tried bravely to remember the new curtains and Helen's unattractive home. Helen always entertained at clubs, and few people saw the inside of her home. But Helen was careful that it should be in a smart neighborhood.

Carriage boots and cloaks having been removed, the untrained "extra maid" left them, evidently feeling that she was of no help in powdering noses.

Helen turned frankly to Louise.

"Well, old dear, I guess you and I are here for the same reason." She grinned. "You just watch me!"

Louise felt the familiar paralysis setting in.

She struggled against it. Helen's frankness was, after all—well, she and Kenneth always called it only frankness. And it was true, in a sense. Kenneth and she had come hoping . . . Same object, but different methods. She and Kenneth hoped guilelessly that merely by being pleasant and genuine, Creagen might like them, might think they were "decent sort of young people," and might remember Kenneth when apportioning his many stock transactions.

Clearly Helen relied upon no such discernment in her prospects.

Helen carefully removed any excess powder from her nose, talking the while. "Oh, I'm not going to flirt with the old boy. Playing safer and higher than that. Or at least, only very vaguely, and when the old lady can't see. I've warned Ralph that I buy a diamond bracelet as soon as he gets his first big order from Creagen. I can almost feel it on my arm now."

Louise tried to smile like a friendly, not-jealous sister-in-law.

"I've been making pretty thorough inquiries," continued Helen. "Betty Farlow knows them, and—oh, well, I've been getting their number. And I don't mind giving you a tip. Lay it on thick! They'll lap up any amount. 'My son in the guards!' 'My daughter, Lady Cynthia!' Awful old snobs."

AS LOUISE entered the Whitney drawing-room by the side of Helen, she told herself that Mr. Creagen was not placing business orders merely on the charm of Paris dresses.

Ah, but the charm of Paris dresses, or, to go one

better, dresses designed by a Parisian to "express their wearer," went far beyond mere stuff, line and color. "It goes," thought Louise tragically, "right into the heart of the wearer and the mind of the beholder."

Harwood Creagen was the perfect beholder of Duchesne's talents. A big, clumsily formed man with steely cold eyes. And his mouth. At once Louise thought of a "zipper." She thought, "If I pulled the end of his moustache sideways, his mouth would zip right open."

And with all his millions, with his ascendancy of the financial world, he bothered to be pompous! Yet the Whitneys, his cousins, were amusing, quite delightful, young people. Mary Whitney never minded saying: "Of course, Dick and I cannot possibly afford" this or that! Was it a strain of Creagen cheapness in Mary that made her say that so often? A subtle snobbery, which realized that it was good form to not mind being poor? "Poor," that was, in a relative sense, a very relative sense.

Long before fish, "paralysis had irrevocably set in. Yet apparently it was an [Continued on page 41]



The Creagens drove Helen and Ralph home in their Rolls.

Aboard the Graf Zeppelin



Dr. Eckener feted at Tokio. Right to left: Captain Fleming, Air Minister Koizumi, Premier Hamaguchi and Dr. Eckener.

THE most romantic achievement of the age, the Zeppelin round-the-world flight is no less dramatic in conception and staging than the undying epics of ancient Greece and Rome; no less spectacular in the magnitude of its success than the history-making voyages of a Christopher Columbus, a Magellan or Balboa. Man has conquered the air—not in solitary stealth, but boldly—challenging the jealous elements to refuse him in numbers. We harnessed the sullen wind gods to our silver chariot; mocked eternal silences with the miracle of wireless; blazed a trail through Death's own kingdom of desolation. We traversed the mighty Atlantic by air, tantalizing Neptune, unveiled the terrifying mystery of Russia and Siberia; loomed down upon Japan, the Flowery Land, like legendary gods from cloud-shrouded Olympus.

Eyes of science peered our path through impenetrable mists over the Pacific. Through the Golden Gate of Golden California we passed from flamboyant sunset to bejewelled night, from pastel dawn to opal iridescence of the colorful desert; across open-jawed canyons, voracious gulches, above flower-strewn meadows to the devouring mills of great cities. It is Man's Dream of Dreams come true—the phantasy of Babel, the vision of Daedalus and Icarus, flashing gloriously through the drab fabric of our material civilization.

"I have lived. I would not care if I died tonight," wrung from the boyish lips of light-hearted, millionaire, twenty-six-year-old William B. Leeds at the unearthly beauty of San Francisco draped in the purple and gold majesty of sunset which was our first sight of America and promise of success, expressed our unanimous sentiments. We have lived a dream, savored a lifetime of romance, emotion and spiritual experience. Armed

By Lady Hay Drummond-Hay

Photographs by International
News Reel



Lady Hay Drummond-Hay and Karl von Wiegand when the Graf arrived at Friedrichshafen.

with the paraphernalia of Science to measure the immeasurable, with formulas to probe the secrets of the Heavens, stiffened with the arrogance of mechanical achievement, alert with prejudice, representatives of eleven nations climbed into the gondola of that amazing man-made contraption—the Zeppelin—explored the clouds, and like Longfellow's primitive Indian "whose untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind," sixty human products of this sceptical, scientific, analytical era, found what savages instinctively know to be there—God. God of miracles, of Nature, beauty, truth. Found themselves. And mirrored in themselves the shining reflection of loyalty, comradeship, and courageous co-operation of their cosmopolitan fellow-travellers.

The romance of the great world-flight lies not alone in the recent three weeks of spectacular pioneering, but in the inspiration of the late Count Zeppelin, who invented this type of lighter-than-air craft; in the unflagging confidence in, and devotion to the Zeppelin enterprise of the German people; in the almost unprecedented international co-operation which made the world flight possible and in the calibre of the four men who loom large above the success of this amazing aerial achievement.

Dr. Hugo Eckener, navigator; Herr Duerr, constructor; William Randolph Hearst, financial backer; and Karl H. von Wiegand, organizer, are names which will go down in history blazoned on the silver glory of the first to fly around the world.

The world record now stands at twenty days and a few hours. That is from Friedrichshafen to Friedrichshafen. From Lakehurst to Lakehurst it took twenty-one days, five hours and thirty-five minutes—eleven days twenty-three hours actual flying time for a journey

estimated at 19,500 miles, compared with the 1,083 days taken by Magellan's expedition which started out in 1519, returning triumphant to Spain in 1522, after having successfully achieved the first recorded voyage around the world. In 1889 the "World" claimed seventy-two days, six hours and eleven minutes as the latest record for Miss Nellie Bly, whom they sent around the world to beat the eighty days record of the fictitious Phineas Fogg. From 1083 days to seventy-two and a half days was a big drop, but it took 370 years to realize it. Thirty-five years later, in 1924, United States Army planes circled the globe in 366 hours actual flying time, or fifteen days six hours. The expedition lasted, however, 175 days altogether. Now, five years later, the Graf Zeppelin has set the record at a little over twenty days, and there is already talk of a Zeppelin non-stop round-the-world flight in the not-too-distant future, which should cut the present record in half or less, if we are again lucky with favorable winds.

WE LEFT Lakehurst, New Jersey, soon after midnight on August 8th, amidst scenes of the utmost excitement and emotion on the part of the waiting crowds, contrasting strongly with the business-like calm inside the airship. For the officers and crew this was to be the fourth trans-Atlantic crossing by air in the Graf Zeppelin. For Commander C. E. Rosendahl of the United States Navy, Karl H. Von Wiegand, Robert Hartman and myself, the second, but it lost none of the piquancy of adventure for that. I installed myself in Cabin No. 7, which is becoming by tradition my "home in the clouds," and joined the other passengers at the windows. The start by night is always more moving than in broad sunshine. Great ground-lights sweeping the silver airship from end to end, lighting up thousands of watchers for a second, then plunging them into darkness again. The great airship hall at Lakehurst—"air-dock"—as we are trying to make it universally known, aglow with bluish-green lights casting weird phosphorescence over the white summer uniforms of the American Marines darting hither and thither at officers' orders. They look like ghosts. The word is given. "Hands off." Hundreds of pairs of gleaming white arms remain a few moments outstretched as the Zeppelin rises from their retaining grasp. We have escaped—that is always what it feels like. A sea of hands, thousands of fingers so near, so white. Whose hands?—men's or ghosts'? It does not matter; we are rising—they are receding into the shade and mists. With an involuntary feeling of relief one turns round to the brightly-lighted salon, at such times the repository of the strangest miscellany assembled by human beings. In addition to all manners of objects deemed necessary or prudent by individual travellers, there are always the last-minute gifts thrust through the window or open door by friends and relatives. Mail, flowers, flags, cameras, already bestrew the tables. Typewriters begin to click. Pencils squeak. Paper rattles. Baggage to be sorted out. "Green" passengers sit down and try to sort out their own emotions. Life on the airship begins.

Sleep is the last thing we think about—and that is one of the mistakes most of us make. By

the end of a journey we are wrecks through sheer lack of sleep. But who wants to sleep the precious hours away? New York beneath us—a starry carpet. The Statue of Liberty our starting point. The onyx Atlantic spangled with crystal wave-crests. Golden Rhine wine in long-necked bottles, glasses clink, typewriters still click, jazz music from the gramophone until that one strange cold hour before dawn. Some to bed. Others to the bridge to see where we are. A stretch, a yawn—"Guess I'll turn in" in four or five different languages, partly clears the salon. Dawn over the Atlantic with a two-hundred-mile radius of vision. I know where to get the earliest cup of coffee! An overalled mechanic boils up yesterday's coffee for the four-o'clock watch. It tastes strong enough to propel our mighty motors, and when Otto Manz, the rubicund cook appears in the Lilliputian kitchen, he throws it out with a grimace.

Captain Flemming goes on watch at four, wakens Hartmann—the indefatigable photographer—before the first streak of dawn; Sir Hubert Wilkins occupies his chosen place in the window-corner; the bridge is already invaded by the technically-minded. Steward Kubis begins to set breakfast, admonishing "young Ernst," his fifteen-year-old assistant to "look sharp." Ernst does not need any admonishing. He skips around with joyful alacrity and does the work of two boys. The rattle of breakfast cups is as good as a bugle, and every meal as jolly as a picnic, though that is not the word to apply to our elaborated menu. No cause for criticism on this voyage. We have plenty of delicacies to choose from, even if the "kitchen range" is dependent upon the motors and will not always heat up to the desired pitch, even if the demand for boiling water exceeds the supply at times; even if the bread so appetiz-



Dr. Eckener on his return to Berlin.

ingly fresh at first daily loses the elasticity of youth. I sit on Dr. Eckener's right, with changing table-companions during the whole trip, so that everyone may enjoy the privilege of the "Captain's table" in turn.

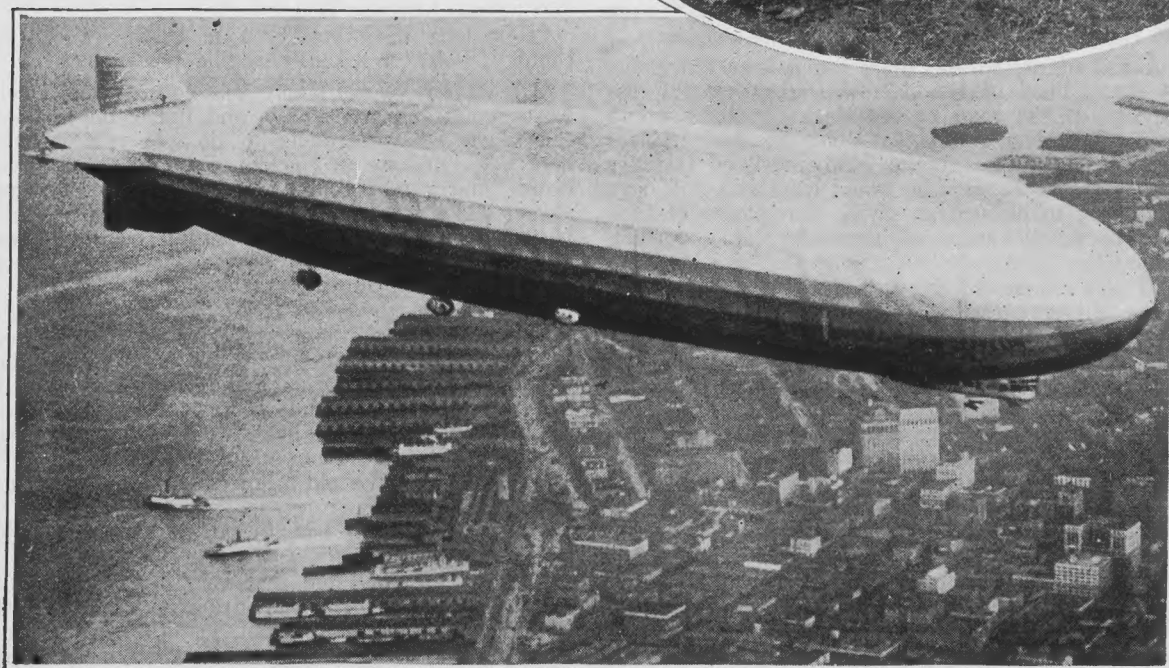
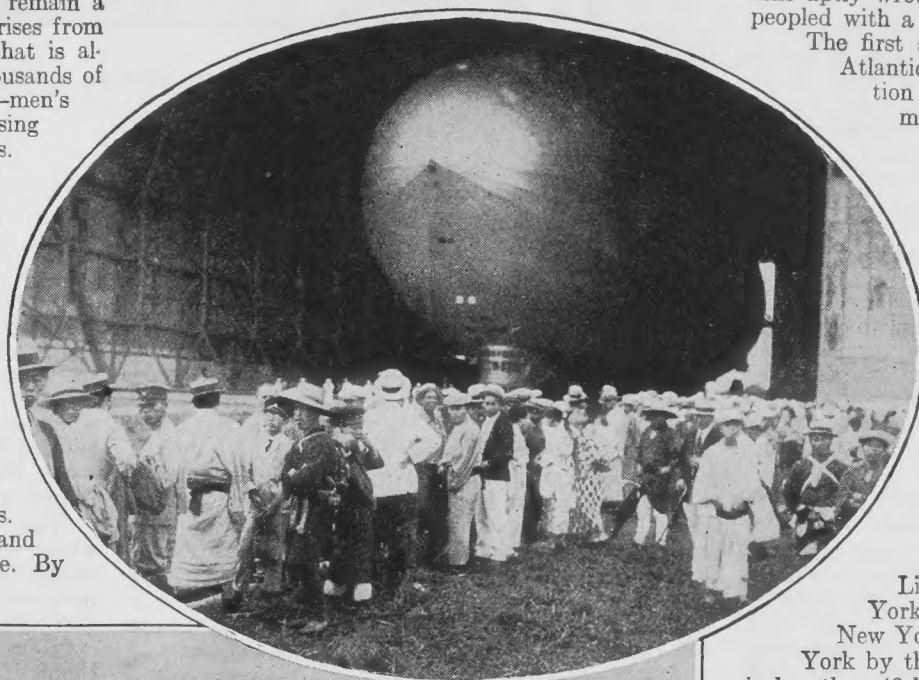
The privilege involves no special formality—not even waiting for the others. Diners bob up and down to look out of the window, to take photographs, to make notes, consult maps, until, as Sir Hubert Wilkins aptly wrote, it does seem as if the salon were peopled with a hundred rather than twenty persons.

The first stage of our world flight, across the Atlantic, was a study in crescendo. Realization of the tremendous speed we were making, visions of the astounding record ahead, raised excitement to positive frenzy, as the Zeppelin raced

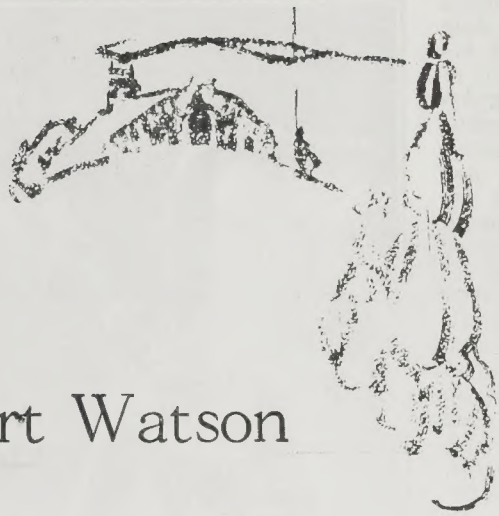
along at more than a hundred miles an hour, panting and quivering like a conscious living creature. Boring through fleecy white clouds, from 1,000 feet to 2,000 feet above the invisible sea, darting through cloud-lanes between what appeared to be a billowy ocean, supported on all sides by walls of blue sky, the heavily-burdened airship sped her way to Friedrichshafen like a faithful carrier pigeon winging homewards.

Our record stands at 42 hours 42 minutes from America to England—from the Statue of Liberty to the Lizard. 47 hours 49 minutes from New York to Paris, bringing Paris closer to New York by air than San Francisco to New York by the speediest train. The sight of Paris in less than 48 hours from New York thrust home to the Americans on board, more than anyone else what airship travel from the New World to the Old can, and will mean. It has meant on this trip that we left New York at the beginning of one day and arrived in Europe at the end of the next day—sixty persons, mail, freight, baggage, luxurious food supplies, wines, water, ample accommodation to sleep, move about, to live in the air as we had been accustomed to living upon terra firma; arriving at our destination rested, refreshed, with none of the aftermath of a rough sea-voyage. Captain Flemming refused to admit that our record was unexpected, and it is true that Captain Lehmann had previously mentioned to the passengers that the possible time for the Transatlantic crossing from west to east should be between 45 hours and 50 hours. Dr. Eckener added that the weather was good but not extraordinarily good, and that transatlantic aerial services might expect at least fifty per cent of such weather, and 45 to 50 hours as the normal time from continent to continent.

We arrived in Friedrichshafen on August 10th—the birthday of Dr. Hugo Eckener, who was as thrilled as a boy at the coincidence—if coincidence it was. Our reception in Friedrichshafen must have seemed modest to the casual observer (Continued on page 32)



In Oval: Japanese admiring the Graf Zeppelin in the hangar at Kasumigaura airfield just outside Tokio. View of the Graf Zeppelin flying over San Francisco harbor.



By Robert Watson

Author of

"Me—and Peter"

"My Brave and Gallant Gentleman"

"Gordon of the Lost Lagoon"

"High Hazard," Etc.

Illustrated by John Clymer



"There was nothing here when we came, thirty years ago, strong and happy, and full

The Sheiling at Camel's

I WAS sitting in the general room of the one-horse hotel in the little French-Canadian town of La Raine, in the interior of British Columbia, awaiting the arrival of the mail stage which was to convey me on the second-last stretch of my journey. I had been waiting already for two hours and was now becoming impatient.

A commotion outside and new voices conveyed to me that the stage had pulled up at last.

A short, sturdy, grizzled old fellow came in, threw down a bag of mail, sorted out some loose envelopes and papers, picked up three other bags, signed a register at the desk, threw a greeting to the clerk and tramped out again. He would have been gone without me had I not jumped up, swung my pack over my shoulders and started after him.

"Oh, are you coming my way?" he asked, kindly enough. "You'll be the man that wrote me. I had clean forgotten. Jump up!"

I tumbled in, rather than jumped up, for his stage, so-called, was no more than a wagon on bobs, with a raised seat in front sufficient to hold himself and one other. I was his only passenger. He clicked his tongue at his two fat, well-kept horses, shook the reins and off we started.

Soon we left the straggling village far behind us and slid into and along a narrow wagon road through the growing gloom of compressing forest-land which crowded on both sides of us.

It was a raw afternoon in the early part of the month of March. Snow flurried incessantly. It was deep and had a crust on it, but soft below. The branches of the trees were bent with the overburden of it.

My companion did not speak to me for a long time. Now and again he would pull up at some gap in the forest where there would be a snake fence and an opening, with a crude shanty in the rear of a semi-cleared portion—the home of another optimistic pioneer who was endeavouring to cleave a home with his axe.

The man himself, or his woman, perhaps a slip of

a girl, would be waiting at the roadside in the hope of a letter, or newspapers and magazines from the mail carrier. After noting the disappointment on several faces when there was no mail, my heart began to stop a beat in the dread of a repetition every time I saw a lone figure ahead.

The mail carrier knew every one of these settlers by name, and he had a cheery salutation for all. Sometimes he would deliver an errand which they had commissioned him to get for them in the village when he passed down on his way to it the day before.

On and on we went in the gathering dusk, as ever the trail narrowed and increased in its roughness.

Ahead of us, all the time, ran a keen old collie. At every bend of the narrow trail he would disappear. If the road proved clear ahead, he would wait our coming, but if, by a remote chance, there happened to be a team or even a belated traveller coming the other way, he would race back and bark a warning to his master, giving him plenty of time to pull partly aside at some favorable opening among the trees.

"That's a wise old dog you have," I ventured.

The driver turned. I noticed then that he was blind in one eye, but a look of pride sparkled in his good one.

"Ay—Bob's a good dog. He kens every neuk and howe o' the road forty miles each way. He has covered this road eighty miles in the circle, twice a week for eight years, summer and winter, and he's never gien a wrang signal yet.

"Ay—he's a good dog is Bob."

"I notice you call your off horse Bob also," I remarked.

"Uh-huh! The wife likes the name. I'm a Bob as weel—Bob Annandale. There's three o' us, so one of us be a deevil."

He looked at me to see if I understood his meaning.

"It's an auld saying, ye ken," he added.

I laughed. "I also am a Bob, Mr. Annandale, so there are four of us."

It was his turn to appear amused. "That's fine. You'll get extra butter on your bannocks from the good-wife when she hears that. She partial to Bobs. You see, her faither was a Bob, and—and—" He stopped, and when he spoke again his voice had lowered in tone. "Oor wee son that's deid was Bob—wee Bob. He was a fine we chap, five years auld. A bull gored him.

"But you'll no be mentioning his name to the wife when we get hame. It's hard on her. Wee Bob would have been an upstanding man o' twenty-five now, but she ay thinks o' him as it was yesterday and he was just wee Bob."

"How long have you been in this part of the country, Bob?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Oh—thirty years. There was nothing here when we came, strong and happy, and full o' hope aboot the things we were going to do. There's nothing here yet. But we've muckle to be thankful for—health, and a roof abune our heids; plain fare but always lots o' it; Jeanie and me spared to each ither; hard work aplenty; little siller—but och aye!—we could be waur. And some day maybe it'll be better and a bit easier for us.

"I've carried the mails twice a week for twenty-five years. I'm no' just as hardy as I ance was. I'm a gardener to trade. I lost an eye afore I came to Canada, shortly after Jean and I were married. I fell asleep one dinner-time in a hot-hoose. I woke up suddenly wi' a fierce light. It burned through to my very brain, and I never saw in that eye again."

I waited, but the old fellow seemed to have finished his story.

"But," I asked at last, "what was it that made you blind?"

"Oh, ay! I don't tell that very often, for folk'll hardly believe it. The sun struck through a knot in a pane of glass in the roof, just the way it does through a bairn's burning glass. It struck me clear on the sight. A second o' time did it, and it burned the sight, just as a flash o' lightning could do. I've been stane blind in that eye ever since."



of hope about the things we were going to do."

Hump

ON WE went in the increasing chilliness and heavier snowfall, along this seemingly endless trail through the forest. As the night came down, an occasional stag would stop erect and statue-like in the middle of our path, then swing himself aside as on springs into the bush. But if we watched the spot closely where he had disappeared, we would get another glimpse of him as we came up, for his curiosity never permitted him to do without that second inspection of us from the safety of the forest.

Half an hour after the gloom of night had definitely settled the phlegmatic horses suddenly quickened their pace. Bob, the collie, came running back to us, barking loudly, then he disappeared ahead. As we turned the sharp bend in the road, it opened out to a large clearing, and a hundred yards ahead we could see a swinging lantern, with the looming shadows of a house and barns—Annandale's home in the forest.

"Is that you, Bob?" came a soft voice on the wind.

"Ay, Jean," went back the answer.

"Are ye a' right?"

"Ay—and you?"

"Oh, fine. It's a coorse nicht."

Meantime the horses had come to a stop. The barn doors were wide open. Fresh water stood in buckets all ready and the straw bedding for the animals was spread fresh and comfortable-looking. The good woman was already busy helping her man to unyoke the horses. Suddenly she seemed to gather that there was a stranger in their company.

"Guid nicht, sir. I was expecting ye. We got your letter. Just go richt in and make yoursel' comfortable. We hae to see the horses fed and bedded first, poor beasts."

As I slowly made for the house, I could hear her quiet, soothing voice all the way.

"Up, Bob! Back, Bell! Whoa, bairn—what's your hurry? You're hame, so easy, woman!"

I had hardly got rid of my pack and shaken the snow from my clothes before she was in and busy with the supper.

By the time the old man had finished with the horses, the table was spread on the top of spotless linen, and supper was ready—great rashers of bacon and fried eggs, fried potatoes, toast, home-made soda scones, treacle scones and oatcakes; cheese and, oh, such butter and bramble-jelly.

"Ay—everything on the table is hame-made or hame-grown," she said in humble pride in answer to a query of mine, "the produce o' oor ain pigs, cows and hens, oor ain garden and fields, combined wi' the labor o' Bob and mysel'. Bob, ye ken, is the best jelly maker in a' Canada."

"Havers, Jean!" Bob replied. "Ye don't hae to tell such stuff to a stranger. He'll be thinking I'm nothing but an auld wife, footering at jelly making."

"Deed no. He'll just think you're weel trained," she laughed. Then she entertained us by repeating:

*"What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."*



News of the day and yesterday was passed between Jean and Bob, but just in dribblets; never a monopoly to the exclusion of the guest and with ever a word, here and there, to bring the stranger into the conversation.

AFTER supper, Mrs Annandale showed me into her parlor and seated me in a wicker chair, in the centre of a big rag rug before a blazing log fire, with my boots off and a pair of large carpet slippers on my feet, with the latest newspaper—already two days old—for company.

A gangling pup was snoozing and blinking between me and the fender. The room was the epitome of simplicity and comfort. A large brass coal-oil lamp shed a soft, even light into every corner. A thick, red cover spread the circular table and a grandfather's clock was throbbing its life away in the far corner. There was a marble clock, telling the wrong time, with horse ornaments on each side of it, on the mantel-piece above the fire, and over that there hung a heavy, framed picture, the head and shoulders enlargement of an amateur photograph of a laughing-faced boy of about five years:—wee Bob, no doubt. Some shelves of books occupied the wall space near the door.

A I looked about me and in a desultory, dreamy, state scanned the headlines of the paper, I could hear the supper dishes rattle and the metallic ring of the spoons, knives and forks which Jean was washing and old Bob was drying as she questioned and Bob answered about all the on-goings from their little home by the Camel's Hump (a sombre, humped

hill that towered across the clearing) all the way to the town of La Raine and round the entire eighty-mile circle of Bob Annandale's route.

Jean would break into a laugh, and its unfettered ripple had the ring of youth in it. Then her voice would lower, and expressions of sympathy or surprise would flow, for Bob was a born story-teller and seemed to take a delight on touching the entire gamut of his wife's emotions.

What a pair! He was sixty-five and Jean was sixty—and this was their communion hour.

Later on they came in to me, Jean with her knitting, Bob with a paper and his spectacles; she on one side of the fire and Bob on the other, with the collie Bob, now well fed and tired, pushing his way in front, brushing the mongrel, stay-at-home pup aside in solemn dignity and settling himself comfortably with his nose along his forepaws and his eyes fixed sleepily on the crackling fire.

When Mrs. Annandale noticed that I was not in much of a mood for reading, she began to talk. Ah, how these pioneering mothers of Canada, shut in by the wilderness year in and year out, love to talk and to listen to a new voice. It is the very essence of life to them.

"It looks a spell o' nasty weather."

"So you're going to the Monolode Mine."

"Yes, I have some important business there with the manager."

"You're a geologist. That's kennin' a' about the compositioun o' the earth, and the rocks, and metal, and a' that."

"Yes, Mrs. Annandale."

"And you're a married man?"

"Yes."

"Your wife won't like your having to make these lang, oot-o-the-way trips."

"Oh, she's well used to that now. That's part of a geologist's life getting into the field and out into the distant places."

"Aye, I suppose. Everything is in getting used to it."

An so we talked on, till we veered to her beloved subject—and mine too—literature.

There she was a well of knowledge and a veritable fount of wisdom.

We talked then in the Doric, and what a delight it was to me after all these years; how easily the old Scottish words rolled off my tongue under the spell of her weaving. Before I knew it I was a bare-foot bairn again, back in Scotland, running out and in the back door, asking for pieces and speiring the very life out of my patient, loving mother who had the hair of a gipsy and dark eyes the color of the sloe, with a smooth, wimpling flowing vocabulary of the Doric that old Jean Annandale put me so much in mind of.

We talked of Stevenson, of Scott, and of the immortal Robbie Burns.

"Aye," she mused, "there's nane in a' the world o' books like Stevenson. Some hae written classics—maybe one, maybe two—but nane hae written a classic in every form o' literature as Robert Louis Stevenson has done."

I knew and loved my Stevenson, but I had not looked into it quite in this way.

"You think he has done that, Mrs. Annandale?" I asked.

"Aye—I think he has. Where can ye find a better lot o' essays than you get in his 'Virginbus Puerisque,' where a greater plot and ploy o' a short story, gruesome, too, than his 'Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' where a grander exposition o' a tale in the plain, hamely Doric than, 'Thrawn Janet,' except maybe Doctor Norman Macleod's description o' fishing for salmon, that he put in the mouth o' that hauf-doited cratur, Jock Hall, in that fine Scottish book, 'The Starling?'"

Stevenson wrote classics in fiction when he wrote 'St. Ives,' when he wrote 'The Master of Ballantrae,' aye, and some others I could name. The grandest boys' story ever penned is his 'Treasure Island.' And he didna forget the bairns wi' his 'Garden of Verse.' 'The Shadow,' that wee poem, 'maist makes ye feel that your shadow is you and you're but the shadow, and ye feel a hantle mair concerned about the shadow than ye are aboot yoursel'. Then, for dignity, resignation and Christian contentment in a poem, wha has done better wark than R.L.S. in his 'Requiem?'"

*'Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.*

*'This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'*

[Continued on page 42]

SHADOWLAND

With All Its Vagaries



Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in "The Love Parade."

"HALLELUJAH" is a unique and distinguished picture. Unique in that it deals with and is acted entirely by negroes, and distinguished in that the quality of the acting and direction is equal to anything in films done by the best players of the white race. The fine emotional yet extremely natural acting reminded me of "Porgy," the stage play, in which the cast was almost entirely composed of negroes. It is similar to "Porgy," too, in the phases of southern life which it touches in its singing and general emotional richness.

Most of the novels about negro life which have been published recently deal with negroes in the North, especially in Harlem, New York, where social strata are sharply marked and there is nothing but color to differentiate it from any other community. "Hallelujah," however, takes us back to the negroes of the South. At first the mood of the picture is simple and gay. We see Zeke, the hero, working and singing with his family in the cottonfields, taking part in the homely life of the cabin. Later the mood becomes more intense when Zeke is ensnared by a "high yallah" cabaret dancing girl, loses the money he has received in payment for the family cotton crop and is the innocent cause of his younger brother's death. The story rises to great intensity when Zeke, frenzied by repentance and almost hysterical in his religious exaltation, sees the Angel of the Lord in the clouds and decides to serve God as a preacher.

The revival meetings, the mass Baptism and the strange prayer meeting when Zeke is again lured away by "Chick," dancing girl, are very fine; and the later part of the picture with its tragic denouement, is melodramatic and strong. Daniel Haynes is the ideal physical type for Zeke, is an excellent actor and has a magnificent voice.

Several scenes in "Hallelujah," such as the mass Baptism, the revival meeting, and the terrible chase

through the southern swamp with its tangled vegetation are quite unforgettable.

"Hallelujah" can be very highly recommended, but please note that it is not a blackface comedy—it is a highly emotional and dramatic story for adults.

"The Virginian" —

IT IS well over two decades since everybody on this continent was talking enthusiastically of "The Virginian"—"that new novel by Owen Wister." A little later the novel was dramatized and with Dustin Farnum in the title role, Guy Bates Post as "Steve," Frank Campeau as "Trampas" was an outstanding success. Later still "The Virginian" was made into a silent movie and again scored. And now we have a talking film of it.

"The Virginian" has a story admirably suited to the scope of the camera. It is a tale of Wyoming in the early ranching days when duels were rife, when life was dangerous for the cattle thief, and frontier justice was rough and ready. The story, as you undoubtedly know, is a gentle love idyll of a pretty school teacher from New England and a big, rangy, humorous cowboy whose southern drawl marks him as "The Virginian." The story has plenty of humour and two very dramatic climaxes: one, when "The Virginian" must sentence "Steve," his best friend, to be hanged and watch the sentence carried out, and the other, when "The Virginian" fights his duel with "Trampas," the villain. Both these scenes are excellently done.

Gary Cooper, who has achieved the rare distinction of making feminine hearts flutter without antagonizing masculine movie-goers, is a good type for the title role. Richard Arlen plays the pathetic part of "Steve," "The Virginian's" friend who turns cattle thief. Mary Brian is pretty and effective as the schoolteacher although her part is overshadowed by the men.

After the trite and amateurish dialogue of the majority of talkies, the dialogue of "The Virginian," which is neat and to the point, comes as a welcome change.

As an outdoors picture "The Virginian" lends itself to nice photographic effects, and altogether it is one of the best of the pictures of frontier life. One can cheerfully recommend it to old and young. Those who have already read the novel or seen the stage version will renew pleasant memories. Those initiates who learn the story for the first

Helen Morgan,
in
"Applause"



time will have to admit there were some mighty good yarns spun and some rarely good tales told in the old days when novels and the spoken drama were practically the sole entertainment of the public.

THE plot of "Applause" is trite. No more trite, however, than ninety-nine out of every hundred movie plots, and good acting and imaginative directing make it an unusual picture.

The story is concerned with a burlesque actress, Kitty Darling, who makes endless sacrifices to keep her daughter away from her own sordid life. Helen Morgan, one of the leading lights of New York musical comedies and revues, plays the blowsy, good-natured Kitty. "Applause" is Miss Morgan's first starring vehicle in the talkies and anyone who has seen her on the stage and admired her brunette beauty will be surprised to see her in a touselled blond wig. But her peculiar charm, very feminine and warm, suits the part of Kitty and her singing is delightful.

The picture was directed by Rouben Mamoulian who, in the last few years, has come to the front rank of directors of the legitimate drama in New York. He has worked with the Theatre Guild in New York, and the negro play, "Porgy," was produced by the Guild under his direction. One had only to see "Porgy" to realize that the director of it was a master in handling crowds, for the ever-shifting stage pictures were superb. With such a flair for pictorial movement and pantomime it is not surprising that Mr. Mamoulian should try his hand at the cinema.

Like Miss Morgan, Mr. Mamoulian makes his motion picture debut in "Applause"—and, like a new broom, he has swept clean. There is nothing in the picture that suggest the new tricks of talkie technique. With a thorough sense of showmanship Mr. Mamoulian went about his business. The dialogue evidently did not worry him and he has refused to allow it to intrude upon the story. In fact, it is the camera tells the story, and the most effective scenes in [Continued on page 60]



Mary Brian, Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen, in "The Virginian."



A smiling white-haired old negro opened the door.

The Right People

By Berton Braley

Illustrated by Robert Dorf

YOU know there are some dogs that never can be taught exclusiveness. They're just born loving everybody, and they've got a wag of the tail and a glad yelp and a lick on the hand for anyone who deigns to offer them any notice whatever.

You take a dog like that out for a walk and he'll always be jerking the leash out of your hand in his mad rush to get across the street and make the acquaintance of that fascinating garbage collector, or that deliciously ragged old bum on the bench, or the lady in the limousine, or the cop directing traffic or any other human or semi-human being, or dog, or cat, or sparrow that happens to be in sight.

This is not a dog story; it's a story about Charlie McDougall. But there really isn't any other way to describe Charlie's nature adequately than to compare him to one of those universally friendly puppies that waggle up to everybody and can't help it.

Don't get the idea, however, that there was anything of the fawning sycophant in Charlie. If he'd actually been a dog, he would have licked hands because that's the dog manner of signifying a ready geniality, but Charlie—man and boy—never toadied to people. He simply was gregarious, and wanted to speak to everybody.

Charlie liked people—almost any kind of people; he was interested in everybody, liked to hear them talk, liked to talk to them. And people liked Charlie.

There was a kind of magic in it. He'd join a crowd that was watching some motorist put on a tire and by the time the tire was adjusted—usually with Charlie's help—he'd know the motorist's name, how far he'd gone with his car, how many children he had and where he lived. And he'd be talking politics or baseball or movies or business with the gang in general after the car drove away.

It never occurred to Charlie, any more than it would to a friendly puppy, that he might not be welcome anywhere. And he was welcome everywhere, and he could apparently breeze into every sort of bunch, highbrow or lowbrow, rich or poor, good or bad and, without being the life of the party, be part of the life of the party.

He was a hosiery salesman. Not a top-notch, by any means, but he knocked a fair living out of his business. With his capacity for mixing you'd expect him to be a wow—but he lacked that something or other that gets the name on the dotted line and clinches the sale. Still, while his percentage of failures was high, he was so dog-gone friendly and pleasant and likeable and he got to know so many people that he just naturally picked up enough trade to keep

him and his wife in a nice little cottage in Yardmore, and pay for a cozy little touring car.

Charlie was quite content—but Mrs. McDougall wasn't. She wanted more money and a bigger car and a better house—and she wanted to belong to the exclusive set.

And she was going into that matter with Charlie at home on a particular morning in May just before he left for the city.

"I do wish," she said, "that you'd get some idea of class in your head. Can't you learn to discriminate a little?"

"Whaddyuh mean, discriminate?" asked Charlie.

"You know very well what I mean by discriminate," replied his wife. "I mean that you ought to begin to pick your friends more carefully. You ought to cultivate the better people and weed out some of the Toms and Dicks and Harrys. What do they get you?"

"Well," said Charlie, "I always figure you never can tell what they'll get you. And I like to know people—all kinds of people. Gosh, Helen, you'd be surprised how interesting some of these Toms, Dicks and Harrys are. And besides, I got to know folks. That's business."

"You're a dear, Charlie, and I love you, but sometimes you make me tired. If you'd just concentrate on getting in strong with the big buyers instead of spreading your friendships all over the pikers you'd make twice as much money and waste a lot less time. And

even if you do have to be everybody's friend in business, it seems to me you might discriminate better socially and not spend most of your time with cheap little people in cheap poker games down at a cheap cigar store. Or sitting in the bleachers with a lot of rummies. And down town I think you ought to lunch where the big people lunch instead of ducking around the way you do from one dinky coffee shop to another."

"Well, maybe you're right," admitted Charlie. "Only it's funny, but I can't seem to deliberately cultivate people just for the sake of what I can get out of them. It cramps my style. Makes me feel they know what I'm after. I get acquainted with all kinds of people, I know, but ordinarily it's because I feel friendly toward 'em and want 'em to feel that way toward me. Still, I can see how I've been sorta handicapping you and I'll try to be more exclusive and see how it works. Only—as I say—you never can tell what knowing people will get you!"

"Knowing the right people will get you a lot," said Mrs. McDougall.

"If you know they're the right people," said Charlie.

If you are acquainted with ten persons in a city of five million and you find two of them sitting in the theatre seats next to you—that is a coincidence. And a remarkable one.

But if you know about twenty thousand people in that same city and you meet five of them on the streets during the day, and find two in the same res-

taurant at dinner-time, and two more at the show that night, the doctrine of probabilities will come pretty near to accounting for each meeting and it's hardly a coincidence at all. Which is pertinent to this story

CHARLIE McDUGALL landed an exceptionally big order that afternoon and because of the argument of the morning he felt that he owed his wife a bit of a spree. So he called up and told her to bring his dress clothes to the office at five-fifteen.

"Put on your gladdest duds and we'll have a splurge Helen," he promised. "I put over a juicy order and I want to celebrate. Dinner, theatre—and we'll taxi all the way home."

"Spendthrift," said his wife, with a happy laugh. "We can't afford it, but—I'll be there with bells on."

They dined without looking at the right-hand side of the menu and Helen bathed in the atmosphere of luxury about her. And when she finally rose and Charlie dropped her coat over her shoulders and they made their exit, plenty of masculine and feminine eyes followed Helen's slim and beautifully costumed form out to the door. Nor did Charlie's tux become him badly—a nice-looking chap, Charlie.

Near the door a man who was the picture of quiet opulence and social well-being glanced up from his food, waved a well-manicured hand and said: "Hello, McDougall, how's everything?"

"Fine," said Charlie.

"Who was that distinguished-looking man?" asked Helen, as they went out.

"That," said Charlie, "is the owner of four rum ships. One of the bootlegger kings. Great sport. I met him one day at the Polo Grounds and he drove me down town." "Oh," said Helen.

IN THE press of traffic on the way to the theatre, the McDougall's taxi was held up alongside a long, lingering, luxurious Rolls with a chauffeur and a footman in the front seat. In the rear was a gray-haired man and a sweet-faced, marvellously gowned gray-haired lady. The man caught a glimpse, under the brilliant lights, of Charlie's face.

He leaned forward.

"Hello, there," he called.

Charlie looked, smiled and waved.

"Hello yourself," he said. "How are you?"

"Great," responded the man in the Rolls.

"I say," he went on, "I've been telling my wife about you and those stories you told me at the Stadium, and she's been wishing she could meet you. Only I lost your card and couldn't remember your name."

"My name's McDougall—and this is my wife," said Charlie proudly.

Both women and both men bowed and smiled. The gray-haired woman whispered something to her husband.

"Call me up tomorrow, will you?" the man shouted, as the traffic signal changed, "on my private wire—Pennsylvania 6124—we'll fix up a dinner at the house. Want you both to come. In case you've forgotten, my name's —"

"I remember yours," grinned Charlie. "I'll call you about 11."

The big car slipped ahead and the man waved a good-bye.

"And who are they?" asked Helen. "The chief of the dope peddlars and his wife?"

"Not exactly," said Charlie. "They're nice people. I met him in the bleachers at the Yanks' park. He's a fan and he prefers the bleachers."

"But who—"

"That's a secret," said Charlie, "which will be revealed to you tomorrow when that dinner date comes through."

And Helen couldn't get anything else out of Charlie.

They had their after-theatre supper at a little actors' rendezvous just outside the theatre district—a place Charlie knew and which he thought Helen might enjoy. It was quiet at first, but as the vaudevillians and the musical comedy people and others blew in the restaurant filled with chatter, and after awhile—partially because of sundry cocktails—various patrons began doing stunts just for the fun of it, and gaiety rose toward its apogee.

And then, of a sudden, the place was full of police.

"It's a raid," said Charlie. "I thought this might happen soon; they've been selling a lot of booze here lately. But I didn't look for it tonight."

"You seem to know the place pretty well," sniffed Helen, suspiciously. "A lot of these people spoke to you!"

"Why not?" said Charlie. "I like to take my lunch now and then here when the theatre people are eating breakfast. That's how I knew that it was kind-a gay at night—they told me. Never been here at night before."

"Well, are they going to arrest us all, I wonder?" said Helen.

The police were lining the patrons up and taking names and addresses.

Charlie's eye lighted on the sergeant in charge. The sergeant's eyelid met Charlie's. Charlie's left eyelid dropped.

The sergeant blustered over to them.

"Well," he bellowed, "youse Anti-Saloon Leaguers is here spyin' on the police, hey? Nuttin' doin'. Beat it outa here; beat it, I say!" he took Charlie and his wife by the arms and rushed them toward the door. Just as he was about to thrust them out he whispered:

"Only stall I could think of, Charlie. There's a deputy commish here who's watchin' me and I couldn't slip youse out any other way. He's got a grouch on the League, so this alibi will go great with him. Sorry to embarrass the little lady."

"Outside Helen said, a little breathlessly: "That cop knew you!"

"Why wouldn't he?" said Charlie. "I play checkers with him in the station house two or three times a week."

There were nothing but pirate taxis in sight, so Helen and Charlie started to walk toward Longacre Square, where he could pick up a vehicle less expensive.

The street was not very well lighted, and a block away from the restaurant it was deserted, all the night loungers having rushed to the scene of the excitement.



"Well say," remarked the burglar genially, "ain't this a coincidence.?"

FROM the shadow of an old doorway stepped a man, thrust a gun in Charlie's stomach and growled: "Stick 'em up, buddy. Immejut! The frail, too."

Charlie stuck 'em up. So did Helen. The thug went through Charlie's clothes swiftly and cleaned every pocket. He took Helen's solitaire and wedding ring, and wrenched off her necklace. Then a taxi came careening down the street, the thief growled another threat, turned and ducked into the hall from which he had come.

Helen and Charlie walked on.

"I suppose," said Helen, "the trouble is you didn't know that one."

"No," said Charlie, "I don't think I do."

"Did he get everything you had?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "every red. I don't mind that, but it was a dirty trick to take your stuff. The big stiff!"

"I noticed you didn't do anything," said Helen.

"I'm no coward," said Charlie, "but I'm no fool either. That lad's trigger finger had St. Vitus' dance. I'd die for you, honey, but not for your jewellery. I can get you some more jewels; I can't get myself another life."

"B-but how are we going to get home?"

"Well," said Charlie, his hand trembling as he lit a cigarette, "I don't know. But I guess I can fix it. There's a panhandler I know who hangs out at one of the subway entrances and I'll borrow fare from him."

"From a panhandler!" exclaimed Helen.

"Why not?" said Charlie. "He makes forty dollars a day—he told me so."

"Taxi, mister," said a hard-faced driver as he slid his machine up to the curb.

"No!" said Charlie, and then: "Say," he cried. "Hello there, Grogan."

"Oh, it's you is it, Charlie?" the taxi-man grinned.

"Say, Grogan, what'll you charge me to take me and the Missus home to Yardmore?"

"To you, four bucks. It's eighteen miles—and the meter of this old boat would read about eight dollars if I ran it. But I've had a good night—four bucks will be O.K. and no charge for me comin' back. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," said Charlie. "But listen, Grogan. A stick-up man just cleaned us both and besides I don't believe there's more than a dollar in the house at Yardmore. Will you—"

"Give it to me any time, Charlie," said the taxi-man. "You'll be lunching at Joe's some time when I am. Get in."

"Do you know all the taxi-drivers?" asked Helen, as the taxi lurched around a corner.

"No, only about a couple hundred, I guess," said Charlie. "Just luck I happened to run onto Buck Grogan. Nice fellow. Has two kids."

"How'd you find out all this?"

"Well, I don't know. Just talking to him at Joe's, I guess."

IF THIS were fiction, instead of the story of Charlie McDougall, you might well complain that the next incident was a vicious stretching of that aforesaid long arm of coincidence. But things happen as they happen, and that's how it happened that Charlie McDougall, after kissing his wife good-night, went downstairs into the library to get his old pipe and have a last smoke—and on the way there, found a burglar in the dining-room.

"Stick 'em up," said the burglar, throwing his flash in Charlie's eyes. "A yell out-a you and you're croaked."

Again Charlie stuck 'em up. The flash dazzled his eyes and he could see nothing.

Then he heard an exclamation. And the burglar said: "You can drop 'em, Charlie."

Charlie dropped 'em and faced a burglar with his mask off. "Well, say," remarked the burglar genially, "ain't this a co-incidence?"

"Why, hello, Tony," exclaimed Charlie.

"Say, honest, Charlie, I didn't know this was your dump."

"Well, it is. But it's kind-a slim pickings for you, I should think."

"Not so bad," said Tony kindly. "You got nice silver."

Charlie looked at the Burglar's bag.

"That's not all my stuff," he observed.

"Naw. Not any of it. I was just getting ready to clean out the buffet. But this was my last stop and I've had a pretty good haul, so—well, you're a nice little guy and tell good stories, so I guess I'll be going along and leave your junk here."

"Thanks, Tony; darn nice of you. I wouldn't want to lose it just now because I got stuck up n town and the bird cleaned me."



"Well," he bellowed, "youse Anti-saloon Leaguers is here spyin' on the police, hey? Nuttin' doin'."

"Did he now? Hard luck. Didja know him?"

"I don't think so. Nobody that I ever saw around the Blue Goose where your gang holds out. Big tall guy with a scar under his chin."

"Hey?" said Tony, "scar under his chin. And—say, did he say 'Stick 'em up! Immejut?'"

"By gosh, that's what he said."

"Huh! I know him. Th' dirty crook! Double-crossed me on a job, he did. Say—how much did he nick you for?"

"Two hundred and my wife's necklace and rings."

"Yeah? He's the kind of guy that 'ud cut a frail's fingers off to get her rings. Listen—I didn't know he was out again. But I know where he hangs out, and I know the fence he works with, see. You just give me a description of them jools and I'll tell the fence he'd better turn 'em over to me or I'll have him pulled. I got something on that fence and he ain't got a thing on me."

"Mebbe I can get some of that jack for yuh, too. I got a good dip friend that might touch that black-jackin' skunk for a wad. If I get the whole two hundred I'll divvy fifty-fifty with yuh. Whaddyuh say?"

"Fair enough," said Charlie.

"That's jake, then. See you at the Blue Goose Wednesday noon."

Tony gathered up his bag of swag, shook hands with Charlie, and quietly climbed out of the window.

Charlie closed the window and fastened it. Also he made a tour of the first floor and tested all the other

windows. Then he got his pipe and went upstairs. His wife called to him as he tip-toed past her room.

"Charlie, what took you so long?"

He opened her door and entered.

"What's that, dear?"

"I say, what made you so long downstairs?"

"I was talking to the burglar."

"Talking to a burglar! What burglar?"

"The burglar that was downstairs."

"Quit kidding, Charlie. It's too late to be funny."

"Well, all right. But there was a burglar."

"Honest?"

"Pretty honest—for a burglar."

Helen McDougall sat up in bed, bright-eyed.

"Do you mean to tell me there really was a burglar down there?"

"There certainly was."

"My goodness, weren't you scared to death?"

"I was at first, but not after I found I knew him."

"You knew him? Knew a burglar!"

"Well, he just happened to be a burglar I knew."

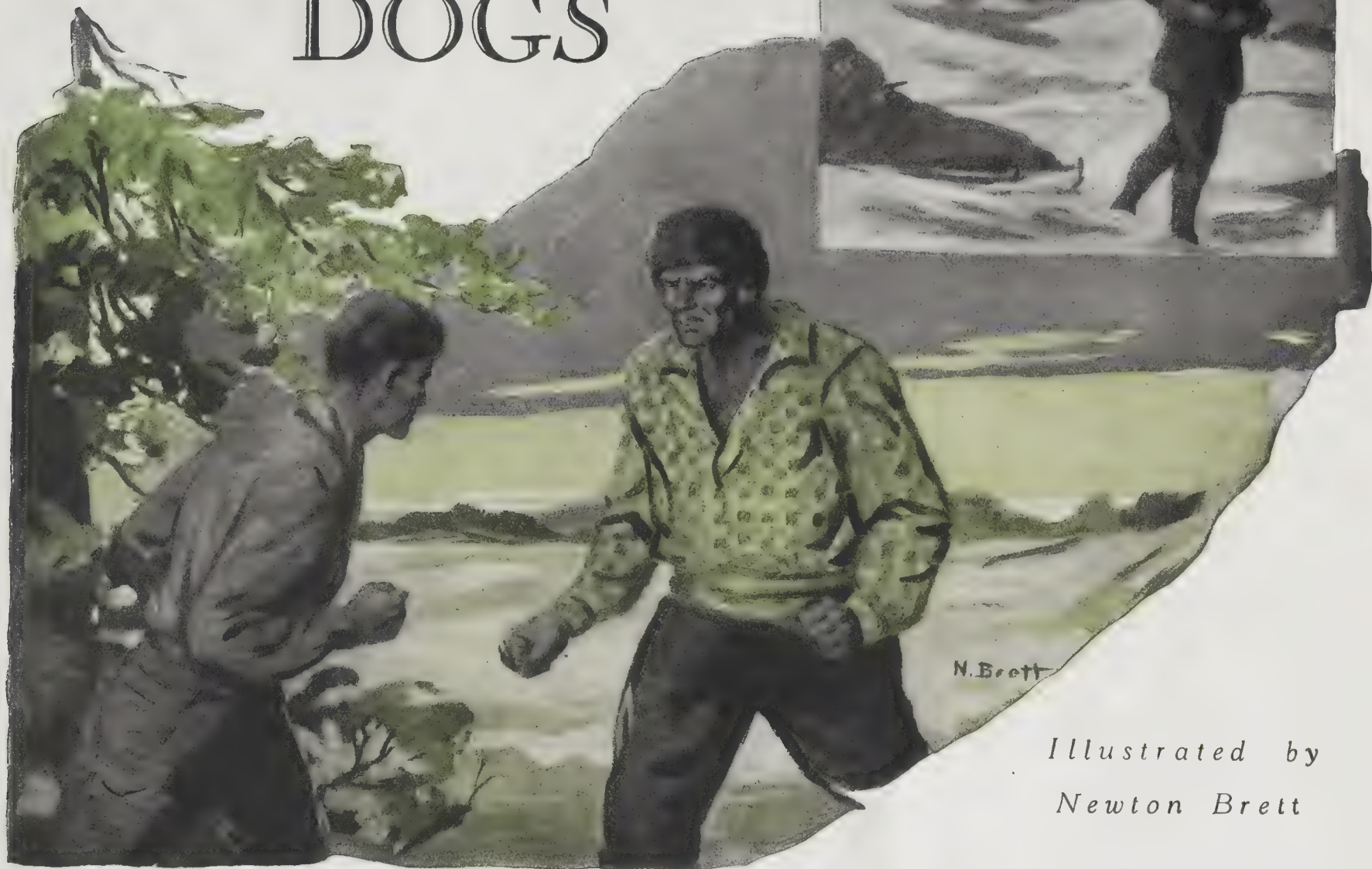
Helen looked at her husband with quizzical eyes.

"I suppose," she said, "you know hundreds of burglars too."

"No," replied Charlie, "probably not more than fifteen or twenty. There's quite a few of them hang out at one of the places I lunch. Interesting fellows, in a way."

"I suppose so," said Helen. "Well, did your know-
ing this second storey man [Continued on page 56]

MOON DOGS



Illustrated by
Newton Brett

De Lange rushed with a bellow of eagerness. His great fist shot forward like a battering ram.

JOHN McILROY crouched in a spruce thicket near his trapline. He had waited hours; he was stiff with cold. A dozen yards away at the foot of a jack-pine was one of his bait-houses and in a trap before it lay the frozen body of a silver fox. It was high stakes in the game he was playing, but it was a game he was determined to win.

The low-hung winter sun could scarcely cast a shadow. Soon it would be gone in a flare of cold yellow and dull rose. With the gloom that would fill the forest, the day's watching would end.

The cracking of a twig caught his tense ear and between the pine and poplar trunks he saw a man approaching. With long strides, for he was of gigantic build, he came down McIlroy's snow-shoe trail. A low exclamation, spoken in Cree, escaped him when he recognized what lay in the trap.

"Sonias Mak-kee-sis!"—the money fox.

There was a gleam of white teeth in his swarthy bearded face as he stooped to press down the trap springs and, straightening, held at arm's length admiringly the fox which is the prize dream of every trapper north of fifty-three. He shook off his mitten and touched its fur.

"Drop it!"

The command, though in ordinary tone, cut through the stillness like a pistol shot. The giant French-Canadian's stare betrayed his astonishment, yet so leathern were his nerves he did not jump at the sound. He faced McIlroy defiantly, the fox still grasped in his slowly lowered hand.

"Drop that fox, I say, and put up your hands." It was the cold compelling tone as much as the menace of the leveled rifle that caused the culprit to obey.

"For a month I've known you've been robbing my traps," McIlroy continued. "Now I've got the goods on you. Now I——"

But the big man interrupted, and in his black eyes was cold fury rather than shame.

By J. Paul Loomis

"Eet ees not steal to tak' w'at ees mine," he declared. "I am Ambrose De Lange, me; boss all dis countree. I trap all de streams dat run into Wachusk Lake."

"But you've not a trap in this whole Lynx River valley; not a cabin; not a thing to show it is your trapping grounds! What's more, who gave you the right to hog it? Who made you boss of all the streams that run to Wachusk Lake?"

De Lange's barrel chest swelled visibly. He lowered his arms and shook his mighty fists.

"I mak' me boss, by Gar!" he cried, fiercely. "No man yet ever w'ip Ambrose De Lange. W'en you come to Lynx Reeve I say: 'Poor leetle runty feller! Some day I slap heem lak' mosqueeto, w'at?' But me, I got plaintee traps on Gooseberry Reeve. No need set traps on Lynx Reeve w'en you ketch me so many fox. Hee, hee!"

The insolence of the man was amazing. McIlroy began to feel hackles rising on his neck.

"So no man ever whipped you, you bloated wind-bag! Then you're in for the thrashing of your life right now. An' while we're about it, we'll settle this matter of who'll set traps along Lynx River and of who'll take the fur out of 'em, too!"

Picking up the rifle De Lange had set against a tree before opening the fox trap, McIlroy worked the lever and flipped the cartridges into the snow. He did the same with his own weapon and placed both some distance up the trail. As he returned he took off his cartridge belt and mackinaw. The giant woodsman in a delighted surprise was shedding his moose-skin coat.

De Lange rushed with a bellow of eagerness. His great fist shot forward like a battering ram. But somehow, it just missed its slender target and he

received a smarting blow on the cheek as he lunged past. The next rush was a duplicate save that the punch he received was on the body, cleverly placed; but it did not even make him wince. A succession of short, quick rushes followed. Each time the giant took a hard one yet not once did he touch his foe. He shook his shaggy head and roared like a moose enraged.

McIlroy, though cool and confident, had received a surprise none the less. He had knocked out sturdy fighters, in his time, with lighter blows than had thus far brought him sore knuckles only on this man of iron. Also, the huge woodsman was much quicker than he had supposed.

They fought on in the drawing darkness, tramping a wide circle in the snow. The fluff hindered McIlroy's constant foot-work. He was getting short of wind. Experienced boxer that he was he had never seen the equal in sheer durability of this huge master of rough-and-tumble fighting and he knew this was to be the battle of his life.

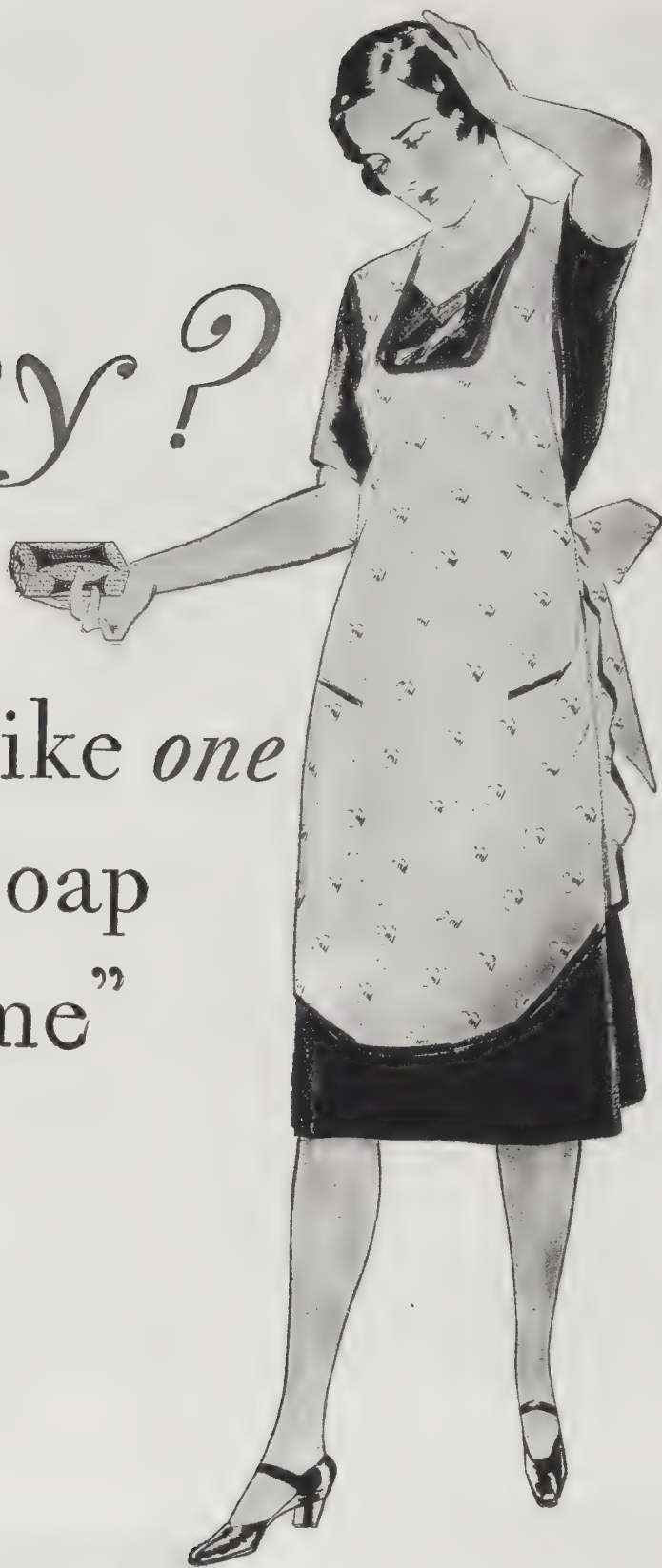
In desperation he stood his ground, evading De Lange's fist and planting his own squarely upon the giant's nose. With terrific impact their bodies came together. Barely did McIlroy keep from being crushed to the ground. Then, just as those huge arms were closing about him, he delivered a kidney punch, putting every ounce of his strength into the blow. The giant wilted. It was only for an instant, but McIlroy was free. He rained upon De Lange fierce rights and lefts in swift succession to eyes and nose and jaw. In a daze, the big man tried to shield his battered features. A stomach punch felled him, gasping for breath.

He rose groggily and got his bearings. But he did not spring again at the waiting McIlroy. He lurched drunkenly down the trail instead. His hand whipped something from his pocket. He groped for and found his rifle leaning against a tree. McIlroy strove desperately to wrest it from him. He was sent.

[Continued on page 45]

“*They?*”

That looks like *one*
bar of soap
to me”



OF COURSE it *looks* like one bar of soap. But there's more in Fels-Naptha than meets the eye. Two helpers in a single bar—soap and naptha—the “they” that gives you *extra* help.

Prove it for yourself. Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha. You see soap—good golden soap. Now hold the bar up to your nose. Smell the naptha—*plenty* of it.

Naptha has a wonderful way of coaxing dirt loose from clothes. And the golden soap combined with the naptha does the rest.

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Fels-Naptha is gentle to clothes. It's kind to

your hands. And it works well under any conditions. Use washing machine or tub; use hot, lukewarm or cool water; soak or boil the clothes—Fels-Naptha will pitch in and do the same thorough, *extra*-helpful job.

Fels-Naptha is useful between wash days, too. Dishes, windows, woodwork—there isn't

a soap-and-water task about the house that can't be done with less work with Fels-Naptha.

That's a big statement. But Fels-Naptha is waiting at your grocer's to back up every word of it. Order a few bars today—or ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Try Fels-Naptha! See how much extra help “*they*” can bring you!

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W. H. 2-30

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President Hoover and Mrs. Hoover and their pet police dog "Tut."

A Girl School Teacher as America's Queen

*The Romance of Louisa Hoover, Who Entered
Britain's Prime Minister
at the White House*

By Ignatius Phayre

Author of "America's Day"

WHEN big, burly Herbert Hoover—so statuesque and shy, led the way with Miss Ishbel into the State Dining Room, followed by the beloved "Lou" (white-haired, well-gowned and with such curious jewels!) on the arm of Britain's first Prime Minister at the White House—you have the *dramatis personae* of a more impressive "talkie" than Hollywood ever dreamed of. For here, indeed, Fact is more extravagant than Fiction. Who would have said that a humble girl "schoolmarm" of Monterey, California, would one day be "Empress" of a New World empire as big as all Europe, with 120,000,000 of the richest of all citizens looking to her for social light and leading? Or who would have thought that this husky Quaker lad, so taciturn and poor, shoving hoppers of ore far underground in the desert State of New Mexico, was to become the world's arbiter in Prosperity and Peace, as the ablest and most forceful autocrat who has ever controlled the destiny of the United States?

And lastly, there is the Guest of the Evening—the penniless poet-peasant of yester-year, who once went hungry in this vast London of ours, and looked in vain for a few shillings and a friend in need. Who, again, would have dared to predict that the Scots' "Dick Whittington" would one day sit in the place of the two Pitts and Gladstone, directing the vastest empire in all human annals? If the Monroe Doctrine makes Hoover's sway cover the whole Western Hemisphere, this labor leader, whom the "Beren-garia" brought, is the head of a Government which extends to one-fourth of the globe. Between them, these two "foundlings" of long ago now hold in their hand the destiny of no less than 520,000,000 human beings, of every conceivable race and creed and color, from London to Borneo and Papua, and from New York City to Honolulu and the Asiatic Archipelago of Seven Thousand Isles . . . truly, that was a dinner-party worth watching!

And well might the hostess feel proud at that crowning event of a life fairly crammed with wild travel and adventure. Unofficially, the President's wife is styled "The First Lady of the Land." All of these—except the tragic May Todd Lincoln—have had humdrum careers. Martha Washington, the rich widow who did so much for the Father and Founder, had high ideas about a "Palace" and a coach-and-six, with outriders. After all, had there not been talk of an American "Crown," which the immortal George was wise enough to "decline with thanks."

Washington and his wife were severely criticized for apeing "regal state." The Thirteen Colonies were very poor, as well as fiercely jealous of each other. Martha's "Drawing Rooms" were never held at the White House at all. It was Abigail Adams who first took possession of that "Villa in a jungle," driving through swamps and forests to wrestle with a raw abode in which she did

her own washing and hung the clothes out to dry in the famous East Room—that wistful shrine of every American social climber these 150 years!

To Mrs. Madison fell the strange fate of seeing the White House burned by British troops. And the first coat of whitewash after that lurid event gave the famous Mansion its familiar name. Mary Lincoln found the place in a horrible mess, since rustic friends of her "Abe" spat all over the carpets—and even made targets of the walls with their "chews o' bacca!" Thereafter, dim notions of a "Palace" were revived. Never again were joyous mobs to rush in like a "herd of elephants"—as when old Hickory Jackson came to the "throne"—cutting up the curtains for souvenirs, and trampling the First Lady's big cheeses into greasy



The Red Room at the White House where the President and his wife stand to shake hands with the visitors on reception days.



NÉE FRANCESCA BRAGGIOTTI • BRIDE OF THE GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS HENRY CABOT LODGE

SARGENT might have painted her, a "symphony in black and gold" . . . Mrs. John Davis Lodge, romantically lovely in her Chéruit gown, with starry wide dark eyes, hair golden as Melisande's, skin warmly tinted as a tea-rose.

Bride of the grandson of the famous Henry Cabot Lodge, young Mrs. Lodge makes beauty her artistic credo. "Women should live for loveliness," she says. "The natural charm of a lovely skin is important."

The silken texture and clear fresh coloring of her own flawless skin she frankly attributes to Pond's. "I've used the Two Creams all my life," she says. "That wonderful Cold Cream cleanses deliciously and keeps the skin supple and young. To remove the cream I've just discovered the immaculate new Cleansing Tissues."

Pond's new Skin Freshener is "doubly precious," Mrs. Lodge says, "because both tonic and astringent." The Vanishing Cream, which holds her powder and keeps her arms and neck so smooth, she says "is especially attractive in the evening."

KEEP YOUR OWN SKIN LOVELY by these four steps of Pond's simple, sure Method:

During the day — first, for thorough cleansing,

generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, marvelously absorbent, ample yet firm.

Third—briskly dab your skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If your skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.

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pulp on the dining-room floor! Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Roosevelt completed the "Palace" scheme; today it is far easier to see King George or the Pope, or Benito Mussolini, than it is to gain access to the "Autocrat of All the Americas." And be it said here, that his political powers exceed that of any pre-War Tsar or Kaiser.

As the end of each First Lady's term draws near, it is customary to have her portrait painted for the Gallery of America's Queens. Few of these have any artistic merit. The showiest is Mrs. Roosevelt, by Chartran of Paris; the worst of all is Mrs. Grace Coolidge, presented by the women's societies, just as the wife of "Silent Cal" was preparing to return to her humble home in Massachusetts, and lend a hand in Presidential memoirs, for which a New York magazine made the mouth-watering bid of *two dollars a word!*

Herbert and Louisa Hoover are quite apart from the usual machine made political couple which rule at the White House for one or two terms of four years each. Not only are they the first world-travellers to occupy the historic Mansion; their entire lives have been spent in roaming the earth's wild places. For Hoover was a mining-engineer — a "doctor" of ailing lodes and failing stopes, who could prescribe remedies when the flow of treasure dried up, thus turning losses into further profits. The case of Broken Hill, in New South Wales, shows this. Called into consultation here while yet in his early twenties, the young Californian devised a method of treating the *débris* and tailings which gave that famous silver-lead mine a new lease of life and dividends.

His wife's family—like his own—had come from Iowa. Ever since the romantic "forties" of last century California had a potent lure; and a "Gold Rush" was staged there long before Charlie Chaplin was born. So even women took an interest in rocks and stones. In America, young girls are "different." Love and marriage do not eclipse the passion

for a career, and the free and independent life. At any rate, here is Lou Henry, attending lectures on geology (!) at Leland Stanford University. And in the same classroom is young Herbert Hoover, penniless and shy, doing odd jobs to pay his fees as so many American students do. Some of these wash dishes; others keep a cow and sell the milk, or else canvass for the weekly and monthly magazines. At eleven years of age the orphaned Hoover was already earning his own living on a few rugged acres which his village blacksmith father farmed at West Branch, in Iowa.

So although in love and already betrothed, Herbert Hoover and his Lou could not think of marriage. Australian mines had sent for an adviser familiar with Californian and Colorado methods of "salvation." And Hoover's boss — Louis Janin, of San Francisco—sent out this shy, gawky lad of twenty-four. The lovers kept in touch with each other.

Many a time, between classes, Lou would re-read his letters from wild regions overseas. And one evening the young man himself appeared in Monterey with a curt proposal of marriage — "this minute!" . . . "And we're off to China on the next boat!" That was Hoover all through: "Deeds and not words!" Their wedding was a headlong affair. As no Protestant pastor could be found, an Episcopalian girl was married to a Quaker by a Roman Catholic priest; and the two set sail for Tientsin, which is the sea-port of old Peking. For Hoover was now on the road to success, having been named Inspector of Mines to the Imperial Chinese Government.

A nice house in Racecourse Road was at the young bride's disposal. But trouble was in the air; the ancient Empire was already lurching into ruin, by a fearsome road of blood and flame and torture. Like a thunder-bolt came the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. Tientsin was surrounded and besieged. Thirty-thousand well-armed troops went over to the savages outside. Herbert Hoover, as engineer, now had trenches dug; and crawled out each night [Continued on page 65]



Peggy Ann Hoover, baby grand-daughter of the President.



The State Dining Room at the White House showing the table laid for a State Banquet.

No compromise with quality! — *these men insist on being sure!*



Their daily check ~ the last of many different inspections ~ puts the final guarantee of goodness behind every Del Monte Food you buy

Trifles make perfection—but perfection is no trifle!

To Michelangelo—four centuries ago—goes credit for this famous observation. Yet his words are just as true today. And how well they apply to quality in canned fruits!

Often the little things, the endless precautions that might seem unnecessary, are the final guarantees of a better appearance and flavor.

There's the matter of inspections, for instance.

DEL MONTE Fruits are first inspected in the orchards, then are inspected at the cannery door. They are inspected and sorted on the preparation tables—on belts moving to the canning tables—and again as they are filled into cans. And finally, the plant superintendent himself cuts open samples from each day's "run"—to make sure that results are up to his own ideals.

You'd think that this would be enough!

Yet every day in the canning season, a selected committee of DEL MONTE executives gathers in the sunlit room shown above—and from samples of the previous few days' pack, taken from *all* DEL MONTE canneries, determines whether the fruit is fully up to DEL MONTE's quality requirements.

The decision these men make is final—an unprejudiced, impartial judgment of the output of all DEL MONTE canneries and all districts—matched against the one rigid quality ideal for which this label stands.

A remarkable quality test

Unless you watched these men at work, you'd hardly believe the pains they take—the critical severity with which they examine each product as it comes from DEL MONTE canneries!

First, trained assistants weigh each can—count the pieces of fruit—test the density of the syrup—for all these things have their bearing on canned fruit quality.

Then, with all the fruit transferred from cans to gleaming white enamel dishes—DEL MONTE's expert judges start their final, painstaking inspection.

From table to table they go—slowly, methodically—stopping beside each dish.

With long-handled spoons they dip into the syrup—noting its consistency and color. They examine, separately, every piece of fruit—judging it for color, ripeness, texture and general appearance—tasting it for flavor.

The most thorough canning process

Even the most trifling deviation from the quality DEL MONTE specifies for every fruit it packs, is recorded and brought at once to the attention of cannery officials!

Only when their inspection is completed—after this most particular of juries has said, "Quality OK"—is any DEL MONTE Product ready for your table!

And remember—inspections are just one detail of the DEL MONTE canning process—a process unsurpassed for thoroughness and painstaking care, in the entire canned fruit and vegetable field!

Before canning starts—DEL MONTE Fruits are selected from the world's finest orchards and gardens. Each fruit is picked for ripeness, size, color, flavor and perfect appearance. All this, just to give DEL MONTE the very finest raw materials with which to work.



Fruit is specially chosen for the variety itself—independent of any commercial standard—the particular degree of syrup that will best supplement and bring out the fruit's own natural flavor.

As a result of *all* these things—and not simply because of any one of them alone—the DEL MONTE label stands today for *more* than just the best that can be packed. It stands for *uniform* quality in every can—year in and year out. Uniformity, safeguarded by the experience and skill of over 70 years in the canning of fine foods.

And don't forget that fruits are just a part of the many foods DEL MONTE cans.

Under this same dependable brand—packed with the same painstaking care—is the widest assortment of vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruit, raisins and other foods.

Whatever your requirements—whatever your ideals of canned food quality—you'll find under the DEL MONTE label the varieties you want—and the quality you demand—at reasonable cost.

Suggestions that make meals "different"

Even if you now have a lot of cook books—you're sure to find many new and "different" recipes and menu suggestions in the DEL MONTE recipe collection. There are 267 of them in all—in seven booklets and leaflets, all handy size for filing. May we send them to you—free of charge? Simply drop a card to Dept. 37-E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST





TRADITIONALLY in past ages, the art of the colorist attained its loveliest development in china and porcelain. Restoring this ancient art, modern Crane potters produced such shades as the citrus yellow here seen in *Corwith* fixtures and shower receptor. Long ago as the bronze age, artists wrought metals into beautiful forms. Inspired by their memories, modern Crane metal workers created such exquisitely wrought bits as the faucets and wastes and

spouts that serve and adorn these fixtures. . . Truly, the attention to detail that is the mark of fine work is found in all Crane products. For a full appreciation of the new beauty and comfort offered your home by the combined talents of Crane potters, metal workers, designers, engineers, and decorators, visit the nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms. For the final step that turns all this skill to your service, consult your architect and a responsible plumbing contractor.

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A Home From Spain

By V. W. Horwood



WHAT is it that makes us love certain types of homes? This one for instance, in which you could imagine the romance of Spain gathered into its round headed grilled entrance—or it maybe California of the old Mission beside the long sweeping surge from the Pacific Buildings that bring back Pizarro, or the old Spanish road winding its way across Mexico where towards the end of his black career Cortez fought his way to San Blas. What memories come to us when the wind blows moaning in the trees, or when the lake booms on its rocky shores.

Nearly all of us have in the back of our minds, an ideal home. Some of old homes with low ceilinged rooms, and great fires burning on the hearth. Others of little homes lovable where the old people were happy and peaceful unto death. Those of us without a home are sick of the fruitless travelling through a world where the soul sighs with longing for some dim thing, until at last we find our "Castle in Spain." A Spanish type seems to want explanations for our Canadian West, but we must remember that we have adapted other equally Southern types. The Colonial homes of the wide living South, one of the most successful house designs we have, has in many ways been adapted to our climate, and with the perfection of cement stucco, and with few alterations in windows, and leaving out the patios, we have at last achieved a design which is suitable for our climatic changes. Windows in a tropical country are small to keep out the heat, so we enlarge them to let in the sun, and the interior is picturesquely adapted to our needs. The application of plaster, or what in Italian fashion we call "stucco" to the exterior surfaces of our house walls is a building habit that comes down from the earliest times.

The Egyptians and the Greeks were skilful in its uses and with the Romans its employment for both exterior and interior purposes reached a high development. Its introduction into England was in 1789 by Robert Adam and its advocacy by the Architect, Sir John Sloan made it a successful venture. This fashion in England had a direct influence on this country, and in the United States and in Quebec and Ontario especially, a stucco was used composed of lime mortar with a rough surface made by dashing on small pebbles into the mortar when it was soft and then generally whitewashing the whole surface.

What gave architects an unfavorable impression of stucco was the imitations by the uninformed — imitations of stone, of marble, materials, which owe a great deal of their impression to their solidity. When we come to a rock faced surfaced in concrete we come to a machine made material, and a debasing of a material that is capable of infinite delightful varieties of treatment. Concrete has a texture all of its own, a texture that should be conserved. It is a plastic material and can be worked into beautiful surface combinations. We must remember that architecture although a



In the landscape of the grounds attached to this intriguing home, the front should be terraced up.

mixture of decorative art, with careful and scientific planning is still simple in its artistic sense, for architecture somewhat like sculpture considers form almost exclusively and allows of the possibility of color only in connection with certain definitely

classed style, like the Spanish, which is studied in connection with its color treatment of roofs and walls, while there are other styles which may be studied as having no such aspect. The investment of the stucco surfaces with delicate light and shade made by the strokes of the trowel, and the stronger contrast of shadow under the arched entrance should make a particularly effective study. For the walls of this house concrete blocks could be used or brickwork. The actual construction of the walls is of 2 ins. x 6 ins. studs at 16 inches on centres and shiplapped and papered both sides and then outside over a heavy waterproofed paper using a metal studding and lathing on which the stucco is placed. Texture in the stucco wall is a favorite expression today. It is such a relief in this mechanical age to see evidence of the workmen's hands, but in some recent examples of stucco houses the texture is over-stressed. The house must be considered as a whole and

the details while adding interest when closely examined should not obtrude and take away from the broad aspects of the design. I have examined walls that exhibit every degree of "mucked," "gormed" and "slathered surfaces," and the workman instead of subordinating his art to the general design has

striven to make his portion of the work the central feature, and in the parlance of the trade "swings a wicked trowel."

This house plan revolves to a certain extent around the hall as its decorative motif. The entrance hall in even the smallest house has infinite possibilities of design—possibilities which no other portion of the house possesses. Some housewives will "sniff" at this and ask, "What of the kitchen?" I have mentioned that some workmen will endeavor to make their portion of work take the full stage, and sometimes now and then there seems to be a tendency for the kitchen to occupy that important position. We often read in the old time books of the "Dad" retiring to the kitchen to efface himself, but he could no longer do such a thing for the kitchen has in some homes become the "pièce de résistance." It is somewhat the same with the bathroom. Who in the despised Victorian days would parade the guest to the bathroom to show its refined mechanical excellencies. A bathroom should be sanitary and utilitarian, and a kitchen is a room devoted to the preparing of food. This does not condemn the installation of the best fixtures and piping. Porcelain fixtures are everlasting. Brass or copper or wrought iron piping are almost the same. The floors should in the kitchen be of the best linoleum, and tile might be used on the walls of both kitchen and bathroom, and a tiled floor in the bathroom with linoleum over it. The heating and ventilating apparatus in the kitchen should be complete outside of the range. The range should only be depended upon for cooking. Hot water apparatus should be ample, and with our electrical appliances both bathroom and kitchen can be made perfect. This is a digression from the Hall, but look at this kitchen. The cupboards, sink and range have light from a 3 foot wide window which from seven inches above the work table runs to the ceiling. This kitchen has a heavy inlaid square patterned linoleum on its floor. The cupboards and all wood trim are in ivory enamel. The walls up to the window sill are either 4-inch glazed tile on metal lathing or a hard wall plaster, or cement; above this is the ordinary plaster. A stool and chair are in a blue enamel, while the curtains [Continued on page 53]



A unique, round-headed grilled entrance.



Startled though he was, he kept his head.

Lord of the Silver Dragon

A Romance of Leif the Lucky

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

LAST INSTALMENT

THE horrible spectacle which now greeted the eyes of the startled company so far exceeded their worst expectations in gruesomeness, that its effect was paralyzing. No rebel thrall, no drunken brawler bent on mischief burst in upon them, nor any horde of savages; but in tumbled the young mothers, half crazed and terrified, screaming aloud that their babes, so short a while ago their joy and pride, were cruelly murdered. It was too true; not only were the little creatures rigid in death, but, as was painfully clear, had died a violent and tortuous death.

"Mistress! Mistress!" the poor maddened mothers shrieked, as they fell at Freydis' feet, "'Twas the accursed jewel! 'Twas the witch-woman! 'Twas the Hebridene spirited their lives away!"

Once again Freydis found her plot running wild with the bit in its teeth. She had not anticipated quite this situation; she had planned a more subtle and less dangerous accusation. "Hush, hush, good souls!" she implored the wretched women grovelling before her, "ye must beware of rash judgment. Have patience, the holy priests must guide us."

But the mischief was done. A young noblewoman, recently delivered of her firstborn, shrieked wildly to her lord: "Slay her! Slay her ere she be our ruin!—ere she murder all our innocent children!"

"Life for life! 'Tis the law!" a man's voice responded angrily. "Fling her brat in the bath as she did our lady's precious daughter! Aye, make away with the witch-woman's son," screamed the poor bereaved mothers with the violence and maddened frenzy of twin furies.

Like a thunderbolt Leif hurled himself in front of Thorgunna's bench. Sword aloft, eyes flashing, he faced the hysterical crowd, contempt and scorn and

hot anger playing like lurid beacons across the granite hardness of his face.

"Silence!" he thundered, "silence! Is it sanity to be stampeded like sheep by the shrieks of silly women? Citizens of Greenland, are ye Norsemen or are ye fools?"

"Attend him not!" shouted the noble whose wife had started the hubbub; "he is himself bewitched!"

Leif brought down his sword upon the table before him so fiercely that the sharp song of biting steel reverberated throughout the entire hall. "Call me what ye will, it matters nothing. The sword of Eric Red shall speak a language comprehensible to stupid and stubborn skulls! Ye fools and simple, is there not a Thing for the settlement of disputes? Are ye not assembled for that express purpose? Will ye murder a woman cold-bloodedly without trial and suffer the shame forever? Men of Greenland, I call upon ye not to shame our common heritage of justice and honor, and I pledge the good faith of Eric's blood that this woman shall be tried in public hearing this coming Thing. But first ye shall attend me in what I have to divulge."

Leif's bodyguard had followed and surrounded him, forming a circle of threatening steel which not even the bravest were ambitious to break. The angry din subsided gradually, and after considerable whisperings and shame-faced consultations, the men announced

their willingness to abide by the Thing. "We will await the public judgment," they cried in chorus, "and if thou hast aught to confide in us we will attend thee."

Under cover of his shield Leif whispered an anxious question to the youngest guard, hovering close to his chieftain like a fierce-eyed guardian angel.

"Aye, my lord," the youthful warrior whispered back, "Grim hath already departed with the young Thorgils."

Immeasurably relieved, almost light of heart, Leif drew himself up proudly and addressed his people. "Good friends and countrymen, be seated, for that which duty compels me to say cannot be said briefly."

When quiet and order were again restored he made his way to Freydis' seat, walking with deliberate slowness, a grim smile transforming his pleasant features into a mask of determined cruelty. For the first time in her life Freydis was now at the point of swooning, and would have given all her coveted gold to avoid the impending clash between them. Her brother's terrible eyes seemed to prod and rend her like poisoned daggers.

"Mistress!" his cold, metallic command pierced through the paralyzing fear, benumbing her faculties and recalling her to the vital necessity of sharp defence. "Mistress Freydis, do me the honor to join me at thy House Pillars."

There was no escape for her. Quaking with terror and a thousand nameless fears, Freydis suffered herself to be led to the "undvei," the place of honor, where, making the four corners of a square, stood the sacred pillars of her house.

Leif turned his scathing glance upon her, and to save herself she could not restrain the impulse to hide her guilty face in her evil [Continued on page 28]

Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes

—Says Noted Health Magazine

Read this warning:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

IF you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will *correct* or *cure* some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can *cure*—and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth. This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants clean, sparkling

teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

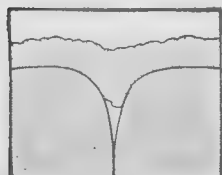
Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes? Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure*. Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of

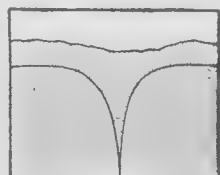
people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active, foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming detergent wave. Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You *have not* fooled yourself with "cures."

*Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



The 25c. tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.

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Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name

Address

S E R V

IN THE *Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited*, we emphasize service equally with sales. It has always been our belief that a sale does not complete the transaction between us and the buyer, but establishes a new obligation on us to see that his car gives him service. We are as much interested in your economical operation of the car as you are in our economical manufacture of it. This is only good business on our part. If our car gives service, sales will take care of themselves. For that reason we have installed a system of controlled service to take care of all Ford car needs in an economical and improved manner. We wish all users of Ford cars to know what they are entitled to in this respect, so that they may readily avail themselves of this service.

ICE

THE assurance of good dealer service, at all times, is as much a feature of the Ford car as its beauty of line and color, safety, comfort, reliability, economy and ease of control.

In addition to the main factory at East Windsor, Ontario, assembly branches are located at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, with sales and service branches at London, St. John, Regina and Calgary. More than 700 Authorized Ford Dealers have been established throughout Canada to serve your needs and to see that genuine Ford parts are quickly available when needed and at a low price.

This is by far the largest automobile dealer organization in Canada and it is of great value to every Ford owner. "What kind of service will I get after I buy the car?" is always an important point to consider in the purchase of an automobile.

We are particularly interested in this matter because we believe it our duty not only to make a good automobile, but to help the purchaser get the greatest possible use from it at a minimum of trouble and expense. Because of this, the entire Ford dealer organization has been specially trained and equipped to service the Ford.

When you receive your Ford, the dealer will explain the simple little things that should be attended to periodically to insure the best performance. He will also tell you about the Free Inspection Service to which every purchaser of

the Ford is entitled at 500, 1000 and 1500 miles.

This inspection includes a check-up of the battery, generator charging rate, distributor, carburetor adjustment, lights, brakes, shock absorbers, tire inflation and steering gear. The engine oil is also changed and the chassis lubricated through the high-pressure grease gun system.

No charge whatever is made for labor or materials incidental to this service except where repairs are necessary because of accident, neglect or misuse. The labor of changing the engine oil and lubricating the chassis is also free, although a charge is made for new oil. This inspection is free for the first 1500 miles only, and is made thereafter at an equitable charge.

Every time you take your Ford to the dealer for oiling and greasing, it will be a good plan to have him check over important points that have a bearing on continuously good performance and tell you exactly what the car needs.

You will find him prompt and businesslike, fair in his established flat rate charges for labor, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times, so that you will get thousands upon thousands of miles of enjoyable, economical motoring.

That is the purpose for which the Ford was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service*.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

hands. He made her a contemptuous obeisance. "Behold a noble hostess!" he cried, in a voice as merciless as his longsword. "A noble hostess, friends, who entertains her guests with strategy and murder!"

Thorvald, blustering weakly, attempted to rise in her defence, but Leif waved him aside with the curt and cutting truth: "Thou art compromised enough, my lord Thorvald; 'tis no greater shame to thee to acknowledge a base match than for Leif Ericson to own so foul a kinswoman."

In desperation Freydis made her final effort. "Ah, my people, my dear and noble friends, 'tis the fair Hebridene's witchery had made him mad..."

Leif wheeled around sharply, ashen with anger. "Silence, woman! Silence, or 'twill be upon thine own head what wrath may suffer me to do!" he thundered. "Observe how like to innocence is the lady's demeanor," he taunted bitterly, "how guileless her countenance, how pure and serene her glances! Oh, men, in whom the light of truth yet burns, I ask ye, is it thus that honest womanhood departs itself? Look well and long, good people, that ye may never forget the shameful sight, for there before ye stands a woman whose courage hath perverted and ambition deadened to every charitable impulse."

And there in her own hall, where she had plotted to destroy forever the good name of Thorgunna, Freydis was forced to listen in cowed silence to the revelation of her shameful Vinland treachery. When Leif had finished deathlike silence reigned in the hall. Not a man could doubt the horrid tale, and, indeed, the half-fainting Freydis was her own most damning accuser.

"The holy faith hath destroyed our ancient gods," Leif's cold, determined voice resumed, each carefully chosen word falling like devastating hail in the painful silence. "But though these gods be relegated to the limbo of forgotten memories, there still remain the pillars of our halls—poor wooden effigies of something strong and eternal, immutable and peerless, which uphold and sustain the habitations of honor. Oh, sacred Honor, whose tenets are the law and the keeping of the law, miserable is that house whence thou art departed!" He paused a moment, even his stern justice quailing at the thing he meant to do; then, grimly determined, hurried on: "Mark my words, they are not chosen idly. To this hall, to this line, honor is henceforth dead!" And before anyone might even suspect his intention, quick and terrible in vengeance, he had levelled a blow at the noble carved pillar which so long had typified the valor and glory of Thorvald's ancient clan. When the battleaxe came away, an ugly gash marred the dark, polished surface of the splendid column, jagged and deep and sinister, like a fatal wound in a venerable countenance. "Thy mistress struck a death blow no less severe to the greatness of thine house," the terrible accuser went on mercilessly. "'Tis rightly fitting, then, thus to record her shameful deed, that it may stand an irrefutable reproach so long as her unhappy blood survive. So much for treachery and treason! And now, good countrymen, consider well my word and promise. Retribution shall be made to one and all, to high and low alike, such retribution as lies in human power. Aye, I swear it, though its fulfilment reduce the House of Eric to utter ruin."

Having thundered forth this awful charge and uncompromising judgment, Leif turned his back upon the horrified guests and, leaving Freydis in a shivering heap by the ruined pillar of her dishonored house, re-threaded his way with quick impatient step to his mother and the long-suffering Thorgunna. The venerable mistress of Brattalid sat very straight in her tapestried seat, very straight indeed, with her grey head proudly lifted and on her face an expression hardly compatible with a religion of submission and humility. Proud and determined as her son, the old lady stared out upon the uneasy company like a queen watching with indifferent interest the emotional reaction of a carnival crowd. Thorgunna, on the contrary, drooped against Thorhild's shoulder, a pale madonna of shattered hope and joy; for, curiously enough, in this fateful hour, when seemingly her trials were being ended and her good name firmly re-established, she had experienced one of those trance-like moments, to which she was often subject, wherein she saw visions of the future.

Leif's voice was very gentle as he addressed them,

and his eyes spoke for him what his lips did not profess. "Make haste to leave this place, for I would not have ye another hour under this hateful roof. Horses will be waiting when ye are attired, and a company of trusted men will see ye home to Brattalid. When the Thing is over, ye may safely look for my return. Take heart, then, my good ladies, and speedily make ready for the journey."

With a proud gesture of ineffable devotion and confidence, Thorhild touched her son's shield as she arose. "My son," she said, "'tis borne home to me at last that pride may be as virtuous as humility and a strong arm as righteous as a praying palm."

So saying, the old dame accepted her fair companion's proffered arm and, without so much as a glance at the dumbfounded company, the two women swept from the room. Nor was one word raised against their going.

LEIF opened the Thing on the morrow with all his customary pomp and precision, and no one would have guessed from his bearing how painful was the ordeal before him. Quite as though the ugliest crime ever tried in a Norse Thing were not the all-absorbing interest of the day, he proceeded with minor offences and impending judgments. And not until all these lesser affairs were satisfactorily settled and men's minds grown calmer did he take up the vital issue. Even then he moved with exasperating composure. He was dressed for the occasion in magnificent armor, and when, cool and self-possessed, he eventually took his place on the Mount of Laws, he was truly as knightly a figure as ever delivered oration to an impressed and admiring people. As always, his purpose was un-

waveringly declared; he made no compromise with the offender. Freydis was to relinquish all her Vinland spoils, and this not inconsiderable wealth was to be divided evenly amongst the relatives of the murdered women. She was to forfeit her vessel and forever to release from her service the sailors she had sworn to secrecy. The vessel was to be entirely refitted, made ready for a Vinland cruise, and stocked with food sufficient for thirty men before it would be accepted from her hands. For their part in the crime Leif exiled her sailors for a term of five years, with the injunction that their energies were to be expended upon building a Vinland colony. In Vinland they were to exercise all the rights of freedmen, excepting only that their industry was to be subject to inspection at whatsoever time Leif might think fit to enforce that right.

Lastly, Freydis was in actuality to be a prisoner on her own estate, subject to vigilance, and punishable by death should she ever attempt to set foot on ship-board again.

Freydis had neither courage nor inclination just then to attempt further conflict with her powerful brother, and Thorvald was so dazed by the suddenness of the calamity befallen his household that he lacked sufficient energy even to suggest that his friends intercede in his behalf. Consequently Leif's judgment was accepted without so much as one dissenting voice. It would seem that Freydis' power was broken, her cunning tongue effectively silenced; it seemed so to the older nobles, reared, as they were, in the sterner creeds of their fathers. They knew not how healing to pride and healthful to ambition the retirement of a confessed and forgiven heart may be! But at least the penance of the lady of Gardar brought peace to her household and fewer lashings to her thralls.

NOTHING of moment transpired during the winter. Leif kept a closed house, save to those who were in need of help, and his friends respected his desire for seclusion. But though to the seeming of pleasure-loving Norsemen this was a quiet and lonely season, it was, nevertheless, the happiest time of Leif's life. Throughout the long evenings, whilst Thorgunna and Thorhild sat at their spinning or weaving, he instructed his young son in the duties of a noble and in the history of his warlike race. Before spring dawned Thorgils had learned to wrestle, to fence commendably with a miniature jewelled sword, and to sing in his eager treble any number of rollicking ditties.

In truth, happiness and peace reigned at Brattalid for the first time in its turbulent history. And this peace seemed to extend throughout the entire colony. Judging by rumor, it appeared that even Freydis was reduced to passivity and, either through change of heart or a broken spirit, had at last renounced her mischievous activities. But Leif was shortly to learn that a sleeping serpent is not necessarily a harmless one; Freydis' venom was far from spent.

It was well on into spring, and while all Brattalid was in a ferment of excitement over the impending departure of the exiled sailors and their families, that Freydis struck her next blow. As might be expected, this time her intended victim was the hated young heir of Brattalid. How patiently she had watched and waited her opportunity is apparent by the very nature of the incident in question, for Leif saw to it that the child was never unattended, never out of the care of some faithful retainer. And because of his attachment to the little boy, Grim was more often than not the vigilant shadow and watchful eye hovering over the budding chieftain.

On this particular day, destined to bring such strange and eventful changes to young Thorgils, the pale spring sunshine glimmered tantalizingly on heath and hill, calling, tempting, teasing the restless vagabond in his little heart. It was unbearable not to ride into the golden patches of light quivering on the uplands like pools of magic waters! Besides, he had by now a lively dapple-grey pony of which he was immensely proud, and whose bold little hoofs itched, he knew, to follow the glittering trails. By pretty artifice and patient wheedling, he at last won permission from his father to go a-questing in the distant hills, with the understanding that he should dutifully remain within the bounds of the estate. But young Thorgils, exulting in a delicious sense of freedom after the long winter's confinement, speedily forgot the exacting and tiresome promise, and, with a peal of mischievous laughter gave the half-wild animal its head. On and on the little madcap tore, giving no heed to Grim's threatening bellow, revelling in the chase he was leading his solemn protector.

Then it was, when the little rider dashed down a green coulee, that Grim, topping the ragged hill, saw three ruffians spring from behind a cliff and fling themselves directly in the animal's path. With a bellow of rage Grim whipped up his mount and tore down the hillside, wanting nothing so much as to give these ill-conditioned creatures a taste of his iron fists.

But for all his tender youth, little Thorgils possessed his full measure of pluck and hardihood. Startled though he was, he kept his head, and having instantly grasped the danger of the situation, he responded with as defiant and fierce a yell as he could muster, struck his horse a cutting blow, and, kicking his heels viciously into its sides, dashed right through the human barrier before him. Then, with a level-headedness far beyond his years, the boy wheeled sharply and pounded back over the hills to Brattalid, leaving Grim to settle with the spies. They had no stomach for an encounter with so formidable an antagonist, and to Grim's mortifying disappointment and disgust, they picked up their heels and incontinently fled.

Leif looked upon the episode in the light of a serious warning, and after long debating with himself he came to the bitter conclusion that neither the child nor its mother was safe in Greenland. Despite his love and watchfulness, Freydis' patient malice would one day strike them down. There was only one thing to be done, and though it meant the end of all human happiness for him, he was determined to do it.

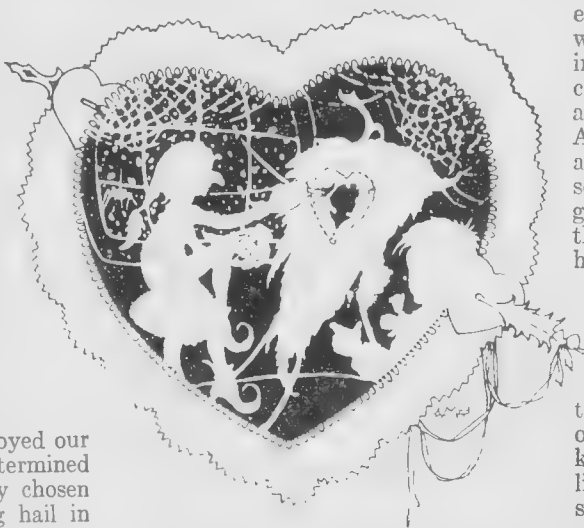
Thorgunna, most unfortunate though best-beloved of women, must take their son to Vinland! Aye, in Vinland, that far mysterious country, whose charms still held his heart in bondage; these two who were his life and love, would find that peace and safety which might not be his to enjoy.

When at length, half-fearfully, he bared his mind to Thorgunna, she smiled her slow, endearing smile, so expressive of untold love and quiet understanding. "Ah, Leif," she chided him, "what a blind boy thou art, in truth! Blind and trustful, and addicted to roseate dreams. Leif, my lover and my lord..." it was a cry from the depths of her tortured soul, and the sudden passion of it startled them both. She tried to laugh, but failing miserably, fled for one solacing moment to the comfort and shelter of his lonely arms. Her cheek against his sorely troubled heart, she found strength to say: "Dear, my lord, I have long foreseen this hour and separation."

Leif's arms closed around her jealously. "'Tis but for a time," he replied sharply, as though by the fierceness of his denial he might dismiss the doubts assailing him. "A little while, beloved, for when my duties to God and country are accomplished, a way will be opened for our lasting happiness."

"Aye, my lord, a way will be opened in God's good time. Grieve not for us, then, whose chiefest joy is thy well-being, whose

[Continued on page 34]



What health, what vigor, what sparkle and zest it brings to luncheon!



THIS fine old ginger ale adds zest and keenness to luncheon. Its marvelous flavour brings added pleasure to a meal. Its hospitality has graciousness.

But the reason it is the preferred beverage in countless homes is because countless people recognize in it the sportsmen's beverage . . . because countless lean, lithe, active Canadians find that "Canada Dry" suits the outdoor life they lead. "Canada Dry" makes them more fit; it has the exhilaration of the game well-played; it has the stimulation which comes from vigorous bodily activity.

"Canada Dry" has basic excellence. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled

by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavour and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its life and sparkle long after the bottle has been opened.

Its distinction, its prestige, its matchless excellence has brought "Canada Dry" popularity in London . . . Paris . . . New York . . . in countless homes throughout this country and the United States. Let its wonderful flavour, its zest, its subtle aroma, add distinction and pleasure to your home. In the Hostess Package of 12 bottles "Canada Dry" will always be conveniently on hand.



And at famous winter resorts "Canada Dry" brings charm and sublimity



"CANADA DRY"

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Canada Dry Ginger Ale Limited, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal



"Yeast is used constantly in my

.. says world authority
on nutrition, PROFESSOR

DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, GEHEIMRAT

A MAGICAL NAME in medicine — Dr. Carl von Noorden! Each year hundreds of Americans go thousands of miles for his advice. He says:

"Yeast is used constantly in my clinic. Its results are astonishing. Its regular use can in a short time bring about normal functioning of the bowels. It increases secretion of the digestive juices, improves appetite. For over thirty years it has been used, with surprising results, to cure certain diseases of the skin.

"No other food—and yeast *is* a food—is richer in vitamin B. When 'irradiated,' it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D. This vitamin strengthens endurance, fortifies against colds and disease. In those of growing age it builds strong bones

and teeth. In expectant and nursing mothers it prevents and cures the softening of bones and teeth so common at these periods and protects the unborn or nursing child against rickets.

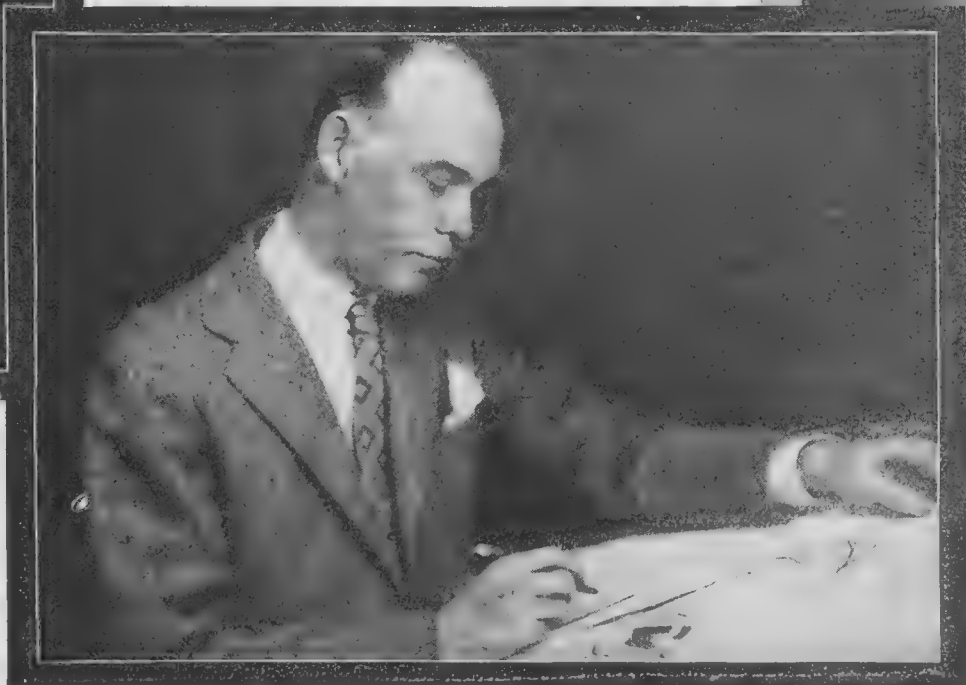
"Yeast has an extraordinary tonic effect on the system. It is a powerful agent for building up a run down condition."

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins, B and D. At grocers, restaurants, drug stores, soda fountains. Let us send you a booklet giving the health advice of world-famous doctors. Address Health Research Dept. Y-AC-2, Fleischmann's Yeast, a product of Standard Brands, Limited, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.

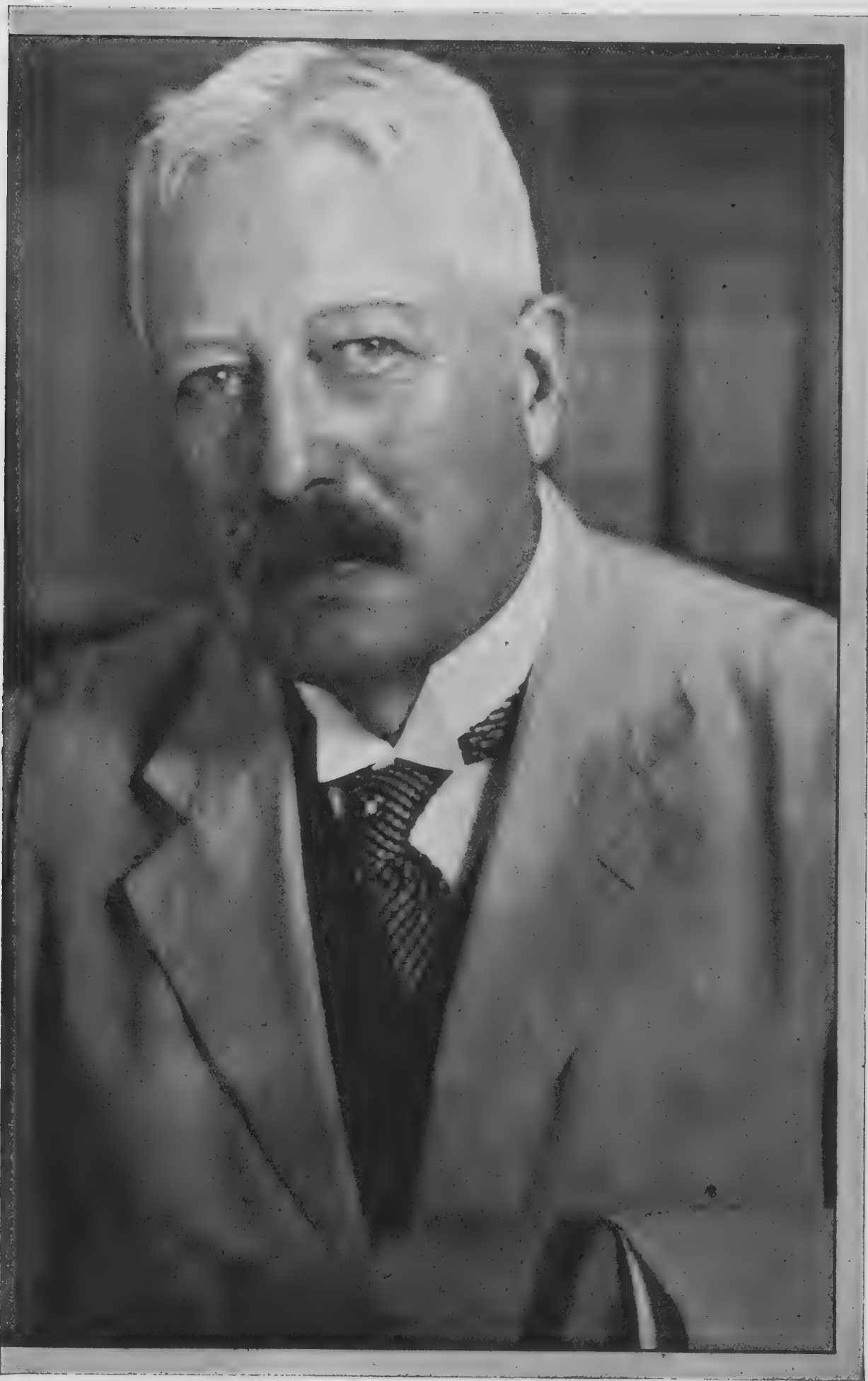


(Above) "How I dreaded those terrible colds and winter sicknesses!" writes MRS. R. F. FINNERAN of Columbus, O. "I felt sluggish, listless—due perhaps to staying indoors too much . . . I started eating yeast chiefly for its laxative effect. My sluggishness disappeared. I had worlds of new pep. And I found I could go through a whole winter without one of those awful colds."

(Below) "Besides being a cartoonist, I go in for baseball," writes W. BRAND of Vancouver, B. C. "I suffered from constipation, which interfered with my activities considerably. A friend told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Results were astonishing. It gave me more pep and vitality than I ever anticipated."



clinic...its results are *Astonishing*



Founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic, at Frankfurt, Germany; physician to royalty; recently appointed consulting head of the leading hospital in Vienna; author of hundreds of medical articles and books; bearer of titles from all the governments of Europe.

Famous Specialists Give Simple Health Rule—

Europe's greatest stomach specialist, Dr. MAURICE DELORT, says: "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

Dean of Stockholm's skin specialists, Professor Dr. JOHAN ALMKVIST, says: "For twenty-five years I have successfully used yeast for skin troubles such as acne and boils."

Austria's great internal specialist, Hofrat Professor Dr. GUSTAV SINGER, says: "Yeast is the best intestinal purifier known."

On Board the Graf Zeppelin

Continued from page 9

in comparison with the vociferous Americans at Lakehurst, but I read into it something infinitely touching — almost pathetic. The whole of the little town turned out in spite of heavy rain and muddy roads. With eyes brighter than mere impersonal curiosity, the crowds eagerly followed the Zeppelin's descent. Hands calloused by work clasped bunches of country flowers for their heroes. Frau Eckener, the wives of the officers and crew were tenderly helped to the forefront by those who have learned to respect and honor them through the lean years of self-sacrifice and patient waiting for a day like this—for this day.

We remained at Friedrichshafen until August 14th. Some of the passengers had immediately jumped into planes for Paris, Berlin and other centres returning on the day of departure. I like Friedrichshafen; have so many friends there, so that the four days passed almost too quickly. Life swung around the Zeppelin, naturally. The hotels were full to overflowing with an ever-increasing army of newspapermen, cameramen, visitors, friends of passengers for the coming transcontinental flight across Siberia, special trains were run from cities in Germany, while thousands on motor-tours, bicycle tours and walking holidays diverted their routes to look at the Zeppelin, and poured in day after day. King Gustav of Sweden came on his second visit to the great airship. He had already seen it last year before completion, and told me that he wished Dr. Eckener would bring it to Sweden. The tall Viking King from Scandinavia eagerly bent his royal head to penetrate the aluminum forest of structure inside the 766-foot-long silver shell, picked his way along the twelve-inch cat-walk, examined minutely every detail of the finished airship. During those four days, I crossed the Lake Constance to Altenrhein on the Swiss side at M. Dornier's invitation, and was allowed to examine the wonderful Dornier X twelve-motor seaplane, capable of carrying a hundred passengers or more, a crew of twelve, mail and freight. It is a ship—bigger than the one in which Christopher Columbus discovered America—with wings, and is destined for long-distance service. So even the wait at Friedrichshafen was fraught with greatest interest.

Meanwhile the Zeppelin itself, stabled in the giant airdock, was submitting to the solicitous ministrations of a hundred hands, preparing her for the second and most hazardous stage of the world flight, with all the impatient tolerance of a race-horse scenting challenge. I spent much time watching these preparations. The engines were in excellent condition after the Atlantic flight, and the only work to be done was the refitting of new exhaust valves to the motor which had run most hours—about 600 hours; a new propeller, and spars inserted to strengthen the sides of the airship, which were inclined to sag. As a matter of fact, the silver cover never has fitted perfectly, and will be replaced this winter. Of gas-fuel we carried 25,000 cubic metres, together with about twelve tons of petrol, which with all five motors going at cruising speed is sufficient for 137 hours, but we seldom use all five motors; generally four, which at cruising speed gave us enough for 160 hours—or more than a week. Steward Kubis loaded on provisions for six days, taking 3,600 pounds of food, exclusive of drink. Some 300 litres of drinking water and 200 bottles of wine. The supplies change in character at every provisioning stage! New York furnished us with pies in plenty, caviar, foie gras, American cereals; Friedrichshafen saw that we had no lack of sausages, ham and black bread. Passengers took warm clothing along, in spite of Sir Hubert Wilkins' assurance that Siberia would not be so cold at this time of year, and there were other supplies aboard, too, of which the casual traveller knew nothing at the time—arms, ammunition for hunting and self-defence in case we were forced down in some inhospitable land. Captain Richard Wenig,

one of German's war-heroes who never surrendered, but fought on in East Africa, made a special journey from Munich to press his own precious gun into the hands of Karl von Wiegand, saying that he would feel happier if von Wiegand carried his "Excalibur." Most of us knew that the trans-Siberian stage was the most dangerous, uncertain and significant of all, and that once well across these uncharted wastes, the Pacific Ocean, even though unconquered by man, would not present as many obstacles as the general public imagined.

OUR departure for the unknown was fittingly staged. Friedrichshafen kept an all-night vigil; the Kurgartin Hotel was the scene of all-night revelry—dancing, drinking toasts, feasting and effervescent gaiety, to be sobered down in the business of embarking in the solid airship hall. Friends crowded round the windows, a contingent of picturesque Japanese waved flags, crying "Banzai, Banzai!" wives, sisters and sweethearts of the Zeppelin crew murmured their last farewells and blessings, then kept at a little distance, as if they instinctively shared the influence of naval discipline.

The first flush of dawn was tinging the sky as we cleared the ground. By breakfast-time we all realized the magnitude of our enterprise. Even Captain Lehmann and Captain von Schiller admitted that it seemed like a dream. Robert Hartmann and Baron von Perckhammer, both photographers, gave themselves no time for dreaming, but started right away on their work. Robert Hartmann returned to New York with 25,000 feet of perfect film portraying every phase of the whole voyage—supposing Columbus, Magellan, Marco Polo, Captain Cook, Livingstone and those dozens of pre-cinema explorers had taken such living records!

Berlin from the air thrilled those who were making their first Zeppelin trip, but I missed the former boisterous welcomes of sirens and whistles. The city was black with watchers as we floated over the Linden, the Tiergarten and the tree-shaded suburbs. Noon sun gilded Stettin, the birthplace of Captain Fleming. Danzig, the "Free City," gave us the most unrestrained, wildly enthusiastic greeting I have ever witnessed outside New York last year when we arrived from the first trans-Atlantic trip. No matter how frequently the cities on our route rendered us the courtesy of aeroplane escort, it is always fascinating to watch their graceful, expressive movements as they curve and swirl around the airship. From Danzig, our way lay over the grey Baltic to Königsberg, the old historic fortress-city steeped in romance, mystery and legend. Dusk softened the panorama of melancholy Lithuania, whose swamps and lakes gleamed like moonstones set in the varying greens of malachite forests and spaces.

Dr. Eckener's original plan had been to enter Russia north of Leningrad, and to travel Eastwards within the Arctic Circle. But the Russian Government had exacted that we enter by Dunaberg—the regular air-route, and invited us to fly over Moscow, an invitation which was very welcome to everyone on the Zeppelin, for the prospect of seeing Moscow from the air was alluring indeed. After conference on weather conditions between Dr. Eckener and Dr. Seilkopf, famous German meteorologist, whose invaluable services during the voyage proved the indubitable necessity of an official meteorologist on every long-distance airship flight, it was decided that we could not risk flying over Moscow, which might cost us ten hours or more of precious fuel—our very life-blood if the worst came to the worst over some desolate spot in uninhabited Siberia. With great regret Dr. Eckener told the Russian representative aboard, M. Kharlin, that we could not follow his Government's wishes, and for a time it seemed as if relations were somewhat strained. But Dr. Eckener's motto is always "Safety First," for nothing, and for nobody on earth will he take the



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Today, buy a tin of Baker's Cocoa from your grocer. Note the recipe given here. Use it. You'll enjoy a fragrant, soothing drink—its flavour irresistible.

Try this New Recipe

Developed by domestic science experts—tested by cooking schools and universities:—

For each cup allow 1 heaping teaspoonful Baker's Cocoa, 1 level dessertspoonful sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, few grains salt. Measure cocoa and water into saucepan. Stir over direct heat until mixture is smooth. Boil about two minutes and add the salt, sugar and milk. Heat until foamy, beat well and serve. Vanilla may be added just before serving—or whipped cream or marshmallow.

Note: Cut out the recipe from this advertisement. It is new and does not yet appear on the Baker label.

Use Baker's Premium Chocolate for Cooking

BAKER'S



COCOA

C-1-30M

slightest unjustifiable risk, although he navigates with an amazing audacity and dash through weather and over districts which left Commander Rosendahl, Lieut. J. Richardson, both of the U.S. Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, and William B. Leeds, an ardent aviator, gasping. I found that the only passengers who enjoy a sincere blind faith and confidence in Dr. Eckener's judgment are Karl von Wiegand, Robert Hartmann and myself. After all, we have flown with him more often and more hundreds of miles than any others on board except the crew.

RUSSIA thrilled us all. It could not be less than thrilling to know that we were looking down upon the greatest "mystery-land" in the world today, whose portals have been hermetically closed against alien eyes for years, and into whose poignant secrets no man has ever really penetrated. We gazed down in silent awe upon the panorama of Old Russia as never before seen by human beings, pioneering over land closed for centuries without modern means of communication, whose peasants live the simplest life of almost any people—Russia of Tolstoy, Tourgenyev, Doestoevsky—haunted Russia of death in life, and life only found in death the releaser, though M. Kharklin constantly reminded us that "the bad old days" are past and gone. At 1.40 a.m. on Friday, August 16th, we passed Vishny Volotschek, still shrouded in darkness, but dawn lighted up the many domes and cupolas of Volodga, which was the last town we saw until Takutsk on Sunday morning. Villages like little worlds all on their own, clustered together sometimes round a richly-constructed church—Church or churches apparently owning several villages—always the Church, whose influence the Soviet Government is attempting to counter. At our approach men, women, children, cattle, dogs and birds fled in frantic panic, hiding in their small wooden peasant houses, rushing to the shadow of the Church, escaping into the grateful darkness of the neighboring forest. We noticed that they preferred the sanctuary of the Church, even if its efficacy had been questioned, and prestige overthrown by the Soviet regime.

VILLAGES became more and more scattered as we approached the Ural Mountains, which we crossed about four in the afternoon south of Mount Konjakofski, entering Siberia at 4.40 p.m. near Latinskoje. From now on the weather became almost unbearably cold. Even Wilkins had recourse to warmer wear, and the rest of us unashamedly wrapped ourselves up in everything that came to hand. I did not undress at night for two nights, but slept in an Arctic sleeping bag which the officers at Lakehurst had given me to take on the voyage. The bag kept me warm, and also sheltered the little black mascot cat, who snuggled down close beside me, and I felt like a child. The next morning, August 17th, found us near enough to the regions of the midnight sun, for the day to begin at 2.30 a.m. I was up as usual by daybreak. As a matter of fact, during the whole trip my "night's sleep" never measured more than two to four hours, and when I arrived at Lakehurst I was utterly exhausted, as were several of the other passengers who preferred a thrilling vigil to sleep during those three weeks. Between three and four in the morning we were well into Central Siberia—a strange, repulsive land, weird in its hideousness, where wrinkled, discolored swamps, furrowed in thick fungus-like folds, gave the unhealthy appearance of the decaying cast-off skin of some evil, colossal snake-god of these regions. The swamps were fantastically patterned with meandering rivers cutting jigsaw designs in the sodden ground. "Unearthly might be the moon, or Mars" lamented the passengers, and the very repulsiveness of it laid a burden of depression upon us. I have never seen men before so affected by landscape. Even Kharklin, the Russian, could not tear his eyes away from the hypnotic lure of that particular part of Siberia. Later in the morning, swamps gave place to oceans of forests, where the impression of utter desolation was somewhat removed by the sight of animal tracks, the sight of animals themselves, flights

of birds looking for all the world like a scattered handful of white confetti. Before breakfast we had flown low over Imbatsch, a wireless station on the great Yenisei River, whose inhabitants earned our gratitude by not running for cover—they probably had learned of our approach from their wireless station, and it somehow restored our faith in ourselves as human beings again!

Before lunch was finished, black clouds in an overcast sky loomed over the Zeppelin. A sudden storm. The Zeppelin dashed into the darkness, emerging in a few minutes back into the sunshine, a little shaken, but none the worse for the adventure. No one took any notice, not even Captain Lehmann, who was playing his accordion in the salon. Lehmann is a fine musician, whose playing is expressive of a sensitive emotion which he never otherwise betrays. After the storm, he stood by the window, playing oblivious of the others, playing softly to himself. Unconsciously he interpreted the passing scenery—mournful, dreary, diminuendo—yearning, savage, crescendo. We were all in a receptive emotional state, having been profoundly impressed by the appearance of a glowing halo of light around the Zeppelin, and three distinct, separate perfect rainbows encircling the airship in the storm area. It is not difficult to imagine the effect of these apparently Divine demonstrations on our band of adventurers, no matter how experienced, scientific, mechanical or seasoned he be.

EARLY Sunday morning we passed over Yakutsk—the "City of Exiles," dropping an evergreen wreath on behalf of the Breslau Association of ex-German Prisoners of War in Russia. The wreath was inscribed "To our Comrades Sleeping in Russia." Quite a solemn occasion was made of this little ceremony, and the allegation that we tried to "ring" the big church spire with the wreath was indignantly denied—but I am not so sure about it! From here on to the Okhotsk Sea, we had a thrilling experience. The Stanowoi Mountains were—I should say—charted at 3,400 feet, and we found them to be over 6,000 feet. Instead of flying over them, as we had expected, Dr. Eckener once again performed a spectacular piece of navigation by flying very low in a valley between mountains on either side much higher than himself. At 600 or 700 feet lower than the high peaks surrounding us, the Zeppelin rocked and bumped through the valley, until it seemed that we could not possibly avoid hitting the lower mountain tops as we sped along. It reminded me of the break-neck dash we made in March through the Valley of the Unna on the Mediterranean flight. There was some fear expressed by some of the passengers, and a little criticism by the airmen aboard because Dr. Eckener flies so low and apparently takes chances. But those of us who fly often with him never have the slightest fear or misgiving, and his judgment and caution are above any criticism. Dr. Eckener's methods are different from those of the other airship navigators—he flies guided by instinct and experience, not theory. I must say that I, for one, would trust Dr. Eckener in any hazard; he is a regular wizard of the air, and seems to have a personal understanding with the elements. Where other navigators would flee from a typhoon, Eckener chases after it, "hitches" the Zeppelin to its tail, and allows himself to be drawn along at tremendous speed. In that way we have made record speeds for lighter-than-air craft. He is not afraid of storms, winds, and atmospheric disturbances, but uses them for his own purposes, even with the "Graf Zeppelin," which, after all, is a huge experiment, and the first of its kind in the air since the much cruder Zeppelins of war-days. Commander Rosendahl, Lieut. Richardson, both of the U.S. Airship "Los Angeles," agree that Dr. Eckener does with the Graf Zeppelin what no other man in the world would dare attempt. William B. Leeds, experienced heavier-than-air flier, is never weary of impressing everyone with the fact that what seems to be mere child's play to the Zeppelin would see the wrecking of any plane. [Continued on page 54]

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You must remove film. Please accept a free supply of the special film-removing dentifrice.

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Today's dentists are urging patients by the millions to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. It acts in an utterly different way. You will note that difference the instant it touches your teeth.

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These better raisins are the simplest recipe for better raisin pie!

JUST as it takes the best ingredients to make a tender, flaky crust, so—for delicious raisin pies—you must be sure to use only the tastiest, juiciest raisins.

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The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products.



SUN-MAID RAISINS

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 28

strength dependeth on thy good fortitude. With no sore exile heart would I betake me to thy Vinland! Nay, nay, let gladness buoy my spirit and sustain my fainting flesh, 'because that I, first among women, may plant the seeds of faith and love and charity in so fair a country!"

About two weeks later the confiscated vessel with its little band of exiles was ready to sail. Then only did Leif reveal to those outside his immediate confidence the unbelievable fact that his son and the inimitable Hebridene were to be included amongst the future colonists of Vinland. Just before the ship unfurled its bold, red sail, he lifted his little son to a huge stone that, altar-like, faced the sea, and, unbuckling his sword and shield, laid them at the boy's feet. "Thorgils," Leif addressed the child in solemn affection, "behold, I lay at thy feet the honor and glory of Eric's house; take them to thy heart; lift them to lasting renown; build them into the woof of a new nation's destiny. My little son, keep clean thine heart, and hold thy spirit proud and free. Fail not the good faith reposed in thee. Look up, child; hold high thine head, for by right of discovery and the grace of God I pronounce thee chieftain of Vinland, first lord of that wondrous country for which I would so gladly live and die."

A moment later—but how long that moment was, with its brave farewells and still braver smiles that twisted the heart and choked the passionate word—and the great ship unfurled her sails and headed proudly out to sea. On her gleaming poop two figures stood apart in proud isolation—Thorgunna, beautiful as some sea-goddess in her green and gold habit; and little Thorgils, valiantly staggering under the great shield which covered him from chin to toe. A sob caught at Thorgunna's throat as the shore receded, and despite her brave effort a little cry escaped her. Thorgils, tossing back his yellow hair, regarded her gravely over the rim of Leif's stainless shield. "Nay," said he, in loving rebuke, "grieve not, dear Mother; there's naught to endanger thee, for now thou hast a man to keep thee and to make thy fortune." Thus fond and gallant, the little chieftain sailed away to claim his fair possession and to enact his strange and colorful destiny.

WORK, WORK, WORK—remorseless, never-ending work—this was all that remained to Leif. And as lesser men fling themselves into revelry when the fates have gone against them, so Leif threw himself at ceaseless activities, caring nothing who should triumph, seeking only to wear out the dreary hours stretching ahead into a meaningless eternity. Analytical and exacting by nature, he drifted little by little into the habit of cryptic, unrelieved criticism. Unsparing with himself, he saw no reason for sparing others, for what he did was invariably for the good of the greatest number rather than for himself or the favored nobles, a practice never popular nor inductive to personal safety. However, for a time his laborers were willing and eager to serve him, because their hands itched for his silver, and also, perhaps, because of a certain deep-rooted respect and sympathy. But when the mysterious vein of ore on which their hopes of easy fortune were passionately fixed suddenly gave out, grumbings, dissensions and bitter complaints broke out amongst them.

Freydis was not slow in taking advantage of the circumstance. Her cunning mind had not lain fallow for nothing, nor had her piety throughout the past months been purposeless. She had taken to good deeds, not that a sense of their virtue impelled her, but rather that in them she recognized a sure means to a desired end.

Consequently, when Leif uncompromisingly dismissed his rebellious workers and they returned in sullen resentment to their homes, she made certain they should find a [Continued on page 35]



TANGEE

World Famous Lipstick

In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. And in truth it is, for Tangee is permanent and leaves no coating or greasy smear. Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing.

Tangee Lipstick \$1.25. Tangee Rouge Compact \$1.00. Tangee Crème Rouge \$1.25. Tangee Face Powder \$1.25. Tangee Night Cream \$1.25. Tangee Day Cream \$1.25. Tangee Cosmetic, for the eyelashes \$1.25. *There is only one TANGEE. Be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.*



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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 34

well stocked house and a good wife loudly praising the generosity of the redeemed mistress of Gardar.

Slowly, persistently, she wormed her way into the confidence of the ignorant and credulous—not because, as they supposed, her new humility made her anxious to associate with "God's lowly little ones," but because she meant to twist them to her ultimate purpose. Day by day, month in and month out, she dispelled her subtle, poisonous mischief, ten times more deadly in that it bore the semblance of godliness and charity.

"How comes it," she sighed one day to her steward, in the hearing of her thralls, "that where a short while back these Greenland hills were ribbed with silver, they are now no more than useless, gloomy rock? 'Tis strange, yet no stranger, mayhap, than much else. Nay, 'tis nowhat stranger, good steward, to find these rugged hills deprived of their precious metal than my once gentle brother of all tolerance and pity."

Unfortunately and unwisely, Leif permitted his contempt of the clever mischief-maker to cloud his judgment. Forgetful of the inconstancy and gullibility of human nature, he refused to believe that any serious account would be taken of her work or action. Her assumed piety amused him no less than her former vanity. Ludicrous in her endless insincerities, as he saw her to be, so he imagined that she must appear to all others. Unrestrained and unhindered, therefore, Freydis assiduously fanned the rising resentment amongst the superstitious and the envious.

Whether for good or evil, an immediate clash was averted by the timely arrival of Karlsefni and Gudrid after a four years' sojourn in Vinland. Dissension and gloom faded into the background during the joyous days that followed, for all the countryside assembled at Brattalid to interview the distinguished visitors. Karlsefni had astonishing tales to tell of a savage, red-skinned people with whom he had driven a thriving trade despite serious doubts of their friendliness and reliability. They had become madly enamored of the scarlet cloth of the Norsemen, and for that commodity had willingly bartered their richest treasures.

Aye, Vinland had pleased the valiant Karlsefni, charming him with its eternal sunshine and balmy airs, but duty to a noble family called him back to Iceland. Yet, though he might not take further part in colonizing the heaven-favored country, it had rejoiced him exceedingly, so he maintained, to welcome the lonely band of exiles and to see them comfortably settled on the broad and fertile banks of a beautiful river.

For the first time in long weary months Leif cast care and worry to the winds and with all his former wit and sparkle entered into the joys of his people. Assured of the safety of his loved ones, and the prosperous beginnings of the settlement he had dreamed of, he felt there was indeed cause for thankfulness and hearty celebration. He would his happy gratitude might flow out to all his people, for none was so glad of heart as he, unless, perhaps, the gentle Gudrid, proud mother now of a sturdy boy of three. Gudrid the Fair was, as her friends laughingly told her, fair and gentle still, but with the added dignity of proud and beaming motherhood. "And who would not be proud to mother the first white child born in Vinland?" Thorhild asked defensively; "aye, who indeed, although the youngling were not a tenth so beautiful as my Gudrid's Snorri!"

By which remarks it may be rightly seen that of all Karlsefni's wealth dame Thorhild deemed his infant son the dearest and the best. In truth, the old lady's heart had well-nigh broken on parting with the young Thorgils, and Gudrid's tawny-headed little son assuaged with his baby prattle the aching void in her heart and the lonely memories engendered by that cruel separation.

The intervening years had not altered Gudrid perceptibly; her first concern was still for the happiness of others. Seeing how devoted her old friend was

—nay, jealously steeped in little Snorri's baby wiles—and how greatly aged and sorely infirm, she begged her lord to remain throughout the winter season at Brattalid, that she might with her loving presence encourage and coax the failing old lady back to health and vigor.

Thorhild delighted in the arrangement, and for several reasons, the first and foremost of which she kept to herself since it would certainly cause unnecessary grief. The truth was that the woman whom Eric had chosen above all others knew how to hide a grievous malady as would a warrior his fatal wound. Her vigorous mind was busy with the plans of a new church, and it was her one passion to see the child Snorri baptized in this sacred edifice. It was a passion which quickly grew into an obsession. She could think of nothing else, speak of nothing else, plan for nothing else, and, like her son, she urged her workmen into speeding their work.

The edifice was completed at last, and, like a great queen, satisfied and proud on viewing the fruits of her enterprise, she attended the dedication of her church and saw the little Snorri accepted into the covenant of her God. It was the last spectacular event in her long and colorful life. One morning, shortly after Karlsefni's ship had sailed away, they found her, a little withered old lady, wrapped in a scarlet cloak that once was Eric's, nestled down in the great Honor Seat, her pallid cheek against the falcon-head where oft her lord's hand had rested, her fearless eyes closed forever in the last dreamless sleep.

WITH his mother's death all tenderness passed out of Leif's existence, and with the years he retired more and more into a shell of impenetrable, chilling dignity. Just he always was, but with a justice so untempered by outward show of mercy, that men grew to fear rather than to love him despite all his efforts to foster better living amongst them. And steadily, like a slow poison, Freydis' insidious propaganda against him began to bear fruit.

With the mysterious acumen peculiar to evil women, she realized after her fall from power that she must depend in the future upon Thorvald to a degree that she had never expected. Little by little her attitude changed from the shrewish to the fawning. She began by praising the father to the son and by deferring to Thorvald in the presence of company. It was "my lord this," and "my lord that," until eventually all of Thorvald's latent vanity was revived and he began to see himself as the wisest and most sagacious of men. Incidentally, when the yearly ships arrived from Vinland, laden with ever-increasing treasures, his lady did not fail to make a point of reminding him that but for Leif's tyrannical decree such wealth might all be theirs.

Thorvald was only too easily converted to the belief that he was in this respect a much-abused man. But for the iron dominance of Brattalid's chieftain his worth and valor had long been known and appreciated. Thus he reasoned gloomily, disregarding the fact that Leif's tireless labors had benefited him more than any other man in Greenland. Yet, despite the ever-increasing number of those who sympathized with Thorvald and fell a ready prey to her clever deceptions, Freydis was wise enough to move cautiously, realizing that the oldest nobles and their families were still faithful to Eric's son, and that her brother's forceful personality still dominated the mind and will of the multitude. With infinite patience she waited her opportunity, knowing that her final effort must either bring success or complete disaster; and, with her son rapidly growing into young manhood, she did not intend to fail.

Freydis' opportunity came after seven long years of waiting; came sponsored in the person of Orme, a quarrelsome duelist exiled from Norway. This vain-glorious cock-of-the-sword was a cousin of Thorvald's and had ambitious visions of turning the [Continued on page 36]

Avoidable Pain!



People are often too patient with pain. Suffering when there is no need to suffer. Shopping with a head that throbs. Working though they ache all over.

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CHECKS COLDS 2 WAYS AT ONCE

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 35

relationship to good account; consequently, he was not long in finding cause for resentment in Leif's rigid administration. He had learned all too soon that it was impossible to pick a quarrel in this ridiculous colony of insignificant nobles without having to pay the penalty of injuries inflicted. And how might a swordsman win the adulation of the crowd under such a despotic regime? Better to run the gamut of the law and face his enemies in Norway than to bow to an enslaving master in petty Greenland! Thus he stormed, and pleased his host by the storming.

Freydis found in him the man of her heart. She liked his swagger, the glittering accoutrements of his murderous trade, and his fluent speeches. She admired his youthful figure, for he was light and agile as a cat, and his abundant locks and graceful manner were an agreeable change after the daily contemplation of Thorvald's bald pate and porcine corpulence. Orme, in turn, thought the lady's flashing black eyes captivating and beautiful, and said so with lover-like persistence and reiteration. True, it was, also, that he liked the look of Gardar with its rich storehouses and many retainers, and, being an optimist as well as an opportunist, he did not consider it without the bounds of possibility that by happy accident the lively mistress might be liberated from her foolish lord. If he disliked anything at Gardar it was the insolent young Eric, but this unhappy taste he naturally hid from his indulgent hostess.

Now began a time of plots and counterplots. Freydis increased her play upon Thorvald's vanity, aided and abetted by Orme, who generally found occasion to lament most sorrowfully and amazedly that a kinsman of his should be under the heel of a despot such as Leif Ericson. With his own plan to hatch, Orme likewise pretended a growing fondness for the young Eric, preferring his companionship to that of any other on his rambles around the countryside. And always, to the immense gratification of Freydis and the enlarging of her son's conceit, he referred to him as "My future lord of Greenland." Freydis saw to it that young Eric should have coins in plenty to scatter amongst the poor and needy at such times, and that his personal adornments and general dress should be dazzling and impressive. In addition, she generally sent her scald along with them that wheresoever they lodged or paused to rest he might reward their host by song and story—songs of glamorous days, thrice glamorous when visioned through the mist of intervening years and in the cheerless atmosphere of Greenland. By these and countless other devices she fed the lightly sweeping flames of ancient desires and restive ambitions in the hearts of the credulous people, waking within them at last all the olden predatory spirit, the hot and restless desire for sudden, unearned wealth and swifter glory; recalling to their fickle minds a glamorous phase of life in striking contrast to the tedious, treadmill existence of beneficent peace. The longer the colonists listened to the laudation of their sea-roving forbears the more they hated Leif and the quiet comforts he had brought them.

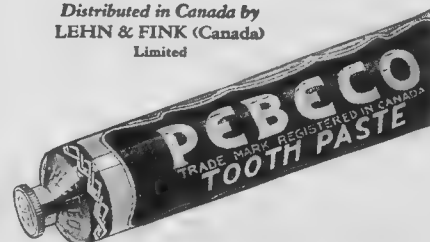
Fortune favored the plotters that winter, for at the beginning of the season Leif suffered an injury which closely confined him to Brattalid. It seemed a golden opportunity, and Freydis made the most of it by keeping open house and encouraging every form of licentiousness and excess. When some conscientious soul was recovered sufficiently of his revels to feel a pang of shame, a feast of repentance was dutifully spread by the wily hostess, whereat gold and Greenland freize and personal trinkets might be offered to the Holy Church in return for blessed pardon and a clean conscience. These moments of submissive humility naturally greatly enhanced the pleasure of the debaucheries which invariably followed. [Cont'd on page 37]



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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 36

Under the influence of strong ale and oily oratory the merrymakers were the more easily incensed against their chieftain, and before the return of spring plans for an insurrection were well under way. Greenland must be freed of her miserable tyrant and liberty and happiness restored to the land. Such was the cry which called forth many a bumper and vow of allegiance.

There were four nobles of whom Freydis stood in awe, knowing them incorruptibly loyal to the house of Eric. They must on no account get word of what was brewing. Against these men and their households Freydis warned the conspirators over and over again; but she had forgotten that in the humble keeper of one of his outlying warehouses, Leif had as devoted and loyal a subject as she an unrelenting foe. To this vigorous freedman, as to every other in the mountain district, Orme eventually revealed his purpose, and, finding in him an exceptionally rapt and appreciative listener, left little to the imagination. But no sooner were Orme and his escort departed from the warehouse, where they had lodged overnight, than the faithful keeper rode straightway to Brattalid and bared the entire scheme to his unsuspecting master.

Amazed that any people, and more especially his people, could be so gullible, so utterly foolish and so ungrateful, Leif naturally listened with a measure of incredulity. "My good young man," he asked at length, a strange smile crinkling the corners of his probing eyes, "how comes it thou desirest to see me warned? Thou, thou, art crushed beneath the despot's heel."

"My lord, say not so!" cried the freedman, with an earnestness unmistakably genuine; and, drawing from the folds of his cloak a stout battleaxe, he laid it at the feet of his master as one lays a priceless treasure upon the altar of one's faith. "See, my lord, 'tis a good blade and true, forged in the smithy of a great and honorable chieftain, and destined for a stout defence." The man spoke in a strained and impassioned voice, and something in its tones strangely stirred Leif's heart. "Yea, a great and wise chieftain, the man resumed more slowly, "and none other than the noble Eric. Oh, reflect, my lord; recall to mind the dreadful days of pestilence and famine which urged thy valiant spirit to unheard-of enterprises! 'Twas then I came with my sainted sister, a beggar, to Eric's hall . . . Our father lay dead; 'twas for his honor we went a-begging . . . As thou wilt remember, the generosity of Eric saved us from shame and death. But not content with what a less hardly pressed lord had counted ample, thy noble sire gave into my boyish hands this splendid weapon, healing thereby my humbled vanity and saying in his great-hearted way: 'Mayhap thou wilt one day strike a blow for Eric's house.' And that, my lord, is mine intention, to strike a blow for Eric's house and give my life if need be."

Leif was touched to the heart. "Doubtless I am all unworthy," he returned sadly, "but since great natures must ever give greatly, I accept thy offer, friend. And now mayhap 'twere wise to see to the condition of our weapons and the defences of mine hall."

LEIF had just sufficient time to strengthen the barricades of Brattalid and to lay in a considerable store of rocks, an ammunition both effective and greatly feared in those days, before the old steward, keeping watch on the roof, sighted Orme's band of rebels. They were flanking the right shoulder of the frowning hills, and with their gleaming armor and flashing swords and battleaxes, presented a resplendent and formidable sight in that grim, grey setting.

Leif called a council of his men—they were but few, for time had not permitted the summoning of retainers from his distant estates—and, putting his question fairly, asked that they abide by their own judgment and inclination. Being shut off from their friends, and

hemmed round by a larger body of men than he had deemed possible for Orme and Thorvald to assemble, they were pitted against overwhelming odds. Hence Leif insisted that any man not willing to fight a losing battle cheerfully and unto death should at once walk out and join the enemy; nor for the doing of this would he condemn them!

"My lord!" cried Swen, the freedman whose warning had been so timely, "speak not thus to Norsemen, who welcome any death in preference to the company of turncoats! Thine we are, Leaf Ericson, to command now and ever."

A shower of blows on the door interrupted Swen. "Open, open without delay!" roared a voice without. "Open in the name of justice, else we tear limb from limb every last mortal in the Hall!"

Leif laughed at the threat as he ordered his men into their places. "At least their wills are set on happy pleasures," he said; "but 'twill take more than brave words to batter in the walls of Brattalid."

"God be praised, 'tis all of stone! The ancient custom of burning will not avail them," remarked the steward unctuously, as he lugged a pot of boiling water to the roof holes. "Ah, ha! my fine fellows, ye stand ill the fiery baptism!" he shouted in exultation as the terrific yells of the enemy followed on the scalding water showered down upon their heads and shoulders. Similar cries from the other side of the building proved that there the defence had been alike successful, though the defenders in that case were women and the old and enfeebled men.

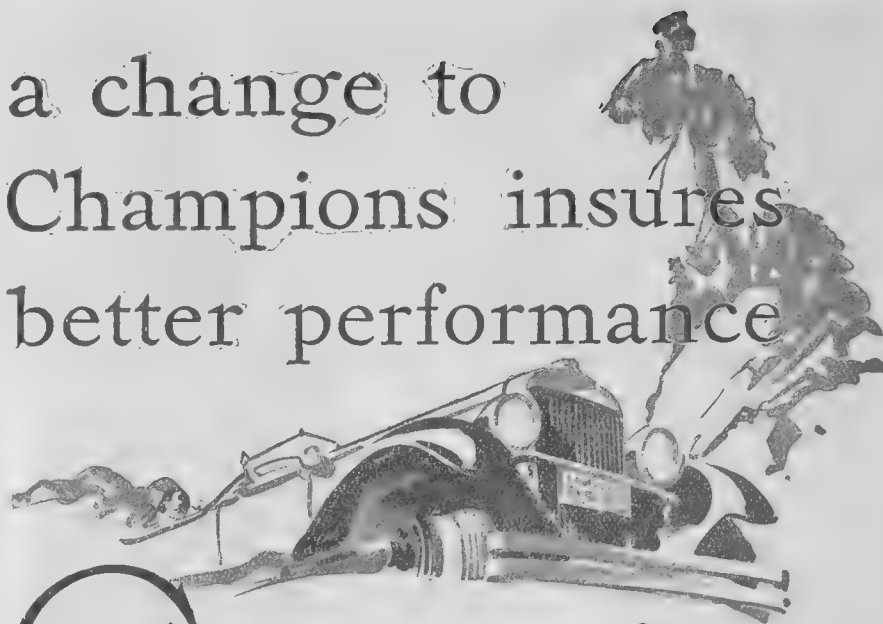
It was evident from the calm which followed that the rebels had retreated to take counsel amongst themselves. They had been too certain of taking their chieftain unawares, and of capturing the stout old Hall by sudden storm. Now they retired in confusion, not knowing how many defenders Leif might have gathered, or what his plans might be. But when the first shock of angry surprise had passed, Orme and Thorvald came to the conclusion that at the most Leif's guard were but a third of their force, and besides, were virtually no better than prisoners within their own walls. And prisoners they should remain; on this they were resolved.

Leif understood their purpose, and it dismayed him despite the knowledge that Brattalid could sustain a lengthy siege. He could defy the vigilant rebels for weeks and months to come, but to what purpose? With his habit of unimpassioned reflection Leif recognized the utter futility of it. In the end Thorvald would triumph. What mattered, then, a lengthening of days? Where the benefit though death should stay its hand a fraction of time?

The old steward disagreed with him. He proposed that they send forth a runner to recall the retainers from the east estate and enlist the help of their friends to the north. Unless the rabble had already slain these loyal men, he doubted not their willing and instant response. Seeing that the guard approved the plan, Leif dispatched a young thrall, trained as a runner, on the difficult mission. In the dead of night he was cautiously smuggled out of the Hall by way of an underground passage, and thus unseen escaped into the hills.

But the wisest schemes full often come to naught! Long before the fleet-footed messenger could possibly have reached his destination, an event occurred which changed forever the destiny of Brattalid. It was on an early morning of what promised to be a peerless day that the inmates of the Hall were startled by an outburst of pitiful wails and terrified shrieks. Glancing out of the peepholes Leif beheld a pitiful sight. In the clutches of Thorvald's drunken men writhed a poor disheveled crone, whom he recognized as a hanger-on of his house; a simple creature who rewarded her keep by gathering mountain moss and medicinal herbs. "God help us!" gasped the steward at Leif's elbow, "the fiends will torture her till she reveal the passage [Cont'd on page 40]

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Two Sizes

Regular size 60c a dozen and
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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 37

from the barns. 'Tis known to her, for there she oft hath slept upon a chilly evening.

But Leif was not thinking of his own danger. His face was blanched with fury, for he had seen the despicable Orme display his skill at arms by grazing the poor old woman's ears, one after the other, in the pretended act of severing her hoary head.

"'Tis enough!" he cried. "Men, suffer not yon old mother to betray us whilst we shiver like foxes in a hole! Better to die in the defence of weakness than live the prey of varlets and a crazed rabble. Is our manhood to be riven from us that we stand aloof and see a feeble woman tortured to forswear her fealty? Nay, nay! better to perish outright than to forsake so far the valor of true Norsemen! Up, my men, to Eric's standard! Out, Swen, to strike thy blow for Eric's House!"

Wide burst the ancient doors and out poured the valiant defenders to meet the fury of the howling rebels. They were fewer in number, but their cause was just and their hearts stout and true. Back to back as much as might be, they thrust and parried, hacked and heaved, blow on blow. And it is doubtful whether Thorvald's greater number had triumphed that day had not Leif been foully stabbed in the back whilst defending himself against two master swordsmen. With their leader mortally wounded, the faithful guard manoeuvred a cautious retreat, and managed by dint of strenuous fighting to get him back to the safety of the Hall. With the fatalism characteristic of Norsemen, they accepted their defeat as a destined fate. If they were troubled it was more especially on their great chieftain's account, whom they had rather seen dead than waiting the mercy of Thorvald.

Brattalid was staunchly built; her stone walls and iron-studded doors were as impregnable to the arrows and volleys of rock hurled against them as the grim mountain that frowned in jealous disapproval upon her stubborn strength. Brattalid would not be taken. Invincible as the spirit which had conceived her, she defied the noisome enemy. Let them wait, the old Hall seemed to mutter, nor think to batter in my hospitable doors! Let them wait until they open from within!

On his couch, listening to the hail-storm of hate, Leif thought of many things—of the strangeness of existence, a troubled passage 'twixt dawn and dark, launched none knew where, bound none knew whither; and of the stranger fallacies of human thought and ambition. Mysterious and inscrutable life! He could not escape the curious belief that somewhere the genius of it sat and laughed at human vanity. For who was man, wallowing in his brother's blood, to think himself the one precious charge of mighty Nature? Colossal conceit! Thus it seemed to Leif as he tossed restlessly on his bed of pain. But softly, beneficently, like the breath of mountain breezes, came the healing conviction that out of chaos Nature had brought forth beauty; out of agony a perfect peace. Why, then, out of the volcanic conceits of man might not surpassing glories of intellect proceed? And, finally, he saw, with the eyes of understanding undimmed by clamorous, insistent self-desire, that individual effort, even to the sacrifice of life, was but a step on the ladder of Eternal Progress by which the race mounted to nobler heights. The more he mused upon it the more certain he grew that now at last his duty to the Colony was accomplished; his trust was incontestably fulfilled. Greenland was firmly established, and the Vinland vessels never failed to bring fresh cargoes of appreciable wealth. The Vinland settlement was no longer a dream; every year the magic country drew to her bosom a lively quota of adventurous Norsemen. Aye, where he had dreamed to build a city like to Olaf's Nidaros, the seedling of such a city already flourished. What use, then, to [Continued on page 39]



Perhaps Your Child needs Milk of Magnesia

A growing child's system is always less tolerant of an acid condition than is that of an adult.

In spite of all your care, a child's system will now and then become too acid. Rest and diet will correct it. But this takes time. The *instant* way is with an alkaline provided by Nature for the purpose. Milk of Magnesia! Make no mistake about the best form of magnesia. For fifty years physicians have prescribed Phillips Milk of Magnesia to correct the disorders caused by excess acid. In adults: sour stomach, nausea, heartburn, indigestion, gas. In children: bad breath, sour belching, frequent vomiting, colic, feverishness, and diarrhea.

A little Phillips Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water, and all those symptoms of over-acidity are soon gone. A mother's duty is so much easier when she uses it. Children accept it so readily. Nothing better to keep the bowels open in constipation, colds, and children's diseases. It has important uses at any age.



Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 38

hunger after life? Life had no further use for him! He might not again add another rung to her imperial ladder; no more by his efforts might his brothers rise to heights of broader vision. Life, nor his fellow man, no longer had need of him!

The old steward, watching his beloved master with a devotion amounting to worship, shook his head despairingly at these musings, and when Leif at last confided the trend of his thoughts he heard him in pained and troubled silence. "My lord," he hazarded eventually, "human ingratitude is as old as the world. But 'tis not for the falcon to despair of the plover's incapacity to fan the clouds! True it is, thy duty hath been well and nobly done, and now, meseems, thy long reward draweth near."

Leif turned impatiently upon his couch. "Old man, speak not of future rewards as though the son of Eric feareth to die without a gilded promise to make his going tolerable!"

"My lord, I speak not of future estates. Hath it not occurred to thee that thou art now released from all restraining promises? No man may serve the land which turns to rend him, and, my lord, thou hast no more the strength to serve. Frown not upon me, 'tis thine own oath I but recall. Son of Eric, thou art free at last!"

"Aye, good friend, but to what purpose?"

The steward glanced around him cautiously, and, assured that no eavesdropper could catch his whispered words, replied: The Silver Dragon hath been recaulked this year as always, and waits, my lord, for a master hand at the helm and the sweep of the blue inspiring waters."

Leif shot bolt upright, so affected was he by the whispered insinuation, thereby giving himself great agony and the fond old steward a terrible fright. "If it might be done! If I might but sail to sweet oblivion, away from cackling knaves and a land of living death, in that peerless vessel, an hundred treacheries were little price to pay!" he cried in passionate ecstasy.

"She lies in the upper narrows, and thou knowest how runs the tickle; how hidden from the plains, how open to the sea. Thou knowest, too, how few are acquainted with the secret passage winding to the tickle."

"'Tis true, old man, 'tis true! God's blessing on thy wit and wisdom. Call now my sturdy fellows. We must instruct them in thine happy plan."

WHILST Thorvald and Orme joined their followers to song and revelry, the inmates of Brattalid were cautiously transferring their necessities to the Silver Dragon. It was agreed amongst them that every able-bodied man should accompany the chieftain on his strange voyage, leaving the old men and the women to keep the Hall until the ship was safely out to sea. Then these faithful ones, assuming a less glorious role, were to surrender Brattalid and all its holdings in return for peace of days and perfect pardon.

Leif's wound was not healing, but under the influence of a great and blinding hope he exhibited a hectic energy which alarmed and saddened his faithful comrades. He laughed at their long faces, discounted their concern, and vowed himself as hale as need be. Joy and excitement burned in him like a devastating flame. He could not be still, nor could his hand be stayed from labors too arduous for one so seriously wounded. But at last the day dawned when the bitter farewells had been said and the valiant guard had taken their places aboard the Silver Dragon, with Leif, once more in armor, standing at the helm. A solemn hush fell upon them for an appreciable moment—a hallowed moment wherein each heart communed with its God and renounced the things of earth. Then, with a lurch of joy, the glorious ship broke loose from her moorings and swept out through the tickle into the open sea. When the rebels encamped on the plains before Brattalid caught sight of the vessel as

she skirted Eric's fiord, they were stricken dumb with amazement. A phantom ship they thought her, a forewarning of Leif's death; but a victorious shout from aboard her put to rout this comforting theory. And as the gleaming ship shot past the lonely promontory where Eric's mound was reared, they saw her commander raise his hand in a last farewell. No further cause to doubt, then, that their prey had escaped them!

To Leif these foes no longer existed; their cries of rage and fury affected him no more than the salt spray dashing against the bows of his flying vessel. Once again he saluted the solitary mound on the hill. "Speed us, O spirit of my father!" he softly implored; "speed us, proud soul, to that fair clime where honor findeth refuge and weary hearts a glad retreat."

And true it is that on her final voyage the gallant Silver Dragon seemed a magic ship. Winds and weather favored her, and the caressing sunlight touched her gleaming bows and carved figure-head to matchless splendor. Out of the white and silent North she sailed, borne on the wings of the wind toward a virgin continent wrapped in loveliness and mystery. Out from a land of death they sailed unto a land of life abundant!

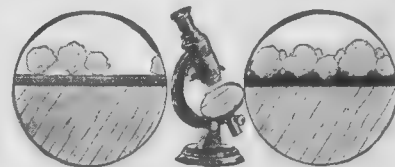
When the effects of the unexpected release began to wear away, the false strength which had sustained Leif throughout the past days deserted him, and, suffering acutely, he was forced into unwelcome retirement. Thereafter he lay upon the couch prepared for him on the sheltered poop, enduring his agony with silent fortitude. From this retreat he watched the vast expanse of changing sky and rolling water melting into infinities of boundless space, and, despite the pangs and weariness of flesh, experienced a hitherto unknown sense of peace.

At times, when fever racked his splendid frame, he dreamed strange dreams, and in the waking retained somehow a new and better understanding of innumerable things which formerly had teased his fancy. He saw revealed in the light of the spirit the strange emotions which oft had tormented his generous heart and had led him into acts condemned by lesser men. He understood that tenderness and pity were not, as Norsemen formerly had thought, the marks of weakness, but evidences of strength. And, watching his faithful men straining at the oars, cheerfully doing whatsoever was theirs to do, he saw them in a new and clearer light. They were not merely hirelings, these stout fellows laughing in the face of toil and hardship, they were human souls like unto himself, and their willing service was, in truth, the visible manifestation of an active universal power working in and through men for the benefit of all. They loved him, these simple-hearted men, and with no thought of self had followed him, disgraced and exiled, to an unknown fate. And so, hard on the heels of treason, came to Leif the enheartening revelation of an eternal truth: man, and man only, reveals to his brother the ever active and prevailing love of God! Thus thought upon thought flashed across the mirror of Leif's mind as the Silver Dragon swept along.

THAT very hour, in the little hamlet of Norumbega, in distant Vinland, the lady Thorgunna hastened to waken her son that she might acquaint him with a dream which greatly stirred her heart and fancy. She had seen an eagle, broad-pinioned and deep-breasted, come sailing from the North, boiling black clouds at its back, a path of golden sunlight before it; swift and sure it had flown, only to fall at last a lifeless captive at her feet. The dream troubled her, dispelling her peace of mind completely. Either the lover of her youth was dead, or else his arduous duties were ended and he was Vinland bound! Thorgunna discredited either possibility with all a youth's contempt of dreams and visions. But in the end his mother's sure conviction and quiet certainty half persuaded him; [Continued on page 40]

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The Story of a Girl...

**Snubbed at School,
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and Happiness**

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"There is no heartache worse than being snubbed in school," says Mrs. Jones. "When I was seventeen I went away to college. Freda, my room-mate, was a very popular girl. I think she meant to be friendly. But soon she asked to have her room changed. It seems I kept her awake at night, I slept so restlessly—and—I snored!

"No one knows the misery I suffered. Freda and her friends made life miserable for me. I soon lost weight and appetite.

"One day Miss Dickinson, the physical education teacher, found me sobbing in the locker room; I told her my story. 'Why,' she said, 'sometimes sluggish circulation causes snoring and restless sleep. Why don't you try Nujol?' She said she used it herself.

"In two weeks Nujol had begun clearing out the poisons in my body (Miss Dickinson said we all have them), my skin had a clear healthy appearance, and everything looked brighter. 'What have you been doing to yourself?' asked my room-mate. 'You are a different girl. Everybody notices it!'

"The days and years that followed were filled with every activity. I was editor-in-chief of the college annual,



coxswain of the winning crew—and not long ago Freda was maid of honor at my wedding. That's what Nujol did for me!"

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 39

and, finally, to ease her mind and rid himself of nagging curiosity, he boarded his pleasure-skiff and followed the lazy Norumbega river on its last glide to the sea.

Just before sunset, when the broad ocean scintillated in reflected glory, he sighted the Silver Dragon rounding a distant skerry, cleaving the placid waters with the agility and grace of a swan. Thorgils hastened back to the hamlet to rouse the people that they might be ready to greet the newcomers with becoming ardor. Consequently, when some while later the noble vessel glided to her moorings, the tired crew aboard her were hailed by an excited company of men, women, and children, waving cloaks and hoods and all crying out as in a single breath their joyous and indescribable welcome. In their midst the weary Leif saw his beloved Thorgunna, lovely still in the rich maturity of the ripening years. Swiftly she sped to meet him, one glance at his pallid face having told her love's need.

"Welcome to Vinland and the hearts of thy people!" she greeted him in tremulous sweetness. "Welcome, dear lord, to the land of thy dreams."

Some days later Leif asked that he be dressed in his armor and carried out upon the green that he might watch the glowing course of the sun, for he knew the end was near. When this had been done he sat in silent contemplation, watching the cloud-flecked skies and the nearby waters, where the Silver Dragon rocked in the tide. Thorgunna watched beside him, jealous of each precious moment, oblivious to all but her lord, as on that memorable day when they had dreamed their radiant dreams of earthly bliss at Brattalid.

"Dear heart," broke from him at last, "'tis well to be done with fear and fretting, to be done with the fever of life and the futile aches of defeated hopes; 'tis well to have done one's best when the sun goeth down."

"Aye, my lord, for that which goeth down with glory must surely rise again!"

"Thorgils!" The dying Leif roused himself to address his son. "Give thyself to Norumbega even as I endeavored to do in a less worthy land. Make it a city never to be forgotten; imbue it with thine own faith, and beautify it with the fruits of the spirit."

"Dear my lord," the heart-broken youth responded, "whatsoever may be mine to do shall not be left undone. And now may it please thee to learn that this very day at the council-meeting 'twas decided to build a church on yonder hill to stand in sacred memory of Leif Ericson, the greatest Norseman of his time."

Leif smiled wearily at the eager, impassioned youth kneeling before him. "Memorials of stone, these perish, my Thorgils," he said, "but Vinland shall endure. What need have I of proud memorials? But thou knowest best what will ease thine heart to do. Think not thy good intent faileth to give me joy. Grateful and glad am I to find a son so filial in affection. But I would fain lay me down to rest in some quiet spot where only the winds make converse through the trees, and where the sweet singers of the wood swell their notes of praise to the golden skies above them. Thus would I lie, in some far, calm retreat, and when the unborn races shall tread this happy soil, none shall have cause to say; 'Behold, this small spot was once beloved of Leif Ericson.' Nay, lend not thine hand to hallow out some shrine and thus betray thy sire to strange and indifferent generations.

Having promised to be governed by his request, Thorgunna and her son waited in tearless agony for the glorified soul to pass. Once again Leif summoned strength to speak. Making an effort to raise Thorgunna's hand to his lips, he murmured, "Beloved, in all things thou hast been my light and inspiration. In such great love as thine how greatly blest am I, how favored amongst men to die in the arms of Love and lie in the bosom of Liberty!"

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SLOAN'S Liniment

A Wife Can Be Such Help

Continued from page 7

successful dinner to the condescending Creagens, to the wily Helen, and to the rather obvious Whitneys. Certainly there were no awkward pauses. Any hostess who included Helen Lloyd was insured against that.

To Kenneth and Louise the dinner developed into a game of seeing how often they could covertly exchange glances of despairing amusement.

Undeniably Helen had a gift, a brazen gift. Louise knew that it was not only decency which kept her from fighting Helen with her own weapons. She knew she could not succeed, if she tried. If she attempted to "put it on thick," she would probably put it on too thick, crowding her quarry even out of the small purring corner which Helen left them.

It would do Kenneth no good for Louise to say: "Yes, Mr. Creagen, I know that you are incredibly rich, one of the richest men in Canada. I know that your son is in the Guards. I know that he is married to Lady Cynthia Bankrupt-of-Dukedom (what was the name?). I know that Mrs. Creagen's pearls cost hundreds of thousands, and I think that they are so beautiful that one could kneel before them. I know that your little finger can make or break my husband...."

No, that would not help. Well, take a lesson from Helen. Helen was showing brains in her calm easy way. Sailing so near the wind at times, that Louise trembled for her and her own husband blushed for her.

Yet tacking blithely along. Clever Helen!

"I know I'm rude," Helen was saying. "But I can't help it, Mrs. Creagen." Helen was gazing childishly at the pearls.

There was an almost ghastly pause, but Helen's I'm-terribly-sorry expression softened Mrs. Creagen.

"Pearls," sighed Helen, "have always been my passion." (Liar, she often declared, "Teclas quite good enough, diamonds for her!").

Helen fingered her single string of moderate-sized Teclas wistfully. "Dear old Grandma's pearls. Oh, well, I've had a lot of innocent happiness out of them. Happiness and fear. Will you believe, Mrs. Creagen, that when I was crossing during wartime, I slept in them!"

And Helen knew that everyone present, except the Creagens, was aware that she had never owned a real pearl in her life. But Helen was equally sure that neither Creagen could detect genuine pearls from Teclas with a real diamond clasp.

Perhaps it was amusing. And then Creagen was off—"my son in the Guards...."

"Do you know, Mrs. Lloyd, that my son—my son in the Guards—gets his hats made by Deresker—only man in London that can make hats?"

"Of course, of course!" Helen was soulfully impressed. "Why, we have no one over here, no one over here! I do find that with frocks. And frocks are nothing compared to a man's hats—so much can be expressed...."

Oh, she was burlesquing. Poor Ralph had gone the color of a tomato. But, no, Helen, who got wind of everything, had got a true measure of her dupes.

"Poole makes his breeches—my son's breeches. Only man in London who can make breeches."

And Helen was nodding solemnly. "Yes, I've heard that. Cut. Cut is everything."

Louise's game with Kenneth was finished. After all, Helen was his sister. But Helen was still cavorting.

"You know, Mrs. Creagen, I used to be a poor little V.A.D. in England during the war. (True). The Duchess of Tupperland was our commandant. I simply can't imagine why, but she made a most terrible fuss over me, used to take me everywhere with her. (Fib). And when Ralph and I were over on our honeymoon, we met her in Claridge's. Of course, I had thought that her making so much of me was a sort of glorified war work, don't you know, cheering up the poor little colonial who

was doing her bit among strangers, but not at all! She was wonderful to Ralph and me, wasn't she, dear?"

Ralph smiled wanly at his helpful wife.

Helen crashed on merrily. "The dear old Duchess was so glad to see me. Wasn't she, Ralph? Asked us at once down to her Devonshire place. (Absolute lie). I do think," turning deferentially to Creagen, "that the English aristocracy are so delightful. Don't you, Mr. Creagen?"

"Lady Cynthia," agreed Creagen, (oh, how clever of Helen not to have introduced Lady Cynthia before Creagen could do so!). "Lady Cynthia—my daughter-in-law, you know, daughter of the Duke of Penthriest—Lady Cynthia always says that the English aristocracy is the most democratic body living."

"Oh, yes, your daughter, Lady Cynthia! Well, of course, if she doesn't know, nobody can! And how marvelous, Lady Cynthia appearing in those charity performances in aid of the—the—oh, Mr. Creagen, you know what I mean—dear Mary's champagne is making me such a chatterbox!"

Louise was sure he didn't. But he carried on perfectly.

"Just so. Just so. Always doing good works. Blood, you know. Blood. Blood will tell. Always doing good works."

At last it was over. The Creagens drove Helen and Ralph home in their Rolls. They did not inquire where Kenneth and Louise lived.

THEY were home. Kenneth and she, sitting in the charming living-room with the thick black carpet, the gay chintzes, the new curtains, the absurd negro-spirituals lamp.

And Louise did not think of Helen. She remembered chiefly that twice Kenneth had looked forlornly at her old dyed shoes.

Louise and Kenneth sat in silence on the chintz-covered chairs. Louise thought, "Have I robbed him of the pride every man should be able to feel in the appearance of his wife? Robbed him for a pretty home and insurance of immunity from an early pneumonia death?"

Kenneth spoke first. Tiredly. "I bet poor Ralph would give something to have a room like this."

Oh, adorable Kenneth! He had never failed her.

He rose limply. Put his arms about her, not limply.

"Thank God, dear, you are not like Helen. I ought not to say it of my own sister, but she's—oh, don't let's talk about her. I sat all through that ghastly dinner, thankful that you are what you are, Louise."

She returned his kiss, humbly, gratefully.

"Where do you suppose she got that dress? I mean, Helen. It—reminded me of the ones you used to wear."

Louise replied generously.

"It was beautiful—sophisticated and restrained."

"Do women get things like that in shops—at possible prices?"

"No, darling. Helen had that dress designed and made for her by a Frenchman called Duchesne, who has recently come out here. His prices are not—possible."

"You looked ever so much prettier than she did. Oh, yes, you did. I looked at the two of you, and I thought how much nicer you looked. Black throws up your skin marvellously. I've never seen such a white skin as yours, darling."

He was nice, this dear boy she had married!

"Helen looked definitely yellow beside you."

She answered sadly: "Do you suppose Creagen will give Ralph an order?"

"I don't suppose it, I know it. A good fat order."

After a long pause they rose, as if by mutual consent, to go to bed.

"Louise, do you think—could we possibly manage it—to get you a dress from that Duchesne man?"

His eyes were wistful. He was not being unselfish.



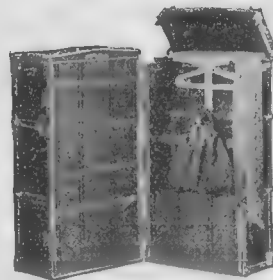
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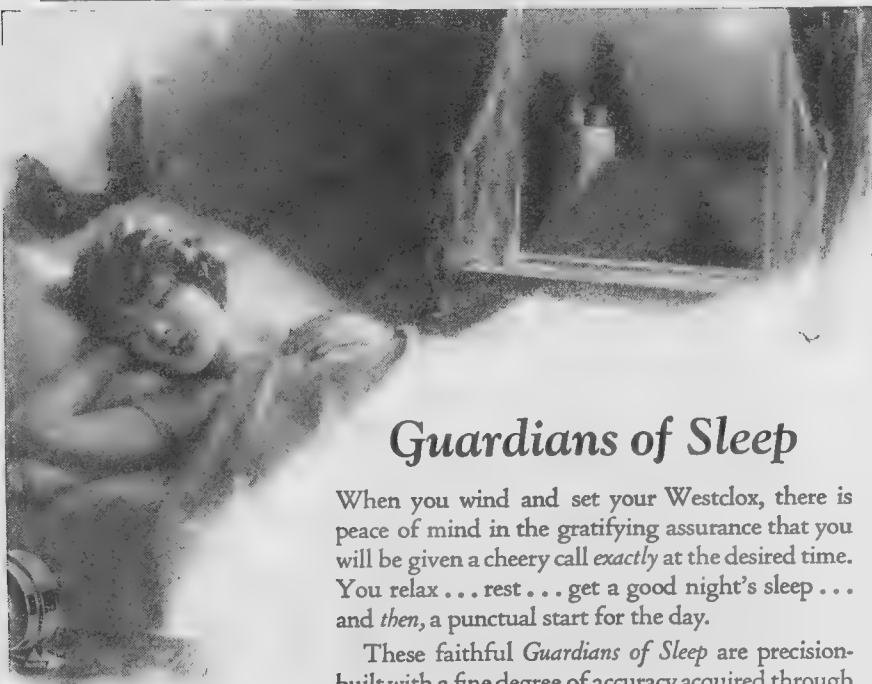
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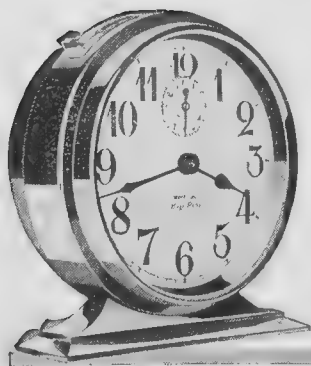
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Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont., Canada



Westclox
ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS
Made in Canada

The Shieling at Camel's Hump

Continued from page 11

"Aye, Stevenson has written in a way that can be understood by the common folk and enjoyed by them, and in the doing o' it, he has succeeded in writing a classic in every form o' writing. Ah, there's wizardry and magic in the letters, R.L.S."

The old lady amazed me and left me speechless.

She had so quickly sensed that I was a lover of books, just as she was, and she opened her literary soul. Whether or not she jaloused that I myself at times wrote story books that had nothing of cold geology in them, I am not sure, but I rather think she did not, for that might, to my eternal loss, have tied her tongue.

OLD Bob's paper had, by this time, dropped to his knees, his chin had fallen on his chest and he was snoozing under the dreamy hypnotizing of the fire, the soothing comfort of his easy chair and the internal satisfaction of a well-lined stomach. The long-legged pup was now awake and had started to take liberties with his elder, Bob the collie, as mischievous youngsters have a habit of doing. The older dog paid no heed for a bit, until his ear got nipped, then he buffeted the pup clear across the rug, making it yelp and causing the old stage driver to jerk his head and blink himself into momentary consciousness.

As the pup returned to the fray, Jean Annandale quietly rose, lifted it by the loose skin of its neck and carried it to the outside kitchen, where she closed the door on it.

"It's a fair torment that dog. It doesna gie auld Bob there a minute's peace, and him done oot and needing a bit snooze efter his lang jaunt, just like his maister. It is an auld, north-country saying, 'Sic mannie, sic horsie,' and a true one, but it is also, 'Sic mannie, sic dog,' for two Bobs mair alike than they two, I've never met. Just look at them; nid-nid-noddin', and nothing short o' the Day o' Judgment would rouse them."

Then she pointed out some framed photographs on the wall; pictures of the beautiful sheep-farming districts of the south of Scotland.

She rose and brought the family album, and by my side she explained her treasures.

On turning over the leaves, I came across a photograph of two young women, beautiful in features, comely and neat in figure.

"Why, this is you, Mrs. Annandale," I ventured.

"Aye, aye—and my only sister, Bessie." She sighed.

"You have never gone back home in all these thirty years?"

"No—we've never gaen back. It has been hard fechtin' for a living. We have the place here, and the stock, but we canna sell that for the sake o' a jaunt. Oh, aye—it would be nice to gang back, just to wander over the green braes, to see the shearing, to watch the sheep coming in to winter, and the lambs in the springtime; to walk the burnside where the men are fishing."

She was a girl again in the lowlands of Scotland.

"Is your sister still alive?" I asked.

"Oh, aye, aye!"

"Wouldn't it be great for you two to meet again after all these years? What a talk you would have!"

"Maybe—maybe—but I dinna ken aboot that—no!"

I looked over at the old lady. Her mouth had suddenly grown firm. There was a determination in her eyes that I hadn't noticed there before.

"No—I dinna want to see her again. You see, we fell oot aboot my Bob, and I came awa', and a' these years we have never written. She winna—and I'll never dae it."

"Bessie married a sheep-farmer, wi' lots o' sillar. That was afore I met in wi' Bob. Bob was just a country chiel, poor, but clean and good and kindly. It was naeboddy's business but oor ain. I lived wi' my sister at that time, for

[Continued on page 43]

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Your wardrobe incomplete without one or more. Samples: wool and silk-and-wool FREE from maker.

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The Shieling at Camel's Hump

Continued from page 42

oor faither and mither were baith to their lang rest. And because I wadna gie Bob up and take up wi' a man o' her husband's choosin', Bessie threatened to show me the door; me, her ain and only sister. We had bitter words. I didna gie her the chance to put me oot; I went mysel', that very nicht. And Bob and I ran aff thegither the next day.

"Later on, when work was hard to get, we came to Canada.

"It has been a sair struggle, but I'd dae it again, for Bob has been a good man to me, and we've been happy thegither.

"Oh, ay—I'd like fine to see the hame-side again, but Bessie—no! I dinna want to see her. I dinna want to hear from her—never again. Maybe ye think me hard, but she made me hard, and she's hard yet. Bessie's deid to me, sir, just as she has been these thirty years.

"But for a' that," she mused on, "some day maybe Bob and I will wander back again, as the song goes." She smiled. "When oor boat comes in, or when something else happens and we hae the sillar."

I began wondering about that misty "some day" for which many hope, for which she still hoped after thirty years of waiting; that "some day" which, for her, I feared would never come.

She again smiled sadly through her moist eyes and she repeated slowly:

"From the lone sheiling on the misty island

Mountains divide us and a world of seas;

But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,

And in our dreams we seek the Hebrides.

Fair these broad meads, these hoary hills are grand,

But we are exiles from our native land."

After a long silence, she rose and lit a small coal-oil lamp.

"You've had a lang day. You'll be needing your bed."

I admitted I was bodily tired.

She showed me up the rickety stairs to her guest's bedroom—plain almost to bareness but spotlessly clean and cosy.

"We've two letters from Scotland to read afore we sleep," she said. "We don't get many letters from Scotland, but no matter where our letters come from, we always keep them for bed-time.

"Guid nicht, and may ye sleep weel."

I lay awake for a time in comfortable and drowsy pleasure.

I heard old Bob rouse himself and go out to see that the live stock was all safely housed for the night. I heard him bring in the kindling for the morning. I listened to Mrs. Annandale setting the table for the early breakfast. And I heard them at last come upstairs on tiptoe to bed.

I MUST have fallen asleep, for when I awoke my ears caught a new sound, the sound of a woman sobbing, coming from the old folks' bedroom, and with it I heard the troubled voice of old Bob trying to comfort.

"There, there, lassie, dinna greet. Dinna take it so muckle to heert, woman. Jean, my ain wee wifie. It's no good and it's no richt to greet so lang lang and so sair. Weesht, lassie—for maybe he'll hear ye next door. It's God's will. We shouldna rail against Him, ye ken. There noo, put your wee heid on my breist and just try to sleep. That's a lassie; that's a bonnie lassie."

And so the heart-rending lullaby went on, as still she sobbed.

I fain would have got up to inquire as to the cause of the trouble, but it was none of my affair. I was merely a lodger for the night, so I just lay awondering.

When I awoke again, the old folks were busy below. The grey of early morning was coming in at the window. I looked out. A misty snow was falling. All was ghostly quiet. The pines and firs were spectral-like in snow and hoarfrost. The Camel's Hump over the way seemed as if silhouetted behind a thick veil. [Continued on page 44]

Keep Your Youthful Figure



"Yes, my dear, a good figure is often a question of wise diet."

People chuckle when they see others putting on excess weight

More *nourishment* from a smaller quantity of food . . . that is what you gain when Bovril replaces heavier foods in your diet.

A little Bovril is always delicious to the taste and satisfying to the appetite and does not encourage fatty tissues.

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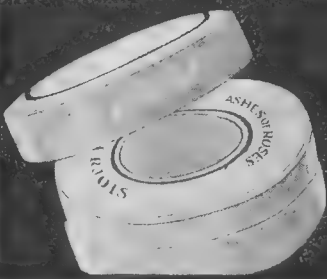
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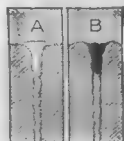
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Chamberlain's Hand Lotion leaves a protecting film over each tiny pore, guarding the soft, white beauty of your hands like an "invisible glove." Use it before exposure to work or weather. Dries quickly. You'll marvel at results after a few days. Ask your druggist, or let us send a FREE sample, Chamberlain Laboratories, 41 Dovercourt Road, Toronto.

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The Shieling at Camel's Hump

Continued from page 46

I washed and dressed, and then I went downstairs to the kitchen. As I sat in to the breakfast table, a sort of shamed quiet prevailed. Jean Annandale's face was strained and sad-looking. Bob was trying his best to keep up appearances.

"I hope we didn't disturb ye last night, sir," he managed to get out at last. "We had news—no very good news."

Jean rose and poured some hot water into the newly emptied frying pan, then she sat down again.

"Jean's a lady now," he went on in a limp attempt to be light-hearted, and watching her closely as he spoke. "She's been left a wheen o' sillar. Her sister Bessie's been taken awa'. She was a widow, without bairns. We didna ken. Now she's left five thousand pounds to my Jean."

Very quickly I weighed the situation up in my own mind, and something sang inside of me for them. After all, it was a matter for congratulation. Five thousand pounds—the old country—comfort for their balance of their lives.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Annandale, at your losing your only sister, but I am so glad too about this legacy. Why, for you it means independence at last, a sight of the homeland, the green braes, the shearing, the sheep coming in to winter, the lambs in the springtime, and the old burnside with the village fishermen. What a delight, what a pleasure, what a dream come true! Oh, how glad I am for both of you."

Old Bob tried valiantly to smile, but made a sorry job of it.

Jean Annandale merely shook her head sadly.

"No, sir. I dinna think it'll mean that. I dinna think we'll go back. We're getting ower auld."

"What?" I exclaimed, "not go back? Not take this trip you have dreamed of all these years?"

"No. There is nothing to gang back for noo." She sighed. "You see, she's awa'. It—it was my ain sister Bessie that I wanted to gang hame to see."

And Bounce Off Into Safety

A Viennese chemist has produced elastic glass. The pedestrian in danger who is quick-witted enough will take a header into the windshield.—Buffalo Express.

We Hadn't Heard of This, Out Here

A Canadian correspondent describes a political meeting at which the platform gave way and deposited the speakers on the ground, the meeting being held in the open air. It is to be hoped the Canadians will be sporting enough to give us the secret of how to construct that kind of a platform.—London Humorist.

The King of Sports

By C. M. Lindsay

You may talk of the pleasures of boating;
Of canvas which bends to the gale!
Of hiking; of swimming; of floating
Down-stream by the game-haunted trail!
You may rant of the keen joys of hunting;
Of rousing the grouse from their lair!
Or fisherman's luck when confronting
A trout which has grit and to spare!

But these not for me! No sport ever
Can give greater zest than I feel
When over the smooth, frozen river
All swiftly I glide, shod with steel!
I race with the wind; I hear round me
The voices of forest and plain!
While snow-mantled uplands which bound
me,
Re-echo my wild shouts again!

Talk not of your plainer sports!—Toys,
they;
Well fitted to summer or fall!
But when the rude winter comes, boys, they
Must yield to the king-sport of all!
When earth in White Samite is glowing;
When the silver moon gleams on the ice;
Ho, then, while the keen winds are blowing,
For the sport without favor or price!

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Name
Street
City State
Color of your hair?

Moon Dogs

Continued from page 16

staggering. He heard the click of the rifle mechanism as a cartridge went home. Then there was a blaze and a roar. McIlroy pitched forward, quivered, and lay still.

The French Canadian took his coat, the guns and the fox and departed. He hurried swayingly, muttering weird French and Cree and English oaths under his breath.

McIlroy lay still only till he was gone. He could no longer hold himself for pain was coming in a sickening wave of agony. The brief numbness that had followed the crushing of his thigh bone by the softnosed bullet had enabled him to play dead for a few moments and save himself from a second shot or a clubbing on the head. Now he groaned and writhed in torment while his blood quickly reddened the snow.

Then through his pain-dazed consciousness stabbed the realization that he must do something. He dragged himself to his mackinaw and cap and mittens. In the coat pocket was a silk scarf he often tied Indian-fashion over his ears. He bound it around his leg and with a stick twisted it until he checked the bleeding and, to a small extent, it numbed the pain as well. Fighting to keep down the nausea and shivering sensations that came over him, he strove to think of some way in which he could save himself.

His cabin. If only he were there! But it was six miles away; six miles of forest, hill and frozen swamps! And if he were there now, how could he set the leg alone or care for the wound? How could he wait upon himself when fever overcame him? He must have help; help or he was doomed!

McIlroy was no quitter. Already a desperate plan was forming in his tortured brain. He groped along in the snow and, at last, found his cartridge belt. On it was a .45 caliber revolver. Belting it under his coat, he put on his mittens and, with teeth biting into his lip, started crawling along the trail. The direction he took was not toward his own camp.

That night, to John McIlroy, remains a blur of agony. Ever he marked off his progress in pitiful stages from one blue, moon-cast shadow to the next. Ever he watched for a fresh track that should branch off from his trapline trail, turning eastward toward the next valley and De Lange's camp. He knew it was impossible for him to reach that cabin—but tonight, the impossible must be done!

IN HIS low-roofed, stuffy cabin De Lange slept none too soundly. His battered nose and swollen lips seemed scarcely to let him breathe. With each move some sore spot jabbed him. Nor was his state of mind conducive to rest.

From a troubled dream he woke with a start and a throaty imprecation. His door had burst open; in the doorway stood the ghost of the man he had killed. A ghost on one leg but with a very real pistol trained on him, and who in a hoarse voice, commanded him to raise his hands. A match flickered and in its light the apparition's features were truly ghostly—but De Lange was coming fully awake. He had not killed McIlroy after all!

If knowledge of this fact was a salve to the trapper's conscience, the effect of it was lost in a new flood of rage. Nevertheless he did as he was bidden keeping his hands aloft until McIlroy had found the lamp and lit it and flung the two rifles out into the snow.

"Take 'em down now," he said, his words almost whistling over his teeth. "Make some coffee, an' make it strong an' make it quick!"

He sank heavily upon a chunk of wood that served as a stool. The room was reeling. It was with a tremendous effort he maintained control of himself and kept the threatening pistol trained on De Lange. But rest and coffee strengthened him till he was ready to go on with his plan.

"Got a dog-team?" he demanded.

De Lange shook his head.

"I come lak you, wit' canoe before de freeze-up. No use to feed dog here all winter long."

"Then it's up to you," said McIlroy, coldly. "You're goin' to haul me on a toboggan to the mission doctor at Lac de Illes."

De Lange gave a grunt of astonishment.

"I will lak, le diable," he began, but the other cut him short.

"You will if I say so," he shouted. "You put me in this fix. You're going to get me out."

The two men glared at each other across the rough table, the one with eyes that were closed to slits in his swollen, swarthy face; the other with gaunt and blood-shot eyes in a face that was nearly chalk. Yet the steely eyes of McIlroy held a dominance that was inexorable. It was to their superiority more than to the gun that the giant acquiesced.

"We start in de mornin'," he finally temporized.

"Morning be hanged. We start right now. Pack some grub an' get out your toboggan. By mornin' we'll be down to Wachusk Lake."

McIlroy wrapped all of De Lange's blankets about him and adjusted himself upon the toboggan. It was a small one used for hauling wood. It would drag heavily, but if he noted that, it was with a savage satisfaction. He was glad, however, that the French Canadian was so powerful a man.

They plodded off through the timber, the toboggan wallowing deeply, De Lange bending forward against the rope. McIlroy kept his every sense at keenest tension, vigilant that the other should attempt no trick of circling back. Sometime after daylight they reached Wachusk Lake and halted while De Lange melted snow in a copper pail and made tea, which they drank scalding and black. All day they pushed forward down the big lake, the going here being much better than in the timber for the snow had been packed by the wind. Still it seemed they were only marking time on a gigantic drum-head. There was nothing to mark their progress save the creeping by of the rocky, monotonous shore. The sky was colorless like the stretch of snow around them. There was not a shadow. They were terribly alone in a vast and lifeless land.

With every mile De Lange became more sullen. Sweat stood out upon his forehead though his cap and the edges of his hair were white with his frozen breath. McIlroy, despite his pain and infinite weariness strove by commands and taunts and curses to spur him on.

"Hi, get on there you great strong man, you boss of the north country! Ho, ho, ho! You pull like a little sick malemute. Some sled-dog you are!"

Beyond the lake was a great brule; a dismal stretch of forest blasted by fire. They reached it at evening. There was a trail here, though little travelled, a winter route through the "bush" much shorter than the canoe route to Lac des Illes.

Again they rested and ate and drank quantities of hot snow-water tea. Then realizing the limit of his own endurance was fast approaching McIlroy forced the groggy giant to go on.

The brule was dismal as a graveyard. The moon, riding high was blurred by a frozen haze. In its creepy light and against the grey white snow the fire blackened tree-trunks passed like a maddening host of spectres, gaunt and grim. They began to beckon to McIlroy, to dance before him. He was aware that his head was hot; conscious that he was talking—saying senseless things.

The toboggan stopped. McIlroy sat upright.

"Get on there, curse you!"

He waved the revolver drunkenly at De Lange.

There was no reply other than a shrug of defiant refusal. McIlroy stiffened in every nerve.

"I'll count five," he said, significantly "one, two—" [Continued on page 46]

If Jewellers sold it~
they would call Sunlight

22 Karat Soap

JUST as it is possible to fashion a "gold" ring from part gold and part baser metals . . . so is it possible to make a soap from part pure soap and part substitutes. The Karat mark on the ring tells you of its purity, but what mark is there on soaps to guarantee their purity?

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Soap makers by appointment to their Excellencies
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OVALTINE RUSKS promote firm teeth and healthy gums—made from finest Canadian wheat flour and Ovaltine—are easily digested.

265

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

A. WANDER LIMITED
455 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

The woodsman looked down the gun-barrel without flinching.

"Blaze away," he said. "Then who haul you to doctor? Eh?"

"—three," McIlroy continued, "You will, blast you, or we'll freeze here together—four—"

The men glared at each other in final desperation. But the Frenchman was poised like a cat.

"F—ive!"

There was a roar—but the count had been a warning. De Lange had dropped a split-second before it and now drove forward and snatched the pistol from the nerveless hand. He pulled the toboggan a few yards from the trail and dropped the rope. Not a word was spoken. He was gone.

LIGHTS glowed in the sky, and McIlroy wondered if it was his dizzy brain tricking him. There were brilliant spots on either side and above and below the moon. Moondogs, then, sign of coming blizzard. But what did that matter. Sooner it came the better. They said it was an easy death.

This was like being drunk with fierce liquor. He was warm. He'd never freeze. But he'd lie down and pull the blankets around him. The moon-dogs were whirling. Let 'em spin!

The trail sped swiftly beneath De Lange's snowshoes. Relieved of the weight of the toboggan he forgot for a time his weariness so eager was he to put all the distance possible between himself and it. But sometimes he was sure that it was following him. He almost felt its weight upon an imaginary rope. The muffled figure upon it reviled him for a dog and a coward. Once he looked back, then swore at himself for doing so.

Suddenly his snowshoe tripped on a buried log and he went down on his hands and knees. He rose, cursing venomously. For the instant it seemed the obstacle was a man on a toboggan smothered in the snow. In that instant he caught a glimpse of other snow-covered logs lying in the woods around him such as he had seen and would see all his life. From now on would each one of them also be McIlroy?

He justified himself over and over in his hate-distorted mind. McIlroy had encroached on his trapping grounds, had fought him in a manner that was not the manner of the "bush," had mauled and humiliated him—him—Ambrose De Lange! Then he had forced him to start on this mad journey to the nearest settlement. Let the wolves eat McIlroy! Let him freeze!

He broke out of the black and ghoully timber to the desolate stretch of Wachusk lake. The flat expanse seemed strangely lit and he glanced upward, an exclamation on his lips.

"Moon-dogs!" he muttered awesomely.

His look swept round the low-vaulted starless sky. A great ring of light girdled the heavens. Another encircled the moon itself and where these circles crossed the "dogs" or brilliant illuminations flared. It was a phenomenon having nothing to do with the aurora, but due to the peculiar frosty haze that filled the air. De Lange did not know this; he knew that it occurred but seldom and filled the Indians with dread. He had never stopped to analyze how deeply their beliefs were bedded in himself, but he remembered well enough how moon-dogs had flared and the malemutes had howled the night his father died. Far more vividly did he remember their sullen omen the night his young Cree wife and her brother had set out for the mission across the Lac des Illes. A black patch of new ice was all he had found next day at the end of their toboggan trail.

He strode on but his mind was in a tumult. In the face of this evil portent much of the anger left his soul. Despite himself his thoughts turned back repeatedly to that muffled shape on the toboggan—to the man who had fought him so superbly; had endured so tremendously; had made no whimper when the fight was done. De Lange was a strong man. None but the truly strong know truly the worth of strength.

Moon Days

Continued from page 45

De Lange did not know when it had happened. For a long time the trail he had travelled twice already was again unwinding beneath his feet. There were the level leagues of the lake again behind him and the barren brule on either hand. The trees were all alike, the endless succession of ridges and swales exactly similar, yet he turned aside unerringly to where the toboggan lay. Carefully he lifted the tight-drawn blankets. McIlroy was in a stupor but he was breathing steadily. In no part was he yet frozen. De Lange built a fire and warmed him. Then he took up the toboggan rope.



The moon-dogs faded as the sky thickened. They proved no idle omens, so far as weather was concerned. With daybreak a dreary sighing passed through the trees and some of them creaked dismally. A few tiny flakes of snow began to filter down.

After a time De Lange made a brief camp and ate again. He went on quickly of his own urging for the brule was a deadly place to be caught in a storm.

Long before noon the blizzard was howling about them, cutting through the forest of stark poles that had once been trees. Now and again a huge trunk, charred or rotted, crashed to the ground near them. Many such lay already across the trail. The snow deepened. The toboggan was a tremendous weight and De Lange's feet were lead.

At midnight they came to a muskeg more than a mile in width. Had there been so much as one small living spruce to give boughs for shelter De Lange would never have dreamed of crossing in the darkness and storm. But to stop was to freeze, for a fire lost all its heat in such a wind. Far beyond the muskeg, De Lange knew, was green timber. Once there, walled in by living spruce, with boughs for a bed, a lean-to behind them and a great fire before—let the blizzard howl!

But to keep the trail across the muskeg! The only way was to remove his snowshoes and feel with his moccasined feet for the ridge of packed snow beneath the new-fallen fluff. He started out.

It had seemed that the skeleton forest gave no protection from the wind, but on the open muskeg the gale struck him with doubled force. It bowled him down repeatedly, choking him with gusts of powder snow. Twice McIlroy, still unconscious, rolled off the toboggan and De Lange sacrificed his snowshoe webs for thongs with which to tie him on. He frosted five fingers doing this. But worst of all, among the crusted drifts of previous storms it became ever more difficult for his tired feet to distinguish the trail. Again and again he stopped to grope for it. At last it was hopelessly lost. He could only drive on with the storm.

Finally he reached again the blackened timber. No trail now. Downlogs; claw-like half-burned brush. And no snowshoes to give footing in the knee-deep feathery snow. But stumbling, crawling, straining at the rope till red flashes crossed behind his eyes, De Lange fought on, though the universe dissolved into a blur of greyness, pierced through by the banshee-scream of the storm.

THEY rested long in that camp in the green timber. The shelter of boughs De Lange built with arms that could scarcely swing the belt axe was snug as any cabin—while the fire before it burned. That was the problem; to keep it going while he slept, for at first he had no strength to cut and drag in heavy logs. And around them in the crystal stillness the trees popped like little guns for the cold had clamped down like a giant pincers on the heels of the storm.

McIlroy's fever burned fitfully. At times he raved in his delirium causing De Lange who had spent his life among the Crees to shudder at the weetigo that must possess him. Again he was sane and realized fully the desperateness of their situation. The grub was gone; the trail lost; De Lange's strength spent. And always the fearful cold lurked just beyond the fire.

De Lange spent a day in short hunting forays looking vainly for a rabbit or ptarmigan in the empty woods. That night McIlroy touched him on the shoulder as he squatted motionless, staring into the flames.

"Go on when you're ready, partner. Don't mind me. Go, I tell you, while you can!"

McIlroy again lapsed into unconsciousness. He knew nothing of when they started, of the heart-breaking struggle to the shore of Lac des Illes, the endless miles of creeping across its haggard surface nor of their arrival amid a bedlam of barking sleigh-dogs at the big log mission building, the smoke of whose chimneys rose in great white columns toward a matchless moon.

It was many days later when the shy Cree girl who waited on him admitted to McIlroy's room his old friend Constable Jack Winrod of the Mounted Police. The officer had just arrived in Lac des Illes on patrol. He grasped the hand of the hollow-eyed frost-scabbed man in the bed before him.

"Gosh Mac, you look like you'd been pulled through a knot-hole backwards! But the doctor tells me," he added cheerfully, "that you'll be fat an' sassy an' able to do the Red River Reel again before the geese come back."

The constable seated himself, unbuttoned his great buffalo jacket and pushed back his fur cap comfortably. Then he proceeded:

"I hear you were hauled in here one midnight by Ambrose De Lange, shot through the hind leg, frosted all around the edges an' crazier than a loon. De Lange skipped without making an explanation. I've had trouble with that big bruiser before. Tell me what he's been up to now."

McIlroy cleared his throat.

"He's been up to saving my life, if that concerns you. He brought me ninety miles on a toboggan through a blizzard and snow up to his gills."

"Huh," said the mountie. "How come your life needed any saving? Thought you knew how to look out for yourself in the bush."

"I thought so, too, Jack," said McIlroy with a well-feigned expression of sheepiness, "but I slipped on the ice an' knocked my rifle off somehow. Kid's trick! Sure hope I learn to handle shootin'-irons without hurtin' my fool self someday!"

Probably he has. Anyway he's trapping now 'way up by the Great Bear Lake with a huge swarthy partner with whom he often does not exchange a dozen words a day. Yet the two understand each other very well. And when sometimes in the long nights moon-dogs glare sullenly above their cabin they turn and give each other a deep and steady look that is a hand-clasp between the hearts of two strong, silent men.

Advanced Harmony.—"Now," said the leader of the Brushville band, "we'll play 'The Stars and Stripes Forever!'" "Gosh!" exclaimed the cornet-player, "I've just played that!" — Manchester Evening News.



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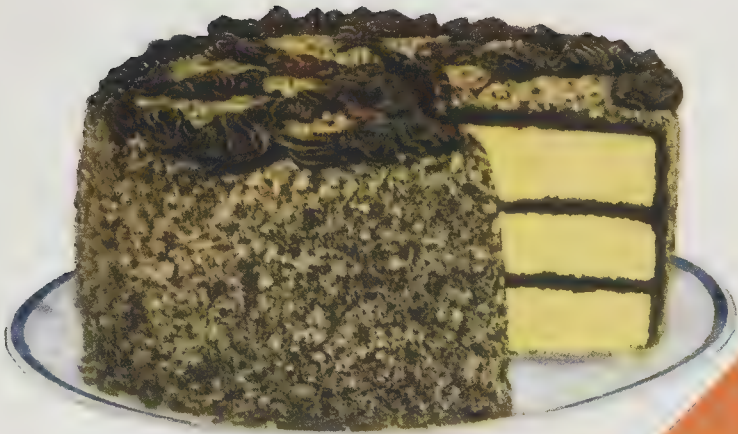
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Butter -- Eggs -- Poultry -- Cheese

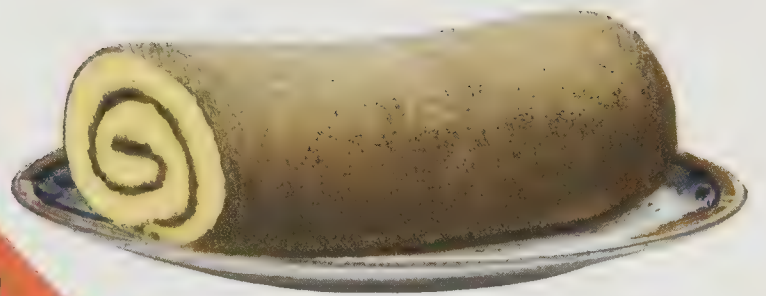


CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of butter (scant). $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour.
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups fine sugar. $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons
 3 eggs. Magic Baking Powder.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract. 1 cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly, beat in the eggs one at a time till very light, add flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt 3 times and add to first mixture alternately with milk. Turn into 3 greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Make a butter cream, add melted chocolate and beat well. Put between layers, then spread thickly round sides; hold cake between hands and roll in minced walnuts, now spread chocolate butter cream on top and cover with the nuts. Decorate with cherries and walnut halves.



JELLY ROLL

3 large eggs. 1 cup pastry flour.
 1 cup fine sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract. 2 tablespoons cold water.
 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder.

Separate eggs, beating yolks and sugar together till quite thick; add extract, then add lightly the stiffly beaten egg whites. Sift together 4 times flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt; fold very lightly into egg mixture alternately with the cold water. Turn into a jelly roll pan, which has been lined with well greased paper. Bake in moderate oven for about 10 minutes; turn out on a clean, slightly damp cloth. Remove paper; cut crisp edges from sponge, spread with preserve and roll quickly while the sponge is still warm. Sift fine sugar on top.

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DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs. 1 tablespoon melted butter.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg.
 2 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. 2 cups flour.

Beat eggs till light, adding sugar gradually; sift together flour, Magic Baking Powder, nutmeg and salt; add to beaten eggs and sugar alternately with milk and melted butter. Roll out the soft dough, cut with cutter, drop in boiling fat and fry a golden brown. Roll in sugar if desired.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. 2 cups pastry flour.
 1 cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 2 eggs. 1 teaspoon flavoring.
 2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add flavoring; beat eggs very light and gradually beat them into the butter and sugar. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, and salt, add lightly to first mixture alternately with milk; turn into greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

*Butter Cream Icing Recipe and method of
 applying coconut sent on request.*





Is Milk Really Necessary?

EVERY once in a while someone raises the question as to whether milk is really necessary to health. Although there are people who object to having rats quoted as evidence for or against a food used for human beings, rats are nevertheless the best criteria available.

The following paragraphs are taken from a nutrition publication:

"The question, 'Do children have to drink milk or can other food take its place?' is answered in a new leaflet entitled, 'Must I Drink Milk?' The answer to this question so often raised by parents and children is apparent when young, growing animals fed without milk are contrasted with those having milk.

"One glance at the two rats pictured on the leaflet decides the question. The one rat, generally miserable in appearance, undersized, and with rough, unkempt coat is a decided contrast to the large, bright-eyed healthy-looking twin brother rat. The only difference in the diets of the two rats was that one had milk, the other did not.

Bones Give Further Evidence

"The bones of the milk-fed and non-milk-fed rats are shown as further evidence. The bones of the rat which had plenty of lime are solid shiny white and well formed. The bones of the rat deprived of calcium are crumbly, dark colored and thin."

Following are some ways of bringing milk into the daily menu:—

1. Milk with Cereals.
1. Milk in Custards.
3. Milk in Creamed Dishes.
4. Milk in Soups.

Caramel Custard

4 c. scalded milk ½ tsp. salt
4 eggs 1 tsp. vanilla
 ½ c. sugar

Put sugar in omelet pan, stir constantly over flame until melted to a syrup of light brown color. Add milk gradually, being careful that milk does not bubble up and go over on account of high temperature of sugar. As soon as sugar is melted in milk, add mixture gradually to eggs slightly beaten; add salt and flavoring, then strain into buttered mould, or cups. Set cups in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (370°F.)

Corn Chowder

2 slices fat salt salt and pepper
pork 2 c. boiling water
1 onion 1 c. cooked corn,
3 c. diced boiled fresh or canned
potatoes 4 c. hot milk

Cut the pork into small pieces and try it out. In this cook the sliced onion. Strain the fat into another receptacle, and put the potatoes into

the strained fat. Add boiling water, corn which has been cooked till tender, and hot milk. Season with salt and white pepper, bring to the boiling point, and serve with a cracker on each soup plate.

Cream of Onion and Potato Soup

3 c. scalded milk 4 medium potatoes
1 c. potato water 4 onions
2 tbsp. flour 1 tbsp. chopped parsley
2 tbsp. butter salt and pepper

Boil the potatoes and onions together until tender. Drain. Save the water and rub the vegetables through a coarse strainer. Make a white sauce of the liquid, flour and fat and combine with the potato and onion pulp. Season with chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Beat with an egg beater and serve with croutons.

The Honorable Onion

The history of foods is almost as interesting as the history of nations, and the two are inseparably

connected. Are people what they are because of the foods they eat? Some say that this is so. From time to time new foods are woven into the days' menus, but there are certain stand-bys which have stood the test of centuries and which form a staple part of a people's diet.

There is hardly a household in which onions are not used. In the spring and summer the young onions are appetizing. During the winter months the larger ones are indispensable—as the main vegetable, as a seasoning and as a garnish. One of the easiest and best ways of cooking onions is to peel and parboil large white ones. Place them in a baking pan, dot with butter and sprinkle with sugar. Put enough of the water in which they were cooked in the pan to keep them from burning. Bake in a moderate oven until the tops are glazed.

Another good recipe which can be served as the main dish of a meal is "Onions au Gratin." Boil small white onions until tender. Drain. Add a medium white sauce. Put into a casserole, cover with grated cheese and crumbs and bake until brown. Corn-flake crumbs are good if bread crumbs are not on hand.

A third suggestion is, peel six white onions, pare six white potatoes and boil together until both are soft. Drain. Mash together and add salt, pepper, one cup of milk and two beaten eggs. Place in a buttered casserole, pour one-fourth cup of butter over the top, and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

As a seasoning onion is important in stew, soup and salad. As a garnish it is used sliced raw with steak; chopped very fine with caviare; sliced or chopped with canapes. It is a garnish which may be eaten and usually is eaten by the real epicure.

Considered from many standpoints, the onion is important. It has a history dating to earliest times. It appears on the table of both rich and poor. It saves many meals from being completely forgotten as soon as they are eaten and (perhaps most important of all) it is a never failing topic of conversation.

An Egg a Day

EGGS constitute one of our most valuable food products, both because of the nutritive value and because of the many ways in which they may be utilized.

Almost everyone can eat eggs because they are easily digested if cooked correctly. The white of the egg may become hard and leather-like if it is cooked at a high temperature. When "boiling" eggs, keep the temperature of the water just under the boiling point. When frying or baking eggs, turn the heat low to insure a tender product when finished.

Eggs are especially good from the nutrition standpoint because the yolk contains a large amount of iron. It requires thought and care in selecting food to get as much iron as is needed by the body daily. An egg or two a day will help to insure an adequate supply. [Cont'd on page 50]



A new idea for party giving.



"My Housekeeping Money seemed to Melt . . . but now . . . this clever economy actually improves the meat dishes I serve!"

"Well, I've been wondering how you manage—you seem to be able to afford little helps and luxuries that are beyond me."

"Not a bit; but I spend it differently. At first, I was so anxious to have nice meals and plenty of variety for Tom, that I bought too much expensive food. My money seemed to melt! When I had paid the butcher's bill each week, and for the fancy fish and fowl to give variety, I had very little left."

"Then I read an article on using the less expensive meat cuts; I learned that careful cooking, along with clever seasoning, would produce the most tempting meat dishes at small cost."

"I knew just how to do the flavouring—Lea & Perrins was an old friend; in fact, it was partly the serving of this wonderful sauce with our

expensive steaks and chops and prime roasts that had made us enjoy them so much. I knew that Lea & Perrins would give me that "clever seasoning" alright."

"So I started right in to build up a group of recipes for delicious ragoûts, stews, meat pies, boiled dinners (how men love them!) and no end of ways of using left-over meats and vegetables in dishes 'as good as new.' I cut my bills down marvellously. My budget now fits all my housekeeping needs quite comfortably—and I serve a reasonable number of expensive meats with a free conscience and the same old Lea & Perrins to make them taste good!"

"Thanks, my dear. I see just what I must do. I'll get Lea & Perrins on my way home—and start right in correcting my menus tomorrow. I know the table you set is fine enough for anyone—even my Billy!"



Beef Loaf with Hidden Eggs

1 pound minced beef 1/3 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs Pepper
1/2 onion, chopped fine 2 teaspoons Lea and Perrins
3 Hard-cooked eggs

Combine the chopped beef, crumbs and seasonings, sprinkling in the Lea & Perrins; or for a loaf that will slice smoothly, hot or cold, moisten the mixture with a slightly beaten egg to which the Lea & Perrins has been added; if meat is not very juicy, a little milk, stock or water may be used. Put half the mixture into a loaf pan, and press the shelled hard-cooked eggs, end to end, into its surface. Fill up with remaining meat and bake in a moderate oven, 3/4 to 1 hour. Meat may be moulded with the hands into a loaf, if preferred, and cooked in the roasting pan; baste frequently with plenty of dripping to give a nut-brown surface.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE



The following recipes suggest some different ways of using eggs:

Eggs Supreme

1 c. thick cream 1/4 c. mushrooms
sauce 1 c. cooked ham
6 hard-cooked eggs 1 tsp. salt
1/2 c. cream or 1/2 tsp. paprika
thick milk 1/2 c. grated cheese
1 c. crisp rice cereal

To hot cream sauce, add sliced hard-cooked eggs, cream, mushrooms, ham, salt and paprika. Sprinkle top with cheese and rice cereal. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 45 minutes.

Baked Eggs

Select small tomatoes of uniform size. Cut around the stem and remove the seeds. Put tomatoes in small cake tin. Break a fresh egg into each. Add salt and pepper and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 12 minutes until egg is set. Serve on hot buttered toast with tomato sauce.

Eggs in Potato Nest

Put a two-inch layer of mashed potatoes in baking dish. Make indentations with a tablespoon and drop an egg in each hollow. Season and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 15 minutes until egg is set.

Say It With Bells

BELLS at a party? Of course! What could be jollier? So when you send out your invitations, use a piece of cardboard cut into the shape of a bell, and write the invitation around the edge, pasting a picture of a clown ringing a bell, in the centre.

At the front door have a ribbon connected with a bell on the inside. When the guests pull the ribbon, the bell rings. Of course, the whole house is decorated with bells, big ones and little ones, bells of tin and bells of brass, made of cardboard and covered with silver and bronze colored paper.

Hand to each guest on arrival a tiny bell which he or she is to keep as a souvenir of the party.

When the doors into the dining room are opened, a wild peal is heard from dozens of bells suspended by ribbons from the lights or ceiling. The table is decorated by a doll dressed in crepe-paper clown costume and holding a string of tiny sleigh bells. At each place is a jester's stick with a bunch of bells on the end. And if desired the hostess can wear a bell-shaped cap. Another attractive idea is to make jester's caps in crepe paper of various colors and attach small sleigh bells to the points, then give one to each guest.

The menu, too, should carry out the party's idea, and if you want to have a menu card, head it with the quotation from Byron:

"That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul,—the dinner bell."

Chicken and Almond Bells
(Creamed Chicken and Almond in Patties)

Spicy Bells Tocsin Biscuits
(Beet and Pepper Salad)
(Apricot Biscuits)

Bellicose Bits (Sweet Gherkins)
Bell Blankets (Peach Cream Roll)
Savory Bells The Belle of the Ball
Belinda's Favorites
(Salted Nuts) (Mixed Hard Candies)
(Coffee)

Chicken and Almond Bells

Make a cream sauce of six tablespoons of butter, six tablespoons of flour, three cups of cream or rich milk, one and one-half teaspoons of salt, three-eighths teaspoon of pepper, three-eighths teaspoon of celery salt, one can of chicken broth (strain), and the liquid from one and one-half cans of mushrooms (4-ounce cans). Add the chopped mushrooms, one and one-half twelve-ounce cans of chicken and one-half cup of chopped, balanced almonds. Serve hot in crisp patty shells; sprinkle

[Continued on page 51]



M-M-M That Smells Good!

Oxo does wonders to improve the goodness of meat and vegetable dishes . . . gives them that savoury aroma and delicious, rich flavour that hungry appetites always love . . . makes food more nourishing too . . . because Oxo is the concentrated goodness of prime, lean beef . . . in handy cube or cordial form for your convenience.

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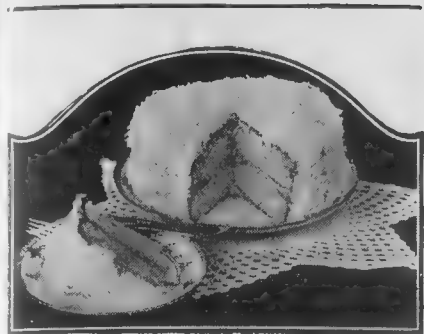


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And the Baker special process and special packing keeps this coconut ever lusciously fresh. Once you've tried Baker's you'll never use any other kind.

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- Try This Recipe
- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour,
 - 2 teaspoons baking powder,
 - 1/8 teaspoon salt,
 - 1/2 cup butter or other shortening,
 - 1 cup sugar,
 - 3 egg yolks, well beaten,
 - 1/2 cup milk,
 - 1 teaspoon vanilla,
 - 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks, then flour and milk alternately, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Put layers together with Coconut Cream Filling and cover top and sides of cakes with Coconut Frosting.

BAKER'S COCONUT

Write for free booklet of Delicious Recipes to General Foods Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto.

AI-30H



the top with canned pimentos cut into bell-shapes. This recipe will serve twelve to fifteen persons.

Spicy Bells

Chill and drain a number 1 can of sliced beets and cut them into bell-shaped pieces. Add four finely shredded green peppers. Toss in highly seasoned French dressing and serve on lettuce. Serves twelve.

Tocsin Biscuits

Sift two cups of flour, four teaspoons of baking powder and one teaspoon of salt. Cut in three tablespoons of shortening. Beat one egg well. Press canned apricots through a sieve until there is one-half cup of pulp. Blend the egg well with the pulp and then with one-fourth cup of apricot syrup. Combine this with the dry ingredients. Pat out gently and then cut in bell shapes. Bake in a very hot oven, 450°F., for 12 to 15 minutes. If a bell-shaped cutter is not available, make a pattern of cardboard and cut around it with a knife dipped in flour.

Bell Blanket

Soften four teaspoons of gelatin in one-fourth cup of cold water then dissolve over hot water and add to two cups of heavy cream which have been beaten. Add three-fourths teaspoon of vanilla and one-half cup of confectioner's sugar. When the mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of finely chopped canned peaches and let stiffen. Meanwhile, bake a thin sheet of sponge cake in an oblong tin. Remove to a paper dusted with confectioner's sugar, cut off edges and spread while still warm with the jellied whipped cream. Roll up like a jelly roll, wrap in a napkin for several hours until it is well set. Serve sliced. Makes about sixteen medium slices.

Frozen Desserts

It is doubtful if there is any more popular dessert than some form of ice cream, especially if it is home made. They are so nourishing, and if not too rich and sweet are excellent for children, so that they should be served quite often, if one has the facilities for making it. A freezer is not expensive, and with reasonable care will last for years. A small freezer is better than a large one, because, owing to the much lessened work in using it, it will be used very much oftener. A canvas bag and a wooden mallet for breaking the ice, about one part of rock salt to six or seven of ice, and about twenty minutes of slow turning of the freezer added to a good mixture to be frozen, should produce excellent results. Violent turning of the crank does not produce such a good texture, beside tiring the person who turns it. After freezing, the dasher should be removed, if the freezer is of that type, the hole in the cover carefully plugged to prevent the entrance of salty water, and fresh salt and ice added, while it ripens for an hour before serving.

Cocoa Fruit Ice Cream

Cocoa (dry) 1/2 c	Cream 2 c
Sugar 1 c	Milk 2 c
Flour 1 1/2 tb	Fruit juice 1 c
Eggs 2	Salt 1/4 t

Mix together, the flour, cocoa, sugar and salt, pour on slowly, the milk which has been scalded, return to the double boiler and cook over hot water fifteen or twenty minutes. Add the well beaten eggs, and cool. Fold in the cream, which may be whipped if one wishes, 1 t of vanilla, and the fruit juice, which may be of canned raspberries or strawberries, freeze, and serve with marshmallow sauce.

HER FIRST DINNER

DURING the spring months probably more new homes are started than any other time of the year. With the establishing of the home the bride

[Continued on page 52]

KNOX
is the real
GELATINE

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1/2 pint heavy cream
1/4 cup cold water	1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup scalded milk	1/2 cup cooked prunes, cut in pieces
1/2 cup sugar	1/2 cup chopped figs
Whites of two eggs	Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk, and add sugar. Pour into a bowl, set in pan containing ice water, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, heavy cream, diluted with milk and beaten until stiff, prunes and figs. Turn into a wet mold, the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla).

KNOX
is the real
GELATINE

RICE BAVARIAN CREAM
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1 cup cooked rice
1/4 cup cold water	1 cup cream, or evaporated milk
1/4 cup sugar	1 teaspoonful vanilla
1/4 teaspoonful salt	

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add to hot cooked rice and sugar, salt and vanilla. Beat well, cool, and when it begins to thicken, add whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Turn into wet mold or pile in individual glasses. Serve with a fruit or a chocolate sauce.

CHOCOLATE RICE BAVARIAN

Beat three tablespoonfuls cocoa or dissolved chocolate into the rice before adding cream.

SALAD-DESSERT
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1/2 teaspoonful salt
4 tablespoonfuls cold water	1/2 teaspoonful paprika
1 tablespoonful butter	Few grains cayenne
Yolks of two eggs	1/2 cup milk
3 tablespoonfuls sugar	2 tablespoonfuls canned pineapple juice
1 cup prepared fruit	1/2 cup mild vinegar
	1 cup heavy cream

Soak gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Whip egg yolks and salt, add gradually vinegar, sugar, butter, cayenne and pineapple juice. Whip lightly. Heat milk in double boiler and gradually add the above mixture. Add soaked gelatine and when mixture thickens, remove from fire. Whip occasionally while cooling, and when beginning to set, add whipped cream and the fruit cut in small pieces (oranges, cherries, canned pineapple, grapefruit, pears or any desired fruit). Turn into wet mold and when firm, remove to bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise to which has been added a few spoonfuls whipped cream or the beaten white of egg. Mold may be tightly sealed and packed in ice and salt if a frozen salad is desired.

KNOX
is the real
GELATINE

CHICKEN MOUSSE
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1/2 cup cold cooked chicken
1/4 cup cold water	1/2 cup almonds
Yolks of three eggs	1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/4 teaspoonful salt	Few grains cayenne
1/4 teaspoonful paprika	1 cup heavy cream
1 cup hot chicken stock	

Beat yolks of eggs slightly, add salt, paprika, and chicken stock slowly. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens; then add gelatine, which has soaked in cold water five minutes. When gelatine has dissolved, add finely chopped chicken, and if desired, chopped almonds. Season highly with salt and a few grains of cayenne. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in cream beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold and chill. Remove to platter and garnish top with lemon slices cut in fancy shapes and sprinkled with chopped parsley, and garnish around base of mold with slices of tomatoes if desired.

Note: Serve as a meat course.

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Best for All Your Baking

"At last—I learn the secret of making good Pie Crust"

(From "Letters to Mother" by a Modern Canadian Housewife)

"Yesterday was Bob's birthday, so I made his favorite Butterscotch Pie. He often hinted I didn't make very good pie crust, but this time he asked for more pie."

How did I learn? Well, I dropped in on Mrs. Dec one day when she was making pies. I knew she made delicious pie crust so I asked her how she made it. "I always use Purity Flour," she said, "on account of its wonderful flavor and reliability."

Mrs. Dec says that tough pastry comes from wet dough and short pastry from dry dough, so now I use water sparingly and always cold water, because by doing so the fat remains more solid, does not soak up into the flour and you have "short pastry." She also said that fat should be worked in by cutting and pinching, not by kneading and pressing, and all the handling should be as light as possible.

How pleased I am Mother, that I have learned the secret of making good pie crust."

Your loving Betty

971

Betty's Recipes

Purity Flour Pie Crust

2 cups Purity Flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup cold water
Mix flour and salt, cutting in the shortening until the mixture is like fine meal. Mix thoroughly with the water. Roll out thin, keeping it quite dry. Make crust for 2 pies. For extra rich pastry use half butter and half lard.

Butterscotch Pie

2 tablespoons Purity Flour
1 cup brown sugar (preferably dark)
1 tablespoon butter
2 egg yolks 1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
Mix ingredients and cook in double boiler. Beat the whites, add sugar and use as a meringue. Whipped cream used in place of the beaten whites makes a delightful variation.

PURITY FLOUR

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Most husbands are like children

MANY a man owes his daily fitness, his success, to the wife who sees that "he takes good care of himself." She watches that he gets enough sleep. She makes up for those easy-to-grab lunches he trusts his health to at noon. She acts as family physician with every meal she serves. And often as not, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is her trusted ally.

For this healthful cereal has been adopted by countless women as the surest, easiest way to insure plenty of daily roughage, lacking in so many foods.

Guaranteed!

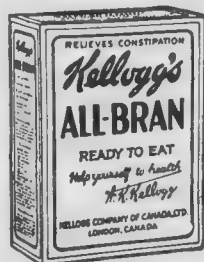
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.

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ALL-BRAN is an inviting cereal to eat with milk or cream. Delicious with fruits or honey added. Sprinkle it into soups too. Use it in cooking—recipes on package.

For health's sake, be sure you get genuine Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Don't risk part-bran substitutes. ALL-BRAN is sold by all grocers. Served at hotels, cafeterias. On diners. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN



takes up her duties as housewife and immediately the meal problem confronts her. If the budget will not permit her to hire a person to do the cooking, she must launch herself in the kitchen, grasp a spoon and a bowl and start mixing. But what? She often hasn't the slightest idea how to combine ingredients. Her friends have given her their favorite recipes, but many of them sound so complicated. However, in a few weeks she can master them with success.

In the meantime the first meals must be simple to give her an opportunity to build up technique in the handling of utensils and foods. Men prefer simple, well cooked dinners to fussy ones, so the wise woman will bear this in mind.

Here is a menu planned to help the new cook prepare a simple dinner:

Mexican Meat Pie Vegetable Salad
Whole Wheat Rolls
Fruit Ambrosia Marguerites
Caffeine-free Coffee

The meat pie, baked in a casserole, will be the main dish of the meal and furnishes both meat and vegetables. Every day a leafy vegetable should be included in the menu. Head lettuce or a cabbage salad may be chosen.

In preparation for the dinner the bride can plan to make dessert in the morning or at noon. Set the ambrosia in the ice box to become thoroughly chilled. The rice for the meat pie can also be cooked early in the day.

The marguerites can be mixed in the morning. To save fuel the oven should be lighted just once, so cover the pans of marguerites, place in the refrigerator, and bake just before dinner. While they are baking, combine the ingredients for the meat pie. The table can be set, flowers arranged, and the salad made by the time that the meat pie is done. About five minutes before the dinner is to be served, pour the boiling water over the coffee and let it steep or percolate from three to five minutes.

The recipe for the dinner menu are as follows:

Mexican Meat Pie

Ham 1/2 lb	Chopped Celery 1 t
Veal 1/2 lb	Bay leaf 1/4
Flour 2 t	Whole clove 1
Fat 1 t	Salt 1/2 t
Onion 1	Mace a few grains
Red pepper 1/2	Pepper a few grains
Tomato 1 c	Boiled rice 1 c

Cut ham and veal in small pieces, roll in flour and brown in fat until golden brown. Remove meat from pan. Put in the chopped onion red pepper, tomatoes, parsley and seasonings. Cook 5 minutes, being careful not to let the mixture brown. Add meat and turn in baking dish. Cover with boiled rice and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) fifty minutes.

Fruit Ambrosia

Sliced canned peaches 1/2 c	Sliced oranges 1/2 c
	Cocoanut 1/2 c

Marguerites

Eggs 2	Salt 1/3 t
Brown sugar 1 c	Nut meats, cut in small pieces 1/2 c
Flour 1/2 c	Bran 1/2 c
Baking powder 1/4 t	

Beat eggs slightly, and add remaining ingredients in the order given. Fill small buttered tins two-thirds full of mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (370°F.) ten to fifteen minutes.

Caffeine-free Coffee

One rounding tablespoon of coffee for each measuring cup of water. Pour boiling water over coffee and let it stand over a very low flame or percolate until of the desired strength (3-5 minutes).

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—J. G. Holland.



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IN tea-cup of boiling water place teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Inhale vapor through paper cone, or by cupping hands to form funnel. Repeat several times a day.



APPLY Mentholatum with finger to inflamed surface inside of nose. Also leave liberal coating on upper lip under nose.

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NAME.....
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A Home From Spain

Continued from page 23

carry out this scheme of color. Lighting is from a central fixture with bracket lights over the working spaces. The pantry is in the same finish. But to return to our stair hall. It is the means of communication between the different rooms, and is the leading decorative motif for the remainder of the house. This hall would give happy

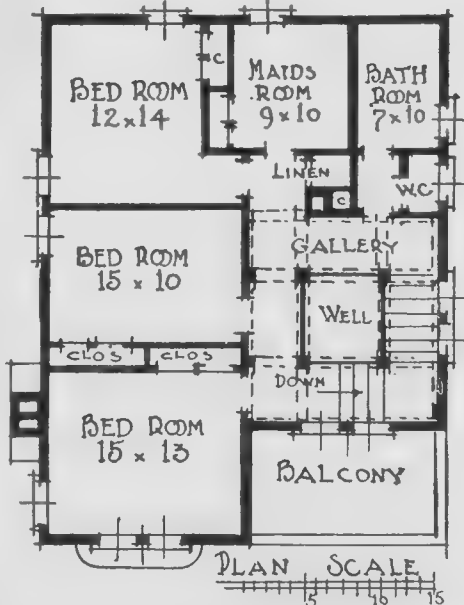
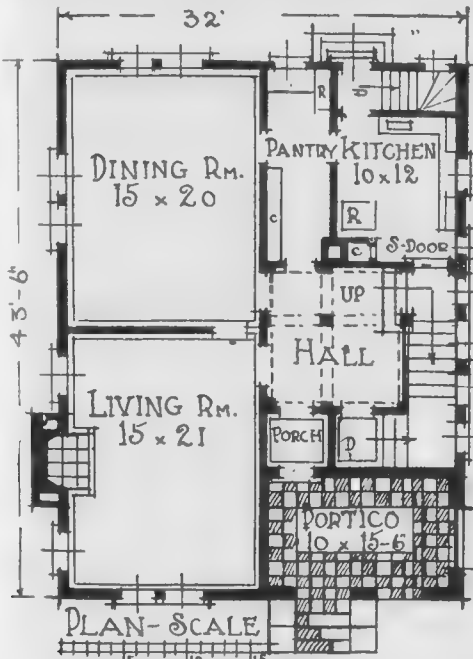
and leading to a small well or catch basin. The open tile pipe will catch the surface water running down the walls and lead it by the tight iron pipes to the catch basin. The cellar stairs open from both kitchen and entry, and high up over them is a small window for ventilation purposes. In the placing of a house on the property, sunlight is an important consideration. Every room should have sunlight at some portion of the day, and before building if at all possible this phase should be studied. In our cities we have zoning laws and restrictions and very important they are, but somehow we have very little interest in anything but the old Mosaic command "Thou shalt not!" Our news items are full of Malls and traffic considerations, but little is said about the congestion of the homes of the everyday people, where the houses front on a Sahara of asphalt all through the summer. In every city I visit I try and see the important buildings and then somehow I go and look at the dwellings of the poor—and wonder why in this country of wide spaces the little children must gasp for breath under a withered gallant old tree that is striving to do its part—or see a soft hearted fireman turn on the hydrant to cool the red hot pavement. Every home in this country should have decent surroundings. A 25 foot lot is a scandal, and it is impossible to give proper lighting to a house on a property of this size. The

ideal position for a living room is on the south side; the dining room west or east. The kitchen should have a northerly exposure. As to the rules of proportion in rooms a great deal depends upon the furnishing. The height of the stories in this home are basement seven feet, the ground floor ten feet, and upstairs eight feet, six inches. In planning a room the furnishing should be well considered. A good way is to get a large scale plan of the house and cut out of cardboard the large pieces of furniture at the same scale as the plan, and place them until the correct position is found. In planning there are usually a number of different solutions for the same problems. This design is capable of many interpretations, but this one appealed to me as a logical solution for our climate.

The bathroom and toilet are entered from a vestibule and the toilet is separate. A back stairs could have

results. First it is designed in the adapted Spanish style; whether, now we are overwhelmed with modernity in our styles I should apologize for writing of following any style, is dubious. Style itself is a gradual evolution. St. Paul's in London only revolves around St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Peter's at Rome derives its inspiration from St. Sophia. Each architect tried to improve upon the others efforts. In this design a flight of stairs rises between square plastered columns with circular heads, leading up past the round headed staircase windows to a gallery which runs three sides of it, and having columns and circular archways the same as below. Between these upstairs columns is wrought iron grill. The plastering of this hall has a roughened effect. I have seen it done by the plasterer taking a piece of burlap or carpet and when the last coat is still moist picking it up with these materials, making an uneven surface which afterwards is colored a dull yellow and then wiped off with a cloth, the deeper color entering the picked up spots, making a dark glow and giving a golden antique ivory effect to the whole decoration. This hall should be an artistic delight if carried out properly. There are no back stairs as the entry from the kitchen is by a sliding panel and steps up to the landing of the main stairs. A stair underneath the main stairway leads to the billiard room, and a word of caution should be given in regard to any living-room in the basement. Many people have contracted rheumatism from having kitchens or other rooms in the basement which have been improperly drained. To make a basement dry is not an involved piece of work if done when the foundation is built. If the walls are of concrete use a very rich mixture of cement; a stone or brick wall should be plastered outside with a coating of 1/2-inch thick of pure cement and then put on several heavy coatings of hot tar. On the concrete floor underneath the finished floor a heavy coat of asphalt should be poured, and around the walls of every house 4 inch unglazed tile, open jointed drains should be placed, with six inches of gravel over them, and connected with heavy iron pipes at proper places going through the wall

been planned by a little re-arrangement of the upstairs plan, but it would have necessitated the inclusion of the toilet in the bathroom, and I considered a separate outside toilet of more convenience than a back stairs, as the front stairs are so accessible from the kitchen. There is also a washroom and toilet in the basement. [Cont. on page 60]



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Chrystal's mother tells secret

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"It is 33 inches long, the color of spun gold, and has won her any number of beauty prizes—including the title of 'Most Perfect Blonde Child' in our town.

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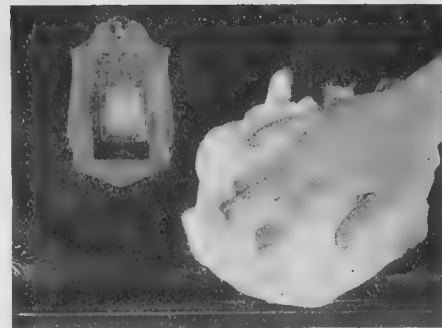
On Board the Graf Zeppelin

Continued from page 33

The ecstasy of triumph gilded for us the glistening Okhotsk Sea as we emerged from the Stanowoi Mountains. Asia conquered by air in 74 hours 49 minutes—5105 miles through uncharted spaces, and another record established which is likely to remain unchallenged for a long time to come. As we sped towards Japan over the familiar-looking ocean, the Siberian coast was swallowed up in white mists like angel wings closing some fantastic dream of sleep. Dream it was—one that I would eagerly live through again.

MONDAY morning revealed Japan, one of the most beautiful garden-countries of the world, lying beneath us. The first Japanese flag, the first salute from Japan excited our three Japanese passengers almost to frenzy. Captain Fujiyoshi of the Japanese Naval Airship, Mr. Enti, and Mr. Kitano, newspapermen of Tokio were as happy as school-boys, and the foreigner rarely sees a Japanese really enjoying himself unrestrainedly. This time it was a most heartsome sight and made us all the more happy and exuberant at our victory. Our time from Berlin to Tokyo was 93 hours 40 minutes—less than four days for a voyage of 6,580 statute miles. We arrived with fuel for another 45 or 46 hours, which means that we could have met almost any emergency on the way, and battered any storm. Saluting the Japanese Air Station Kasuniga Ura first, we flew over Tokio and Yokohama, where the entire population seemed to be massed on the roofs. Each reception seems to be more amazing than the last, but this certainly was unlike anything we ever saw before. The Japanese naval arrangements for us were perfect, due to the fact that Karl von Wiegand had organized everything personally weeks beforehand with the Navy Department in Tokio and that the Japanese were lavishly hospitable towards our silver ship. The slight mishap which delayed our departure from Tokio was nobody's fault. The Japanese were sincerely distressed at first, but Dr. Eckener made it clear that the same thing had happened before, and that in no possible way could anyone be held responsible, or blameworthy. The grilling days in Tokio were hard ones for us who had just come from the bitter cold of Siberia, more or less sleepless, to the August heat of Japan and an incessant round of gaieties, speechmaking, and for von Wiegand and myself, at least—writing lengthy newspaper dispatches every day. Feast succeeded feast, Geisha parties, Embassy receptions, and afternoon party in the Imperial Palace, delegations of well-wishers to be received, speeches to be listened to and made, interviews to be given, interminable photographs taken, the round started about ten in the morning and ended at all hours of the night, Tokio went Zeppelin-mad. The Zeppelin inflamed the imagination of the Japanese people until they threatened to kill us with kindness and parties. Everything the Zeppelin party did was rushed into special editions which sold like wildfire. The delay beyond the days of reception gave us an opportunity to see more of Tokio and of our friends, and probably did more for international relations than anything else. We left Japan with real regret, but eager enthusiasm for the next and third stage of our world-flight—the unconquered Pacific. Messages were sent at first by "pigeon-post," back to Tokio. Until we began to get too close on the heels of the storm which had delayed our departure a few hours. Between 6.45 p.m. and 7.15 p.m. on the 23rd August we ran into the worst storm we had encountered on the world flight. Almost since our departure, storm clouds had been gathering darkly. Dr. Eckener warned the passengers they might expect a shaking-up. Suddenly the storm-furies caught us in their murderous embraces. Lightning flashed about us, and lightning is one of the great dangers of a hydrogen ship. I stood in the navigation room

[Continued on page 55]



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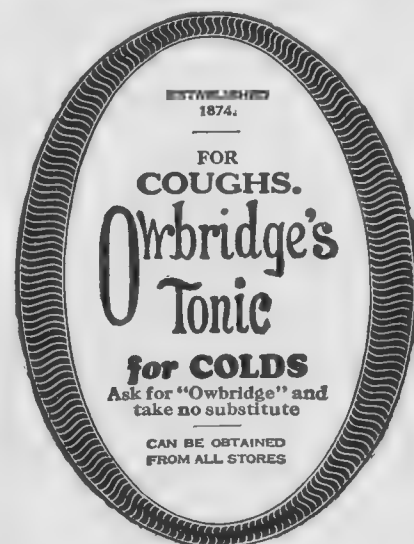
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On Board the Graf Zeppelin

Continued from page 54

beside Dr. Seilkopf, the meteorologist, watching the storm-play in the angry skies, and witnessed his quiet joy as the first star glittered through the obscurity. The greater part of the Pacific crossing was spent in fog, hiding both sky and ocean from our eyes. But in the Zeppelin even fog is not monotonous. Travelling at 70 or 80 miles an hour through the clouds, sometimes above them, offers an ever-changing picture. Clouds are always beautiful, always different, always eloquent. We were never "bored," as so many people have suggested to us. The Pacific was cold and damp, and of course there is no heating at all in our "flying tent," so we wrap up warmly and do not undress at night if it is very cold. Dr. Eckener fell ill—ptomaine poisoning, and his weakness and indisposition were aggravated by unjust and unjustifiable telegrams from Germany, which upset him very much. We had several casualties on the Pacific. Baron von Perckhammer fainted and was weak for the rest of the trip; Eschwege sprained his foot and could not get about; a member of the crew cut his knuckles open. Ernst cut himself badly. Richardson had been ill over Siberia, but that was through trying to take a bath on a cold night in the hand basin.

EVENING of the 26th August found us over San Francisco, less jubilant than awed by the unearthly glory of the Golden Gate afire with the molten setting sun. Just before dusk the great yellow disk began to assume the richer hues of a Pacific sunset. From the haze tinged with all the magnificence of a fire opal, majestically emerged the green hills sown with the clustering city, at whose feet the blue Pacific advances, retires, and advances again. More fervent than merely golden, the Golden Gate gleamed with evening fire, while heather-purple hills beyond borrowed the elusiveness of the rainbow. Los Angeles by night, a diamond-studded bridal veil spread over the world, that is what it looked like to us from above. Electric advertisements gleaming ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz like precious gems in a rare setting. Comical was the luminous impression made by moving automobiles. We could not see the actual cars, but only each headlight and the dimmer shaft of light it throws, for all the world like armies of lustrous caterpillars with bright heads moving in formation.

Los Angeles for one day, and what a day it was! Wonderful hospitality in this city of sunshine, flowers and smiles. We were deluged in all three. Our departure nearly ended the world flight in catastrophe, and shocked even the hardest aboard, not even excepting Dr. Eckener himself. The ship was heavy on account of the warm climate and it had difficulty in rising. Calculations were evidently made without taking into consideration—if it was known—that there was a strata of warmer air not very high above the ground air, which naturally would cause us to drop. We took off, rose, and just near some high-tension wires struck the warm strata, causing the ship to sink. The Zeppelin's nose was above the sinister warning—red lights, her tail was dragging. Frozen with horror we saw from the gondola windows that death in awful guise awaited us the moment that the hydrogen-inflated airship would touch the wires—and touch the wires it must, so it seemed. With that almost superhuman instinct he possesses, Dr. Eckener guided his son Knut at the elevator wheel to perform a daring unprecedented feat of navigation. With one lusty turn of the wheel, Knut forced the Zeppelin's nose groundwards against all known rules of airship navigation—thereby thrusting the tail upward and clearing the death-dealing wires by a matter of a few feet. We had mentally said good-bye to life during those few seconds, and the effect of this narrowly-escaped disaster rather sobered down the travellers for some hours.

CONTRARY to the general impression the trans-continental voyage across America was the most shaky and bumpy

of all. We even had to substitute aluminum plates on the table for porcelain, so great was the motion. Some of the passengers began to look rather seasick, but none actually succumbed. On the 27th August the table appointments were threatened several times, the bad weather which started about four in the morning lasted twelve hours or more. A great deal of the motion was due to the fact that the Graf has small stabilizing fins, which render the airship more mobile in the winds, and allow it to give way before gusts and storms, thus avoiding stress. The new Zeppelin, to be ready next year, will have larger stabilizing fins, to hold it steadier in storm, but as there will be that much more stress on the ship, it will have to be proportionately stronger in structure. However, in some of the worst storms we feel no motion at all, for the airship rises up bodily and horizontally. In one of the storms over the Pacific, the Zeppelin shot up 400 feet in a few seconds without anybody noticing it at all, and at one time over New Mexico and Arizona, it pitched to an angle of 18 degrees, something which Dr. Eckener said he had never known before. The flight over America was intensely interesting from the weather point of view. Flying over mountains into a 25 to 30-mile gusty, turbulent head-wind; somewhere in Texas a rifle-shot was fired at the ship, but this was not discovered until arrival at Lakehurst, where it was found that the bullet had pierced the Zeppelin from side to side. Our route lay from Los Angeles to San Diego, across to the Mexican side of the boundary to get around an electrical storm; came back to the American side near Yuma, Arizona, proceeded eastwards to El Paso, turned northeast over a corner of Texas through Kansas to Kansas City, to Chicago, via Davenport, Iowa. From Chicago over the edge of Lake Michigan to Detroit, thence over Lake Erie to Cleveland, south to Akron, where the new American Zeppelins are being built and from there almost straight east to New York. Our time from Los Angeles to New York was 51 hours 35 minutes covering a land mileage of approximately 3,000 miles, that is, we travelled 35 hours faster than the fastest express trains and in no less comfort, with plenty of baggage, luxurious food, comfortable sleeping accommodation and superb, uninterrupted views all the time. I should mention that from Los Angeles we had no washing water, but that was the only time we were so inconvenienced and nobody complained. In the frantic endeavor to get the Zeppelin over the high-tension wires, water ballast had been thrown over and the little remaining was required for landing at Lakehurst. We were allowed a small glass of water each day for washing in. During the whole three weeks of the trip no one was bored, or at least to know how to spend the time. I did not see one game of cards, chess or dominoes. Maps, notebooks, cameras kept them all occupied and happy. Crew and passengers lived in these close quarters in utmost harmony. There was not the slightest sign of discord or disagreement, everyone was friendly and mutually helpful, interested and absorbed by the wonderful pioneer trip. For the first time in the history of mankind, the continent of Asia and the Pacific Ocean have been conquered by air. The glory of our meteor-Zeppelin, blazoning the "Golden Riband" of the air will not so easily be dimmed. Footsteps in the sand, ship's paths upon the ocean, the Zeppelin's passage through the air, even though they do not register in or upon the elements, are writ indelibly on memory's tablets, the log-book of accomplishment and history's scroll of fame. In vain Boreas and Zephyr blow with fury or seek to charm us from our path with soft caress. Stronger than tempestuous gales obliterating at Zeus' command our new-made highway through the airy element, will be the arms of strong men piloting, navigating aircraft in our wake, keeping open, widening, our pioneer track. The New Adventure is the trackless adventure of the pathless spaces.

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Warning. Extravagant claims are being made for so-called modern, non-poisonous antiseptics. Your own doctor will tell you that. Some are virtually useless. After 40 years, the weight of medical opinion is that nothing has been found to take the place of "Lysol"—and today the world uses over 7 million gallons a year.



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Please send me, free, your booklet; "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

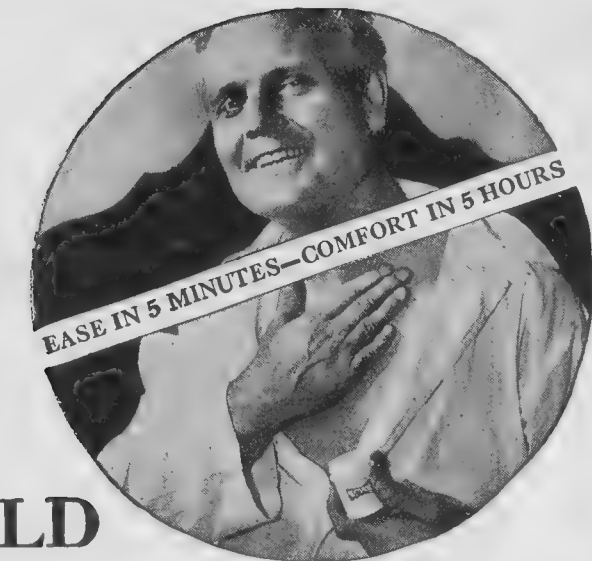
Name..... Street.....

City.....Prov.....

Stop that COLD ... before it stops you!

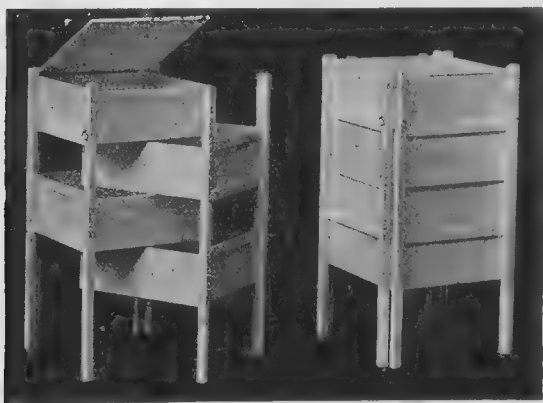
COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous—rub Musterole on these parts at the first snuffle—it will relieve congestion by stimulating blood circulation.

But don't be satisfied with the noticeable relief you should experience from the first Musterole rub—**apply it every hour for five hours** and you'll be amazed at the result!



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Every home needs this handy, compact, wardrobe for baby's clothes. Keeps tiny clothes neat and clean—where you want them, when you want them.

See it at Better Class Furniture Stores, or write for catalogue No. 30 and name of nearest dealer.

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See also the NEW "L.T." Cribs. They're deeper—Baby just can't fall out.

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Healthy, Charming and Lasting Irish Linen Tablecloths, Napkins, Sheets, Pillowcases, Towels and Fancy Linens are indispensable in the particular home. Linen is hygienic and Robinson & Cleaver's is the finest linen produced.



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Special Offer of Fine Linen Table Sets, with attractive coloured borders of green, pink or gold. Each set comprises 1 Lunch or Tea Cloth, 54 x 54 ins. and 6 Serviettes 12 x 12 ins. The Set in Box \$1.75

The Right People

Continued from page 15

do you any good?" "It saved the silver," Charlie answered. "He said he didn't know it was my house and anyhow the silver wasn't worth enough to bother with. So he went away."

"GOOD night," said Helen, sinking back into the pillows.

"Good night, dear," Charlie said, kissed his wife, and went into his own room for his final smoke.

"Please, Charlie," Helen McDougall pleaded the next morning, "tell me who the man in the Rolls-Royce was."

"Not yet," parried Charlie. "I'm going to find out whether he meant that dinner invitation, first. If he did, you'll know who he is; if he didn't—well, probably in time you'll worm it out of me, but I'll do my best to keep my secret. Because you might be unhappy about it."

Which was all Helen got out of Charlie that morning.

"IT'S all right about that dinner invitation," said Charlie, when he came home at night. "We are to dine with my friend and his wife tomorrow evening at 7.30."

"Then you'll tell me now, I hope, who he is."

"Why, yes, I guess so. His name is Vandergelt."

Helen's eyes opened wide—her mouth, too.

"Vandergelt! Not Hobart Vandergelt—the banker!"

"Yeah, that's the man. Fine fellow—just a regular guy when you know him."

"And he wants us to come to dinner tomorrow?"

"That's what he said this morning when I telephoned him."

Mrs. McDougall gazed at her husband in admiring amazement. "Why didn't you tell me you knew him?"

"I dunno. Fellow gets to know so many people here and there at ball games and lunch and around — and ninety times out of a hundred that's all it amounts to. You talk to 'em and get a sort of idea of their slant on things and maybe learn a new story or two and otherwise they're nothing in your life. Still, it's handy once in a while, if you know a lot of folks. Take that burglar, now—"

"What'll I wear tomorrow night," fretted Helen. "Dining with the Vandergelts!" She rolled the phrase deliciously under her tongue. "I haven't a thing—" "Wear your other evening gown," said Charlie. "It's new and just as smart as anybody's and if you think I can dig up a hundred or so for a new frock you're all wrong, honey, all wrong. The Vandergelts won't expect you to be dogged up like a dress model—they know I'm not a Wall Street millionaire. Besides, that little dress is a peach and you look like a million dollars in it, anyhow."

With which Helen had to be satisfied. "But I do wish," she sighed, "that I had my necklace and my ring. It's too bad that holdup man wasn't a friend of yours, too."

"Yes," said Charlie, maliciously, "that is unfortunate. As you say, I don't know enough of the right people."

Helen made a face at him.

The Vandergelt home on North Washington Square proved to be an abode of spacious comfort and quiet affluence.

There were no liveried servants. A smiling, white-haired old negro opened the door and ushered the McDougalls into a library filled with books to the ceiling.

Helen glanced about.

"Oh, Charlie," she said, "this is lovely. So—so homelike; I was afraid of a palace."

"You wouldn't need to be afraid of a flock of palaces," said Charlie, his eyes dwelling proudly on his pretty spouse.

"You are a dear," responded his wife, and impulsively she kissed him—just as Mr. and Mrs. Vandergelt entered.

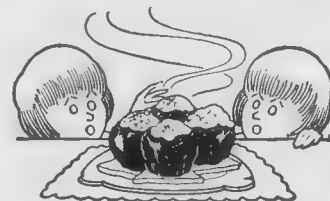
The blush that mantled Helen's cheeks did her beauty no harm in the eyes of host and hostess, and their greeting was as friendly and democratic as the greetings of good people meeting good people should always be [Cont'd on page 16]

GENUINE RADIOTRONS
AT ALL DEALERS



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maximum
sensitivity
that's why
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Westinghouse
TUBES IN EVERY SOCKET



Sausage apples—
better with

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You can tell this is good from reading how it is made!

Core 6 apples, score skin around center Mix 1/2 teaspoon Mapleine in 1 cup water moisten 1 cup sausage meat with part of liquid. Season to taste. Stuff sausage meat into center of apples, place in baking dish; pour remaining Mapleine-water in bottom of dish. Bake in moderate oven, basting until apples are tender. Serve each apple on slice of buttered toast, pouring liquid over.

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The Great White Liniment

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

Something Different

Don't fail to read the March number of the Western Home Monthly, which will contain the opening chapters of an outstanding new serial—"No Defence", by Sir Gilbert Parker.

The Right People

Continued from page 56

It was a successful dinner. Only the dignified butler to serve in the intimate dining-room which the Vandergelts used for smaller functions—and a mead of simple excellence, such as these two people who could afford to outdo Luculus preferred.

Helen found herself chatting with Mrs. Vandergelt as unaffectedly as she would with the wife of Billy Underwood, her particular friend in Yardmore, and Charlie—Charlie told his stories to the deep laughter of Vandergelt and the frank appreciation of Mrs. Vandergelt. And when the coffee and cigarettes were served in the wonderful library, Charlie, spurred by a chance query of Mr. Vandergelt, told the tale of their adventures on the night of the encounter in the theatre traffic.

He told it well, with such humorous observation and deftness, so that this auditors chuckled and smiled and laughed through the recital, and Helen found herself glowing with pride in her husband.

Yet she realized that Charlie was really talking no better than he had on countless occasions before — occasions when she felt a desire to repress his exuberance, and curb the ebullience of his social manner.

Why, she thought, Charlie was just natural—that was all. And his whole charm lay in the fact of his naturalness. He got along with people because he couldn't help getting along with people—all kinds of people. All at once it came to her that you might as well ask the sun to discriminate between shining on weeds and flowers, as to expect Charlie to discriminate between "right people" and wrong people. He was Charlie, her husband—and if he wasn't a social asset, well—

But he was a social asset. My goodness, how Mr. Vandergelt's eyes were sparkling as he listened, and how Mrs. Vandergelt was leaning forward, intent on Charlie's story, forgetting her coffee, and letting her cigarette burn untouched on the tray.

"Well," observed Mr. Vandergelt, finally, "you had a full evening, didn't you?"

"Full is right," said Charlie. "Still, it all goes to prove that you never can tell what knowing people will get you."

"You seem to know plenty of them," commented Mrs. Vandergelt. "And it does make life interesting, doesn't it? I sometimes think that people like us miss a lot because circumstances make it more or less impossible to have a broader acquaintance. I know I'm often accused of snobishness—but the truth is that I'm simply forced to discriminate rather narrowly because custom and tradition play such a part in the life of a banker's wife."

"It's a great thing, in some ways, to be nobody," said Charlie. "I'd be a total failure as a bank president because I couldn't keep my dignity. After about three days of it the janitor would come blowing into my office, sit on the corner of my desk and say: 'Charlie, how about us knocking off and taking in a ballgame this afternoon?'"

"And I'd walk out on some millionaire who happened to bore me, to go to the game—and lose a million-dollar loan."

Vandergelt slapped his knee and roared.

Charlie reached in his pocket for a match—force of habit, for there were plenty at his elbow—and a grin flickered across his face.

"My gosh," he chuckled, "I clean forgot the finish of my story."

He put his hand back in his pocket and took out two rings and a necklace, which he tossed into Helen's lap.

"Wh-where did you get these?" asked Helen, staring at her jewels thus restored.

"Well, as I failed to say in my story, my friend the burglar happened to recognize my description of the stick-up man. And inasmuch as he felt he had something coming from that particular

crook—he got 'em back for me. I got 'em from him at lunch today. And I promised to go fifty-fifty with him on the money he got back for me—and here it is."

He displayed three hundred-dollar bills.

"But I thought you said the hold-up man only took two hundred?" said Mrs. Vandergelt.

"That's all he did take," Charlie admitted, "but it seems that in the course of the negotiations my burglar's dip friend lifted \$1,200 off the stick-up. He kept \$600 himself, gave my burglar friend \$600 and Tony, the burglar, seemed to think he had to split that fifty-fifty just the same. I protested, but he shoved it into my pocket just as I was going out—and ducked. What could I do?"

Vandergelt laughed again.

"Cops, taxi-drivers, burglars, panhandlers, millionaires, bankers, bootleggers, chauffeurs—are there any kind of people you don't know?"

Charlie considered a moment.

Then: "I don't think I know any man-milliners," he said seriously.

Vandergelt's full-throated bellow almost shook some of the books off the shelves.

"Look here, McDougall," he said, as he wiped his eyes, "in our bank we have a lot of experts. Experts on exchange, experts on bonds, experts on loans, experts on foreign and domestic tradesmen who know railroads, industries, agriculture. But we're short in one department—in fact, we haven't any such department. And we need it. We need it because banking is growing more and more a public matter—and it's necessary for a bank as big as our to understand the public we're dealing with."

"We need men who know people—all kinds of people. We need to know what they're thinking, and why they're thinking that way, and what they want and—well, we want to know them. We've got to know them."

"Would you be interested in coming with us as—humanity expert? I believe we wouldn't quarrel about the money end of it."

Charlie blinked. He swallowed. His usually ready tongue failed him.

"B-b-but I don't know anything about banking," he stammered.

"I don't give a whoop what you know or don't know about banking," said Vandergelt. "We've plenty of men who know that. What we want is a man who knows people—who's interested in people."

"Well, of course, I know a lot of people," said Charlie. "And I'm interested in them—why, you see, Mr. Vandergelt, I can't help it—they're so—so interesting. But, at that, what'd I do in the bank?"

"It's what you'd do outside the bank that we'd be interested in."

"You'd do just about what you do in the hosiery business, or rather, as a side issue of the hosiery business. You'd lunch with truck-drivers, and clerks and cloak operators and play pool with painters and carpenters, and go right on getting acquainted with ball-players and ball fans, and when we wanted to know how people felt about things, we'd ask you. We wouldn't want you to spy, you understand—just go on being yourself and making friends and knowing people and giving us the benefit of that knowledge. I figure that ought to be worth about twenty-five thousand a year to us—"

"Twenty-five thousand a year!" repeated Charlie, his eyes fairly popping. "Just for being friendly with folks!"

He swallowed a couple of times.

Then his old grin came back.

"Pretty soft, I calls it," he said; "you've hired me."

"It all goes to show," said Charlie, as he hugged his wife brazenly in the taxicab, "that you've got the correct dope, sweetheart. There's nothing like knowing the right people."



"Let's build a snowman

RIGHT IN THE YARD"

GRAND SPORT—but, such painfully chapped hands afterwards! Cover them gently with soothing Hinds Cream and the sting leaves instantly. The chapping soon heals. Better still, rub a little Hinds Cream on the youngsters' hands—and on your own, too—before going out into the cold. Hinds Cream not only relieves chapping—it prevents it! It keeps hands (and ankles, too, in these days of sheer stockings) smooth and lovely, free from any trace of roughness or redness. You'll find Hinds Cream at the nearest drug counter—or we'll gladly mail you a generous sample bottle.



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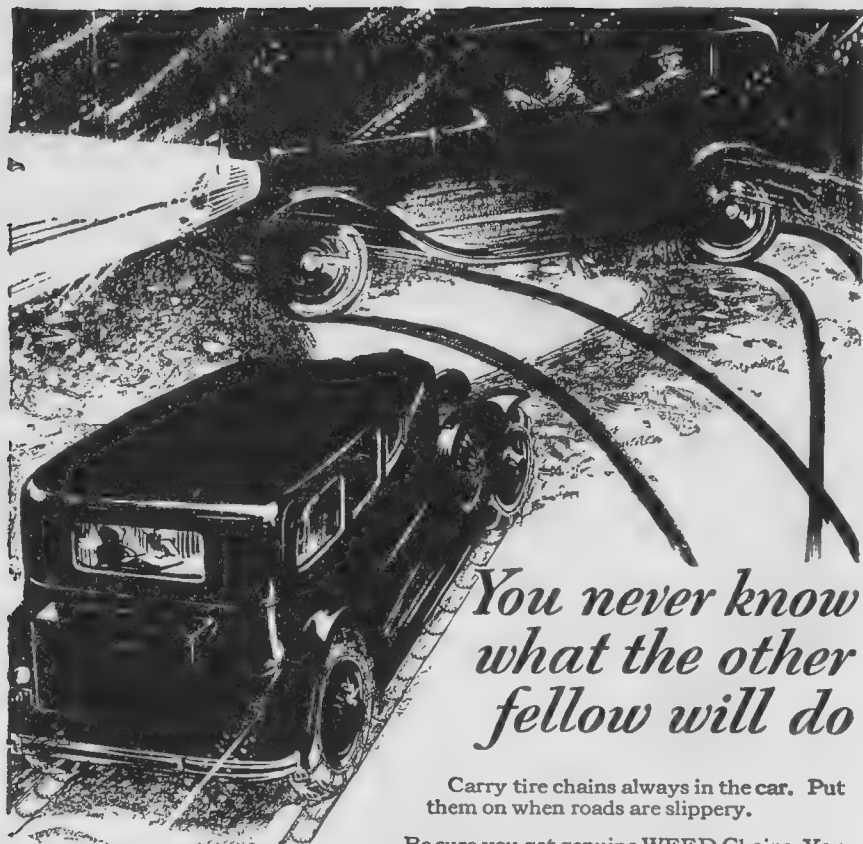
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Be sure you get genuine WEED Chains. You can tell genuine WEED Chains at a glance. Hardened steel cross chains are brass-plated; connecting hooks are red; every cross chain has word "WEED" stamped into the metal.

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WEED CHAINS



Royal Bank Annual Statement

For the first time in her history, Canada has a bank with total assets in excess of one billion dollars. The annual statement which is now being forwarded to shareholders by The Royal Bank of Canada shows assets as of November 30th of \$1,001,442,741, a gain of \$92,046,856 over November, 1928. In addition to reporting profits of \$7,145,137 that constitute a new record in the history of Canadian banking, the statement contains evidence of the exceptional strength of the bank.

Strong Liquid Position.

Liquid assets amount to \$409,275,965, an amount equal to 46.91% of liabilities to the public. Cash on hand and in banks amounts to \$157,632,114. This is equivalent to 18.07% of the bank's liabilities to the public. The principal items among the liquid assets are: Dominion and Provincial Government securities of \$96,543,143, Canadian municipal and British, colonial and foreign public securities \$17,400,156, railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks \$15,468,621. Call loans in Canada are practically unchanged as compared with a year ago, while those abroad show an increase of over \$22,000,000.

From the business viewpoint, the extent to which the bank has taken care of the increased commercial requirements of its customers is a matter of special interest. Commercial loans in Canada now total \$364,055,352, as compared with \$292,315,472, an increase for the year of more than \$71,000,000.

Deposits bearing interest have continued to show substantial gains and now stand at \$591,380,470, an increase of \$67,728,562 during the year, while non-interest bearing deposits amount to \$180,707,298, compared with \$183,814,937 a year ago.

Profit and Loss Account.

Shareholders will be particularly interested in the showing made in the profit and loss account, earnings for the year having amounted to \$7,145,137, as compared with \$5,881,253 in the previous year, a gain of \$1,263,884. Increased profits are due to the larger amount of business handled during the year, as well as the greater supply of funds made available through the recent increase in capital. Profits for the year, when added to the amount carried forward from the previous year, made the total available for distribution \$9,506,223. This was applied as follows: Dividends and bonus \$4,722,071; transferred to officers' pension fund, \$200,000; appropriation for bank premises, \$400,000, and reserve for Dominion taxes, \$610,000, leaving a balance to be carried forward of \$3,574,151, as against \$2,361,085 at the end of the previous year, an increase of \$1,213,066.

During the year the paid-up capital of the bank was increased by \$5,000,000 to \$35,000,000. At the same time premium on new stock permitted of a similar addition to reserve fund, and this now stands equal to capital at \$35,000,000.



IT IS now an opportune time to take stock of the financial and economic conditions which have prevailed in Canada during the past year, and also to examine briefly the prospects for the New Year. Possibly uppermost in the minds of all has been the sudden crash which startled investors, towards the end of the year, which crash has had the effect of obliterating from our minds a true conception of the progress which has been made during the past year.

Generally speaking, 1929 was a year of progress and development, and in spite of a falling speculative market business conditions remained sound. The monthly review of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics points out that industrial expansion was characteristic for the first nine months of the year and the result was that the chief factors of economic progress reached new high records, surpassing all preceding years of Canadian history. It further asserts that the industries showing outstanding progress during 1929 included the metal mining group with marked expansion in the production of copper and nickel, while most of the metals showed gains over 1928. The automobile industry operated at a high rate of capacity during the first half of the year, while the decline in the latter half was in excess of the seasonal tendency. The oil industry enjoyed a prosperous year with the volume of distribution far in excess of any preceding year. The rubber industry was especially active during the early months of 1929. The iron and steel industry, favored with liberal orders from the principal users, operated until recently at a high rate of capacity.

A striking example of the prosperity of the country is evidenced in the reduction of the Dominion net debt, and in matters of Federal taxation. The Province of Ontario has been able to declare the largest surplus on record. Other provinces, even where surpluses have not been declared, show favorable reductions in taxation and at the same time increasing public services.

Agricultural interests, particularly in the West, have not been so fortunate. The field crops of 1929 were considerably below those of 1928 and even in spite of the higher price the value will be at least 12 per cent below that of last year. Consequent upon a low yield of grain and the delay which ensued in the sale of grain to some countries, the railways suffered, and their gross earnings have shown a considerable diminution. This in turn has brought about a certain amount of unemployment, the absence of which had been one of the outstanding characteristics of the preceding months. There is a strong probability that this situation will not be righted until well on in the New Year. In some of the larger towns there have been parades of unemployed, and little relief seems to be in immediate view. Civic and Provincial authorities seem to be of the opinion that this question of unemployment is a matter for the Federal Government, and many resolutions have been sent forward to Ottawa demanding relief, particularly for returned soldiers.

The Bank of Montreal monthly letter, after referring to the dark side of the industrial and commercial picture, as seen in the short harvest, the delayed shipment of wheat and the loss of rail and lake traffic and the lack of employment, shows that there are compensations. It reports that on the bright side there is continuous mining development, much construction, both present and prospective of buildings and engineering works, important railway projects shortly to be begun, the newspaper industry reaching new peaks of output each month, the iron and steel industries

well employed, and above all an abiding faith that the material progress of Canada is not to be stayed. It states that bank note circulation at the close of October was at a high point; that commodity prices have tended slightly downward in an orderly way; that textile industries are working at fairly good capacity; that Hydro-Electric power production steadily increases and finds a new market while larger new projects are in the making.

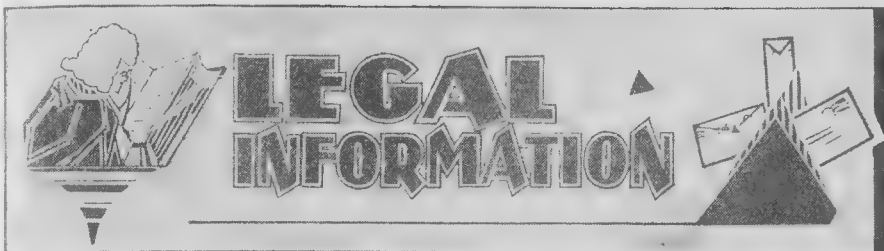
OF INTEREST to the financial world during the past year has been the reconstruction of the capital of corporations whose shares are held by the public at large. The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Canada Bread Company, Sherwin Williams Company of Canada, Maple Leaf Milling Company, International Petroleum, Canadian Car and Foundry, Bell Telephone Company, have split up their stock and have given additional rights to their shareholders. Other concerns have added to their capitalization in a marked degree; of which probably the most outstanding has been the Bell Telephone Company which issued \$61,000,000 out of a new authorized capital of \$75,000,000, and which also issued \$15,000,000 of 5 per cent First Mortgage Bonds. These figures almost stagger the mind of the ordinary reader but they do tend to show the tremendous development which has taken place in industrial matters during the year, a development which we believe has been well grounded and will be fully justified in the years to come.

What of the future? Are we to have a period of retrogression, slowness and general depression, or are we to witness the same striking advance as was evidenced during the early part of 1929? After an analysis of various articles and a consideration of the statements of industrial and financial leaders we have come to the conclusion that the course which will have to be charted will lie midway between these two extremes.

In a syndicated article appearing in the leading American and Canadian newspapers. Colonel L. P. Ayres, who is the vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, makes the following forecast for 1930:

1. Short-term interest rates will probably have a downward trend as we enter the early months of 1930, changing to a rising one before the close of the year.
2. Production of cars and trucks will probably fall below that of 1929.
3. Building construction will probably not differ from that of 1929 by more than 5 per cent.
4. Stock prices in the closing months of 1930 will probably be well above the levels of the closing months of 1929, but still below the recent high levels.
5. The total output of iron and steel in 1930 will probably be distinctly less.
6. It seems unlikely that the cost of living will change much in 1930.
7. Average wholesale prices of non-agricultural commodities in 1930 will probably be less than in 1929, but not by more than 5 per cent.
8. It is likely that there will be more unemployment in the early months of 1930 than in the corresponding months of 1929, but with conditions improving as the year advances.
9. Average industrial wage rates will probably not differ by more than 3 per cent from 1929.
10. The net profits of industrial corporations in 1930 will probably be distinctly less than in 1929.

In similar strain the Royal Bank of Canada in its annual review of business conditions claims that price levels in Canada are well in line with price levels in other [Continued on page 64]



This Department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

A FARMER with a team of horses and a truck wagon was hauling hogs to a railway station in an Ontario town. In the railway yard near the main line, was a siding near which was a cattle pen in which live stock was placed for loading into cars on the siding. The farmer drove his team to the cattle pen and tied the lines to the front stay of his own truck wagon. He then went to the rear of the truck wagon to unload the hogs.

There was quite a lot of shipping traffic in the railway yard near the cattle pen and a regular train, which had come in shortly afterwards, commenced shunting cars on the siding. This shunting frightened the farmer's horses and they bolted and ran. The farmer gave chase but on account of the congestion of traffic was unable to catch them. The team ran out of the railway yard into the main street and collided with, and did damage to a motor car which was parked there.

The owner of the motor car sued the farmer for damages to his motor car and the court held that he was liable on the following grounds:

It held that the farmer knew of the arrival of the particular train and of the reasonable possibility of the shunting of cars, and also that the railway yard was congested with shipping traffic. With this knowledge he proceeded to unload his hogs while the train was in the station, at the same time leaving his horses untied and unattended at their heads. In addition to this the farmer, having gone to the rear of his wagon, had placed himself in such a position in regard to his team that it was out of his power to control them in case of an emergency.

The court further held that it was his duty to have taken all precautions under the circumstances, and that had he done so even to a small degree the probabilities were that the accident would not have happened. It was this lack of reasonable care in not anticipating and guarding against the danger arising from the shunting of cars, that induced the court to hold him liable.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Castor, Alberta.

(Q) We bought a quarter from the School Lands which had been formerly rented by a farmer. We have just recently sold a straw pile threshed by the renter two years ago to another farmer. Since then the farmer who rented the quarter two years ago claims the straw. Who does the straw belong to?—J.H.F.

(A) The renter would originally have owned the straw pile. His ownership might be modified by the terms of his lease, so that if he did not remove the straw it might have reverted to the Government. We believe, however, that the straw would still belong to the renter. However, if his lease has expired he is no longer entitled to possession and you, as the present owner, would be quite justified in removing the straw and charging the expense of removal to the former renter.

We imagine that the straw would be worth very little more than the cost of removing it so that the claim of the renter would be very small against you. In any event his claim could only be for the present value of the straw less your costs of removing same.

Elk Point, Alberta.

(Q) I am not in business but through a friend, made a purchase from a wholesale house of a dining-room suite, which amounted to several hundred dollars, issuing cheque for full amount of purchase, expecting to have it shipped. This occurred about six months ago. I never received my purchase. I wrote the

company about five weeks ago; they replied saying it would be shipped shortly. In the meantime they assigned.

Could I claim full amount paid them? Do you think I would get it by taking action?—M.I.

(A) The usual rule in bankruptcy proceedings is that once a firm makes an assignment, no further court proceedings are competent for any creditor without the permission of the Supreme Court.

This rule is subject to this important principle, that the creditor is entitled to pursue his action at law when the subject matter of the creditor's claim is a claim for specific performance of a contract. In your case you purchased certain goods and paid for them and certainly if the goods are in the possession of the bankrupt you have the right to claim them from the trustee. Even if the goods are not yet in the possession of the bankrupt, we believe that you would have at least a good chance of requiring the trustee to complete the contract and deliver the goods to you. If you make claim against the trustee for delivery of the furniture you might refer the trustee to the case decided by the Manitoba Court of Appeal in *Re Western Canada Pulpwood and Lumber Company, Newton vs Manitoba Pulp and Paper Company Limited, 1929, 3 W.W.R. 544*, and to the relevant sections of the Alberta Sale of Goods Act.

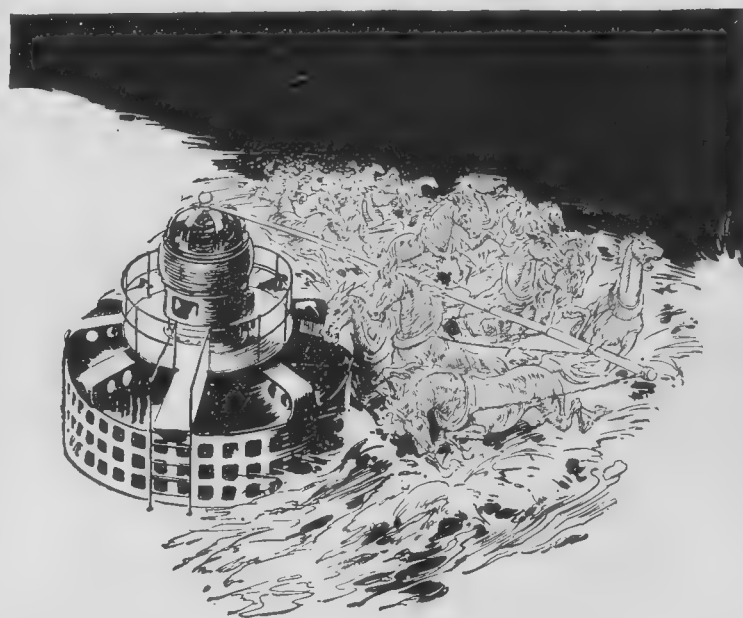
In any event you have the right to file your claim with the trustee for the amount of your payment. The amount paid to you by the trustee in the shape of a dividend will depend upon whatever is realized from the disposition of the assets of the firm. We would advise you not to file your claim until you are satisfied that the goods have not been received by the firm before bankruptcy.

Sunnynook, Alberta.

(Q) Can the Council in an Alberta Municipality assess land for more than the market value of same? I have a list of 15 quarter sections that were sold in the last two years in this vicinity and these brought an average price of \$460.00 per quarter. The average assessment per quarter is \$1,100.00. The Council refused to lower the assessments. What steps can I take to correct this?—M.B.

(A) The Municipal Act requires the Council to assess land at the actual value. Naturally there is likely to be some diversity of opinion as to this value, but certainly a very important factor to consider in fixing the value is the actual price obtained upon sales of land in the immediate vicinity. We do not know whether there have been unusually unfavorable conditions in your district during the past two years. These would temporarily depress the price of the land. However, if fifteen quarter sections have been sold in your vicinity for an average price of \$460.00 the assessment by the council seems to be quite out of all reason.

It may be that all land in the municipality is assessed upon a similar inflated value and if all the assessment was revised to be about equal to sale prices, then there would still be no reduction in your taxes because all the assessed values would be reduced in value proportionately. The Municipal Act provides that even if land be assessed at more than its actual value, still the assessed value should not be reduced if all similar land in the district is assessed at the same value. In other words, you are not likely to be entitled to a reduction in assessed value if all land in the Municipality of equal value to yours is assessed at the same amount as yours is assessed. If, however, other land is assessed [Continued on page 63]



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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital \$10,000,000 Reserve \$20,000,000
Resources \$275,000,000

General Office, Toronto—J. A. McLeod, General Manager

903

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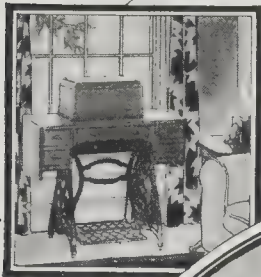
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MOST women are surprised when they see the modern Singer. For this table model is a piece of fine furniture, appropriate for any room in the house. But if you would experience the thrill of a real surprise, sit down with your sewing and *feel* the difference between this Singer Electric and any sewing machine you have ever used. The moment you press the speed control and sense the quiet, eager response, you will realize that your faithful old treadle machine is utterly obsolete. Never again will you be content to treadle with tiring feet. Now silent, hidden power is ready and waiting to do all the work for you. Now you can have clothes in abundance for yourself and the children, curtains and draperies for your home. For with a modern Singer Electric you can make them quickly, perfectly and with effortless ease.

But you yourself must see and feel the amazing difference between the old and the new. That is why we invite you to take any modern Singer into your home and try it without the slightest obligation. An authorized, bonded Singer Representative will bring you the model of your choice and give you an interesting demonstration. Or any Singer Shop, if you will simply telephone or call, will send you a machine to try at home on the Self Demonstration Plan.

FREE INSTRUCTION IN HOME SEWING... Many Singer shops in Canada are now offering free Home Sewing Courses with the new Singer Sewing Machines and all shops furnish instruction in machine sewing and complete sets of the Singer Sewing Library. Ask any Singer Shop or Representative about the instruction service available in your community—and for a free copy of "How to Make Dresses," "How to Make Children's Clothes," "How to Make Draperies," or "Short Cuts to Home Sewing."

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Shadowland

Continued from page 12

"Applause" are done in pantomime. The dialogue merely aids the story, strengthening the characterizations here and there.

The Love Parade

THE white-headed boy of Parisian music halls, Maurice Chevalier, did not have much opportunity to display his talents in his first film production, that banal "Innocents of Paris." "The Love Parade" is better, and audiences on this side of the water will see that artful, sophisticated comedy of which Chevalier is master. Jeannette McDonald, who plays the leading female role, fresh from musical comedy and comic opera, is attractive, has humour and shows a pleasant voice.

The picture has a romantic comic opera plot, thoroughly besprinkled with comedy and music. The music, by the way, is very well handled. Ever since the screen developed a voice, it has acted like the young amateur soprano who would just love to perform but had to be coaxed for a long time. The coaxing was done by the directors who insisted on dragging in songs in the most roundabout way, paving the way for them with long back-stage conversations. In "The Love Parade" the songs are introduced in a very straightforward and natural manner.

Jerome Carver

A Home From Spain

Continued from page 53

On the inside shiplap the walls are papered and strapped and then lath and plaster is used. The studding is heavy and the roof rafters must be at least 2x10 inches at 16-inch centers to support the heavy tile roof. If a lighter material is wished for giving a somewhat similar effect the metallic people supply exact reproductions which when painted with a metallic paint and kept painted gives a similar but much lighter roof. The outside stucco walls are colored a deep ivory, and the roof is bright red, with red window frames and dark red sash. One of the characteristics of the Spanish style is its wrought iron grill work. The entrance porch has its archways filled with this iron grill work and the sketch shows how picturesque a design this is. The base of the house is of a rough textured brick with wide black joints, and the upstairs windows have solid shutters with hammered iron bar hinges to hang them. These shutters are a dull green. Bright striped awnings for the lower windows should be provided for summer as their shadows add much to the attractiveness and comfort of the house.

In the landscaping of the lot, if it is of the ordinary size the front should be terraced up, and have the motor road enter on a lower level to the garage. Low flowering shrubs ought to be planted about the base and a trellis or two built where climbing plants or vines can cover it. The gutter and down pipes if the roof is of tile should be copper so that they will oxidize and bring out their vibrant tones.

The interior walls of the livingroom and diningroom should carry out the decoration of the hallway. The fireplace is flat with the wall and finished with plaster down to the black iron border. As a foundation dull oak floors should be selected while the rugs ought to be in browns. Curtains in the lovely French glazed percale in autumn tints of brown, rose, dull yellow and blue green are used. Plan for two comfortable overstuffed chairs besides the fireplace, with a smart bridge table in a good shade of green; this with the other accustomed living room furniture should make a happy combination. In the dining room the furniture could follow an adapted Spanish, in dull oak. Plugs for electric fixtures should be built in where they are required for comfort.



Utter Fatigue

When the Nerves
play out

It is common to be tired after the day's work but you rest and sleep and are ready with new energy and vigor for another day's effort.

But when the night's sleep fails to rest you and you get up feeling tired and worn-out and face with dread the new day, it is time to take stock of your health.

Either as the result of the excessive expenditure of nervous energy or because of worry or wasting disease your nervous system is becoming bankrupt. It is high time to get the building up process established by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

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6687

6687—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of 39-inch material. For collar, belt, and tie of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 39 inches wide is required cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.



6665

6666

6694

6665—Ladies' Coat. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. To line the coat will require $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. To make collar facing of contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54 inches wide cut crosswise of the material. To interline collar facing with canvas will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide. Price 25c.

6686—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. For belt of contrasting material $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 39 inches wide, is required cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Price 25c.

6689—Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. For facing on the blouse, sleeves, and belt, and for the tie of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard is required cut crosswise and 39 inches wide. The underbody will require $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 32-inch material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is 2 yards. Price 25c.

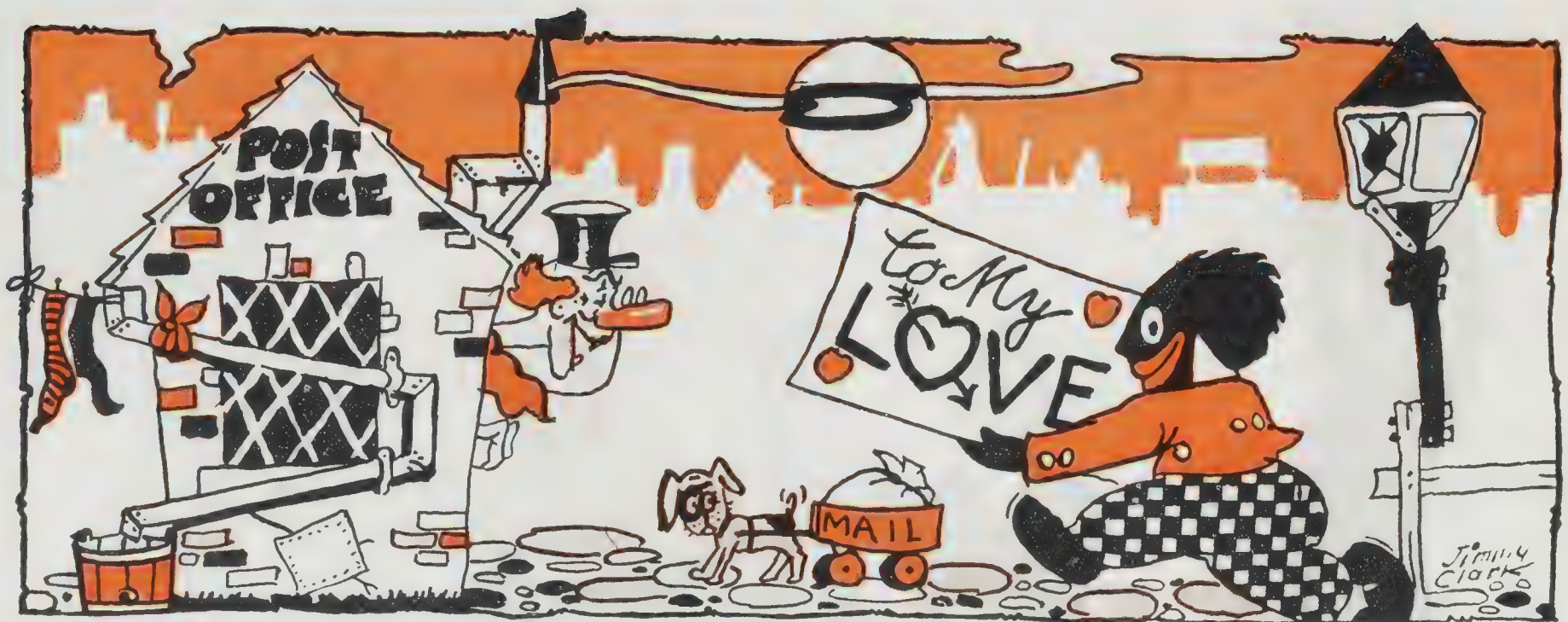
6635—Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. For jabot of contrasting material $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard is required, 12 inches wide, cut lengthwise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{3}$ yards. Price 25c.



6686

6689

6694—Dress for Junior Miss. Cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 14-year size as pictured in the large view, requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39-inch material for the blouse, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch material for the skirt. If the blouse is made with sleeves it will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. To make blouse and skirt of one material, and with sleeves, as shown in the small views will require $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for a 14-year size. 1 yard of belting is required for the skirt. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard. Price 25c.



GOG AND HER FRIENDS

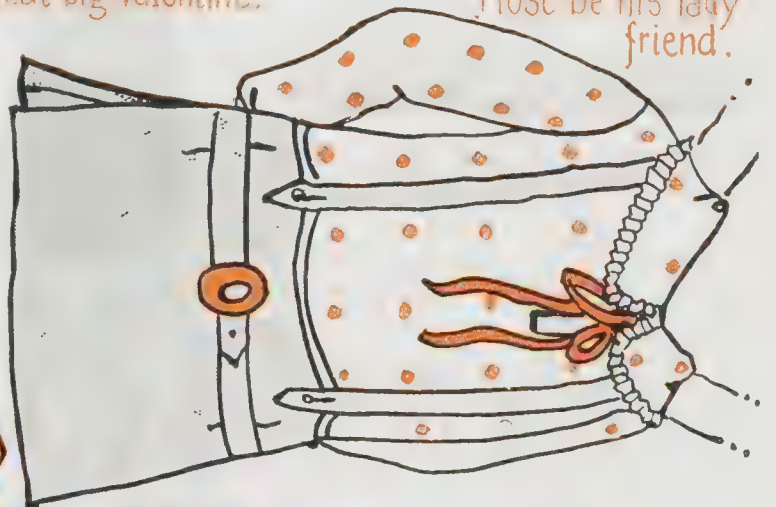
Oh Goodness Gracious,
what a joke!
As down the street

I came,
A certain little "wog"
I met,
No need to tell
his name.

He never stopped to say a thing,
His face was all a shine,
And he was rushing down
to mail
A great big valentine.

To whom do you suppose that he
A valentine would send?
I guess some little girlie-
wog
Must be his lady friend.

Sh' Sh!
Don't breathe
a word, but strange
to say,
You know the
postman too,
So maybe if you
ask him "nice",
He'll tell her
name to
you. H.H.



VALENTINES
FROM
GOOFY, GOLLY,
AND GOG
TO
ALL THEIR
LITTLE
FRIENDS

Gray Hair Is The Thief That Steals Away Youthful Charm



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY Hair adds years to your appearance. It cheats you of many of life's joys. Then why be gray? Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray disappear. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid that gently and easily brings the color without affecting the silky sheen and luster of your hair. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, black.

Accept This Test Offer

Get Kolor-Bak from any drug or department store today. If it doesn't make you look ten years younger, your money will be refunded.

Kolor-Bak

Imparts Color to Gray Hair

Legal Information

Continued from page 59

at relatively lower values, then you are entitled to have the assessed value of your land reduced.

Each year the Secretary of the Municipality is required to send out a notice fixing your assessment and giving a date within which you must give him notice if you desire to appeal from the assessment. If you are unable to get the assessor to reduce the assessment before the assessment notice is sent out, then you should immediately write to the Secretary of the Municipality and give him notice that you appeal against the assessment of your land and then state the grounds of your appeal. The secretary will then notify you of the time when the appeal will be heard by the council. If the council refuse to listen to your arguments then you have the right to take a further appeal within eight days to the District Court. You had probably better have the assistance of a solicitor if you are obliged to take the proceeding to court.

Vulcan, Alta.

(Q) Kindly answer the following questions in regard to United States Immigration:

"A" was born in North Dakota, U.S.A., and later removed to Canada with his father who did not become naturalized. He has been here for sixteen years and now wishes to go back to the States to take a course, and probably reside there afterwards. Will he require his birth certificate and if so, where can same be obtained? Will he have any difficulty in returning to the States?

Before returning to the States he intends to marry a Canadian girl, born at Guelph, Ontario. Does a woman, when married, assume her husband's nationality? If not, will "B" have any difficulty in entering the States with her husband?

If an unmarried Canadian girl intends to go to the States what qualifications must she have, and must she be sure of a position before going there?—L.T.

(A) In reply to your letter we will answer your questions by dividing them into six parts:

1. "A's" birth certificate is not absolutely necessary, it being only a proof that your friend was born in the United States. If he is able to satisfy the authorities in any other manner that he was born there it will have the same result as producing a birth certificate. The certificate is the most convenient evidence, however, as there will then be no room for doubt in the minds of the officials in charge.

2. In the United States births are usually registered in the office of the County Court for the district, and a certificate can be obtained by writing the office of registration.

3. Provided the gentleman's father has never taken out naturalization papers he is still an American, and hence the Immigration Laws will not apply to him at all, and the son will have no difficulty in returning to the States.

4. Since 1922, any alien marrying an American husband does not take the American nationality. This is an American law and applies only to that country. Under Canadian laws the wife would be an American.

5. Any wife of an American married subsequent to 1922, who has not been regularly naturalized in the United States, is regarded as an alien. Her marriage in no wise affects her status in the eyes of the Immigration Department, and she must comply with the Immigration Laws.

6. An unmarried Canadian girl is therefore, in the same position as a Canadian woman married to an American. Both must satisfy the American counsel at the point where they apply for entry to the United States, that they meet all the requirements imposed by the law of that country. There should be little difficulty in obtaining a passport, however, in the event of the applicant being a Canadian.

There is a regulation against admission of Canadian or other aliens to accept employment already arranged for them in the U.S.A. The girl would pass more readily if she had no certain position of employment before entering the United States.

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The advantages in buying a Holt, Renfrew Fur Coat now will be evident to anyone who examines the outstanding values we are offering. Prices are greatly reduced, offering savings of 20 to 50%—savings which will never be greater at any other time of the year. This is your opportunity to secure a coat of Holt, Renfrew distinction at a wonderful saving.

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Self trimmed, Regular \$110 to \$132 to \$165, now \$79.50 to \$132
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Regular from \$195 to \$245, now \$155 to \$189.50

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25% TO 50% OFF

WRITE TODAY

The above are only a few of the many outstanding savings offered during this great event. Write and tell us your requirements—and send bank or business reference, and we will ship a selection of coats at our expense.

EXTENDED PAYMENT TERMS

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Healthy Hair

Frequent shampooing with Evan Williams "Ordinary" keeps the hair lustrously lovely and healthy.

A special shampoo for every shade of hair ... at your druggist.

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Evan Williams
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Do not despair when your child coughs and whoops. Vapo-Cresolene relieves the dangerous spasms quickly. Makes breathing normal and brings restful sleep. Recommended for 50 years. Never upsets the stomach.

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ESTD. 1879

AT YOUR DRUGGIST
WRITE FOR BOOKLET C-19
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COMPANY
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She looks 20 years younger

"I have taken Kruschen Salts for 7 years, and enclose my photo at 50, to ask your opinion of my record. I have been married 30 years, have 3 sons, 29, 25, 19; also 2 grandsons, 6 and 20 months. I put down my youthful appearance to Kruschen Salts taken each morning. I should never think of starting the day without taking them."

"I am 5ft. 5in. in height, weight 119 pounds. I can assure you my husband is very proud of me."

Original letter on file for inspection.

To preserve your youthful charm you must preserve your health. Charm and beauty are mainly a matter of health, so are vitality and vigour. All will be yours if you pin your faith in the "little daily dimeful." Start to-morrow, and you will feel years younger before you are many days older.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at drug and department stores in Canada at 75c. a bottle. A bottle contains enough to last for 4 or 5 months—good health for half-a-cent a day.

DO YOU BUY YARN?

We deliver, with all charges prepaid, yarn for Machine or Hand-Knit use: "Old Time," "All Wool," "Silk and Wool"—all colors—75c per lb. up.

Samples Free

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"A Complete Printing Service"

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Write for price list or further information



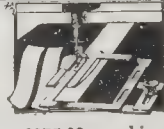
THE CHARM OF SILVERWARE is never so well expressed as when polished with Goddard's Plate Powder. Eighty-five years' world-wide reputation.

Goddard's plate Powder
for polishing
Silver

Sold in boxes: 25 cents.
AGENTS—F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
270 LaGauchetiere Street, W., Montreal.

THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER

Perfect Hemstitching and Picotting Attachment, Price, \$1.25. Money back guarantee. Greatest invention known for the housewife. Fits all sewing machines. Pays for itself in ten minutes time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by a \$275.00 machine. Pay postman. Money back in five days if not more than pleased.
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Monthly**

FOR ONE YEAR

AND

The
**Free Press
Prairie
Farmer**

FOR ONE YEAR

—And This—

Attractive Bungalow Apron

ALL FOR \$1.50

A clubbing offer that has many friends and one that is looked for eagerly every year by many thousands of readers.

We feel sure that you will want to "sign up" and the coupon below is for your convenience.

Date _____

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

I enclose \$1.50 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and a Stamped Apron.

Name _____

Address _____

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 58

parts of the world, that inventories are small and manufacturing concerns are in excellent financial condition. It is considered that there can be no question that the prospects for the continuation of the balanced expansion in the manufacturing, mining and agricultural activities of Canada during the next few years are as good as they have been at any time in the past.

The annual report of the Royal Bank of Canada has been made public, and shows that there has been added another company to the list of Canada's Billion Dollar organizations. The report shows the total assets to be over a billion dollars, showing a gain of over \$92,000,000 over the total shown at the end of the preceding year. The Bank made the greatest profit in its history, being \$7,145,137 as contrasted with a profit of \$5,881,253 in the preceding year.

This report, which must be highly gratifying to the shareholders, is but another instance of that undoubted prosperity which Canada experienced during the past year. Not alone is it of interest to shareholders, but reflects the high and secure standing of banking institutions in this country.

THE annual report of the Bank of Montreal which was submitted to the shareholders on the second of December, 1929, shows that the profits for the year were \$7,070,000 as compared with \$5,847,000 a year ago, thus showing a gain of over one million one hundred dollars. The General Manager stated that the higher rates for call money in New York and a larger volume of loans required by expanding trade in Canada, together with comparatively light mercantile mortality accounted for the increase.

The total assets now aggregate \$965,000,000 showing an increase of \$92,000,000. The fact that the Rest Account is now in excess of the issued capital by two million dollars shows that this bank is in an exceedingly fortunate position.

The Presidential address contained a very striking tribute to Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, who after a long term of able, assiduous and fruitful service had relinquished the position of General Manager. Some compensation however was felt in that he had become a member of the Board, in which capacity his profound knowledge of banking and intimate acquaintance with finance and commerce would continue to be available to the bank.

This report is another milestone in the path of an institution that is much older than the Dominion itself, and which has helped in no small measure to build up that prosperous condition about which we have written in the first part of this article.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Bethany, Man.

Q. Do you think that the shares of the "Peoples Holding Company" are good? This is the American company of "The Brooks Steam Motor Company."

—A.C.E.

A. We are unable to give you accurate information upon American companies because the service which we are prepared to offer only covers Canadian companies.

However we have no confidence in the Brooks Steam Motor Company or any of its associated companies. Their record to date has been far from satisfactory and until some radical improvement in their engine has been effected we cannot see that the shares of the Brooks Steam Motor Company or any of its subsidiaries can have any investment attractions whatever. As you probably know the Brooks Company is, at present, in liquidation.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward — out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong. — George MacDonald.

HEINTZMAN



A HEINTZMAN PIANO is the most economical investment in aesthetic enjoyment you can make for the home. Its perfectly proportioned case will never lose its radiant beauty. Its brilliant tone will never dim. Twenty . . . thirty . . . even fifty years will find it a glorious instrument still possessing the musical qualities for which the Heintzman Piano is world-famous.

Make your wife supremely happy by choosing a Heintzman Piano. It is a wonderful addition to the home. Wide variety of styles. Three years to pay.

Ye Olde Firme

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Toronto, Ontario

Branches at Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon
J. J. H. McLean Co., Winnipeg
J. W. Kelly Piano Co., Vancouver
Fletcher Bros., Victoria



**for tired sore
muscles . . .**



BANISH the discomfort of tired, strained, aching muscles . . . rub in a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. This famous penetrating liniment goes straight to the cause — congestion. It arouses circulation, breaks up the congestion and prevents stiffness. Being a highly efficient antiseptic and germicide as well, Absorbine, Jr., safeguards you against infection. It is not greasy and does not stain skin or clothes. Always keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet.

At your druggist's — \$1.25 per bottle; Hospital size — \$2.50.

For soreness and stiffness.
rub with

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

A Girl School Teacher as America's Queen

Continued from page 20

to set the pump at work which was the white colony's only hope of water.

Soon the city streets were in flames, with wet blankets instead of fire-hose for extinguishing the blaze. Defenders were few. Rifles and pistols were doled out, and barricades erected with sacks of rice and sugar from the warehouses. Shells rained and burst upon Lou Hoover's home; the girl-wife's dainty drawing-room was now a field hospital; her carpets drenched with blood, and amateur doctors operating to the terrifying rattle of machine guns and the hiss of rifle-shots, shattering the windows.

"I have seen war," this gracious and sweet-faced lady has often said to me. Mr. MacDonald had a sympathetic listener in Mrs. Hoover when he spoke of disarmament.

That Boxer terror passed; Tientsin was relieved by international troops. And thereafter Louisa Hoover began a series of world-pilgrimages which must put her at the head of all women travelers. I estimate her mileage by the hundred thousand! For surely, this is the ideal marriage. These two throughout have been loyal "partners," always together, with beloved Lou consulted in every new venture, every business offer and proposal. She has lived in Asiatic Russia, in the Australias and New Zealand; in Malaya, South Africa, Egypt, Ceylon and India. What Britons can ever hope to know their own far-flung Empire from first-hand, intimate knowledge as do these two Californians, who greeted our Prime Minister and his daughter in the most famous (yet most humble!) of all the world's national palaces?

ANOTHER stormy matter is rank and precedence in State "processions," and at table in that big dining-room, whose long windows look over the Potomac into Virginia. Only the other week, Mrs. "Dolly" Gann, the sister of Vice-President Charles Curtis, fairly electrified Washington by refusing to "give place" to the ambassadors, who are the Powers of Europe incarnate at White House affairs. Foreign Minister Stimson consulted Mr. Alvey A. Adee, of the Protocol Bureau. Mrs. Gann—who keeps house for her brother—was overruled, but she flatly refused to give way. An irritated diplomatic corps then met under Sir Esme Howard, who is their dean. At last our ambassador and his conferees chose the path of peace—and a half-breed Indian lady sat above them all!

So as Mr. MacDonald is a widower, be sure there was anxious parley over Miss Ishbel's "place." It is strange, this clash of aristocracy and democracy in America's "court"; but the social tug-of-war goes back to the First President's day.

Even up to Mrs. Roosevelt's time, the First Lady could never gauge with accuracy her catering needs. Ministers, Senators and Congressmen had a way of "asking a few friends along," of whom the White House hostess knew nothing. I have known over 200 joyous "gate-crashers" to turn up to supper, so that food failed and scandal arose with a thousand mouths. You see, Washington has no industries save politics, law-making and diplomacy. Everybody is watching his or her (especially "her") neighbor. Agencies and reporters representing 10,000 newspapers must have "stories"—if only about the wines and spirits and liqueurs which are delivered at the "extra-territorial" embassies and legations. In short, the Federal Capital, which belongs to no State, is a Jove's whispering-place of gossip, from which neither the President nor his Lady are exempted.

Here, again, the Hoovers are "different," as citizens of a larger world. Both are leaders, rather than docile followers of Washington traditions. Their own family is not large. Herbert Junior has a third Herbert of his own, to say nothing of the three-year-old "Peggy Ann"

who is the adored pet of her graceful grandmother. Allen, the second son, is not married yet. All the Hoovers prefer a country life. The Presidential pair have a lively home at Palo Alto, 3,000 miles away in California, as well as a thousand-acre orchard of peaches and plums in Kern County, likewise in that sunny Pacific State. They left yet another splendid house in Washington last March, when Grace Coolidge "handed over the White House key" to the most efficient chatelaine of them all.

What did the MacDonalds think of America's singular Palace and its crowded functions and feasts? Assuredly that these are sui generis—unlike any other on earth, and with a peculiar charm all their own. The White House plate and china are historic; the big silver centerpiece was used by Mrs. Madison—who saw the famous house set ablaze by British troops! Until recent years, the White House knives and forks and spoons were of base metal, because of the passion for "souvenirs" to which all classes of Americans are prone. So as each First Lady retired into private life these articles were sold by auction "on the premises," and would presently figure in quite humble restaurants of the town—to be appropriated in turn by any Rube from Missouri, who took home forks and spoons bearing the awesome legend: "White House!"

Precedence is strictly observed as the Presidential party assembles in the "Red Parlor." Here Cabinet Ministers and their ladies, as well as Judges of the Supreme Court, high officers of Army and Navy, Senators and the rest are duly marshalled. The famous "receiving line" perplexes many "victims" and great is the intrigue to take part in it. If one passing the line "shakes" with the President and bows to the First Lady—What is one to do with the long file of lesser dames behind?

NEVER before was all Washington so wrought up as over the very first visit of a British Prime Minister—who happened also to be a labor man, self-made, like Hoover himself. Both the host and his guest were resolved to take what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald calls "the risks of Peace" in the matter of international disarmament. But, believe me, Mrs. Hoover's "risks of peace" during that historic visit were far more formidable on the purely social side! I refer, of course, to the seating at table, to invitations or exclusions, to etiquette in general, and the "placing" of touchy and clamorous persons in formal progress through those rooms, and in the State Receiving Line. No one is here willing to "disarm"—as we see from the barage which the Vice-President's house-keeping sister directed against the Corps Diplomatique a few weeks ago. Nor is this social "offensive" confined only to Americans. I remember an Austro-Hungarian Ambassadress, before the War, who at the last moment kept the soup cooling while she jibbed absolutely at her allotted escort—the Mexican Minister—on the ground that he was "a man of color!"

Why the White House—the seat and centre of the largest Democracy—should engender these "incidents" and antagonisms, I cannot say. But the fact is notorious. In the old days, Mr. and Mrs. President were nonplussed and awed by such contretemps, knowing little of the great world and its ways. The Hoovers are different. Be sure that the beloved "Lou"—who adds California grace and charm to the sure tact and dignity of a real grande dame—has foreseen and provided for every possible hitch. And be equally sure that, should the "impossible" arise, she can deal with it so well as to save all faces," keeping her own winning smile as the seal of supreme success in the momentous Visit fraught with far-reaching results to Anglo-American relations, and to the prosperity and peace of the world.

OUR NEW SERIAL



What does one like to find in a novel? Does he not look for love and courage, travel and adventure, hand to hand combat, and glorious fighting on land and sea? Does he not expect to read of buried treasure recovered, of prison doors unlocked, of lowly people exalted and of lordly ones brought low? And does he not cherish the hope that faith and love will prove triumphant, that honor and brave daring will not fail to receive the recognition which is their due, and that somehow, despite trials and troubles and hardships and misunderstandings, right will conquer wrong, and love come into its own?

Well, All This and More
One Will Find in The

New Serial

"No Defence"

which begins in March. The Author is **SIR GILBERT PARKER**—the brilliant Canadian Author. The story begins in Ireland but later the stage is set on the high seas and in the West Indies. It is a story of the olden days before slaves were free and before all white men had learned to be kind. But then as now there were to be found those who were brave and courteous, loving and true, and this story tells of some of these.

And one might think that Sir Gilbert Parker, in his closing sentences, had in mind the meeting of Hoover and MacDonald when he said of the two great peoples—

"They Will Be
One Again"



Politicians and Statesmen

IT IS interesting to consider the difference between the words "politician" and "statesman," as the dictionaries define them. You find a "politician" defined as one who seeks to promote the interests of a party, or as one skilled in politics, and a "statesman" as a political leader of distinguished ability. But has not the statesman to be a politician in order to get elected? Yes, but so far as he measures up to being a statesman, he will practise the art of politics without evasions, red herrings, ambiguous pledges, loud and empty pledges, hokum and bunk. He will not say to the electors: "I will give you what you want." He will say: "What you think you want done is so-and-so. What it is possible to do is thus-and-thus. What you really want, therefore, is this"—which he will set forth clearly. Is this kind of speaking successful in winning elections? Often not. But by speaking thus courageously to the electors and, if he is elected, standing by his words, a public man gains a kind of support which the ordinary kind of glib politician cannot hope for. Candor is a bitter pill when first it is tasted but it is full of health, and once a man becomes established in the public mind as a person who deals habitually and successfully with real things, he acquires an eminence of a wholly different quality from that of even the most celebrated caterer to the popular favor.

Women's Qualities and Men's

THE unique qualities of women," says a recent article in a magazine, "are intuition, affection, sensibility, realistic sense, practicality, adaptability and tact." All that is true. It is an admirable list of womanly qualities. But, after all, do not the best men and the best women share most, if not all, of these qualities? Whatever real distinctions there are between women's qualities and men's are based on the one great functional difference between them. They are distinctions too deeply rooted to be changed. The people who say that masculine ideals have triumphed over the feminine side of life are wrong. If there is one instinct which by reason of its association with maternity is more feminine than masculine, it is the instinct which manifests itself in consideration for the weak and the suffering. Never has this instinct so dominated public discussion, general sentiment and what is most important, legislation, as it does now. This surely suggests a victory for "feminine psychology" altogether more significant than the "victory" of "masculine psychology" deplored by those who point to the invasion of men's occupations and to short hair, short skirts and so forth as "proofs" of women's "surrender" to masculine habits.

Do You Know Yourself?

KNOW thyself" is one of the greatest maxims of ancient wisdom. But there is nothing harder for us to do than to know ourselves. We do not really know even our own faces. Have you never walked into yourself in a mirror where you did not expect a mirror? If you have had that experience, you will remember that for a moment the person you found yourself facing was unknown to you. Would you recognize your own profile, or the back of your head, if you were in like manner suddenly confronted with it? We are accustomed to see ourselves in mirrors full-on. Side views and half-side views of our faces, which artists say are often the most characteristic, surprise us. And if you do not know your face as well as you might, how about your voice? You sing, perhaps. If so, does your singing sound to you as it sounds to other people? Does your ordinary speaking voice sound the

same in your ears as it does in the ears of those to whom you speak? It often happens that people who sing or talk into a distaphone, in order to hear themselves as others hear them when the instrument gives them back what they gave it, are surprised greatly—especially if the reproduction is arranged as a surprise to them at a time when they have no expectation that such is going to be done.

A Letter From Jerusalem

A FRIEND of The Philosopher has received from Jerusalem, in Palestine, a letter from one Joschua Zeigfelder, which says: "It is long time since I sent to you a pice of olive wood work made at my old age with the sweat of my brows being in hope that you will compensate me for my work but to my sorry have you forgotten. Please give attention and he who dwells in Zion and has chosen Jerusalem for His seat shall pay you twice in return." The "pice" of olive wood has not yet arrived. Perhaps it has gone astray. Joschua's letter, however, is a reminder that in the East there have always been beggars who accept the doles of wayfarers with the manner of those who bestow favor and honor and blessing. Does not Kipling tell us of old Gobind, the one-eyed mendicant of the Chubara of Dhunni Bhagat, holding out a brass bowl for alms by the side of the dusty road, and graciously out of his wisdom imparting counsel and advice to the writer of tales?

The "Broad-minded" Pose

ALMOST everywhere there are to be found members of a tribe of persons who imagine themselves to possess superior intelligence, and lacking any definite clear-cut convictions, or even opinions, flatter themselves on being "broad-minded" and take pride in what they announce as their tolerance. True broad-mindedness presupposes a mind and its development by constant use. True tolerance is based on understanding and on real breadth of sympathy as well as of intellect. One of these pretenders to broad-mindedness will tell you, with an excessively tolerant manner, that every question has two sides. "Why not see both?" he asks. He does not himself truly see either. The surest mark by which to distinguish such persons is their attitude towards any earnestness in discussing any of the problems of life. They smile indulgently at such earnestness. They take the pose of having attained a height of knowledge and wisdom from which there is a view of such matters that ordinary people cannot hope for. But behind their pretence there is only emptiness.

A Book We All Are Writing

THERE is such a thing as reading so much that one does not leave oneself any time to think. We should try to keep our minds from being swamped in the trash of the moment. It is necessary to remember that books are no better than the people who write them, and by no means all the individuals who are writing books nowadays would be either the most desirable or the most beneficial people to associate with. "As well kill a good man as a good book," wrote John Milton—and some of the old suppressors of knowledge acted on that idea and had good books burned by the hangman. But never before now, surely, was there a time when so many books which were not good books were produced. Never was there a time when the need was greater to choose carefully. And we should never let ourselves forget that life is greater than any book. The book of life is one that you are helping to write yourself. Do not let that book go unread.

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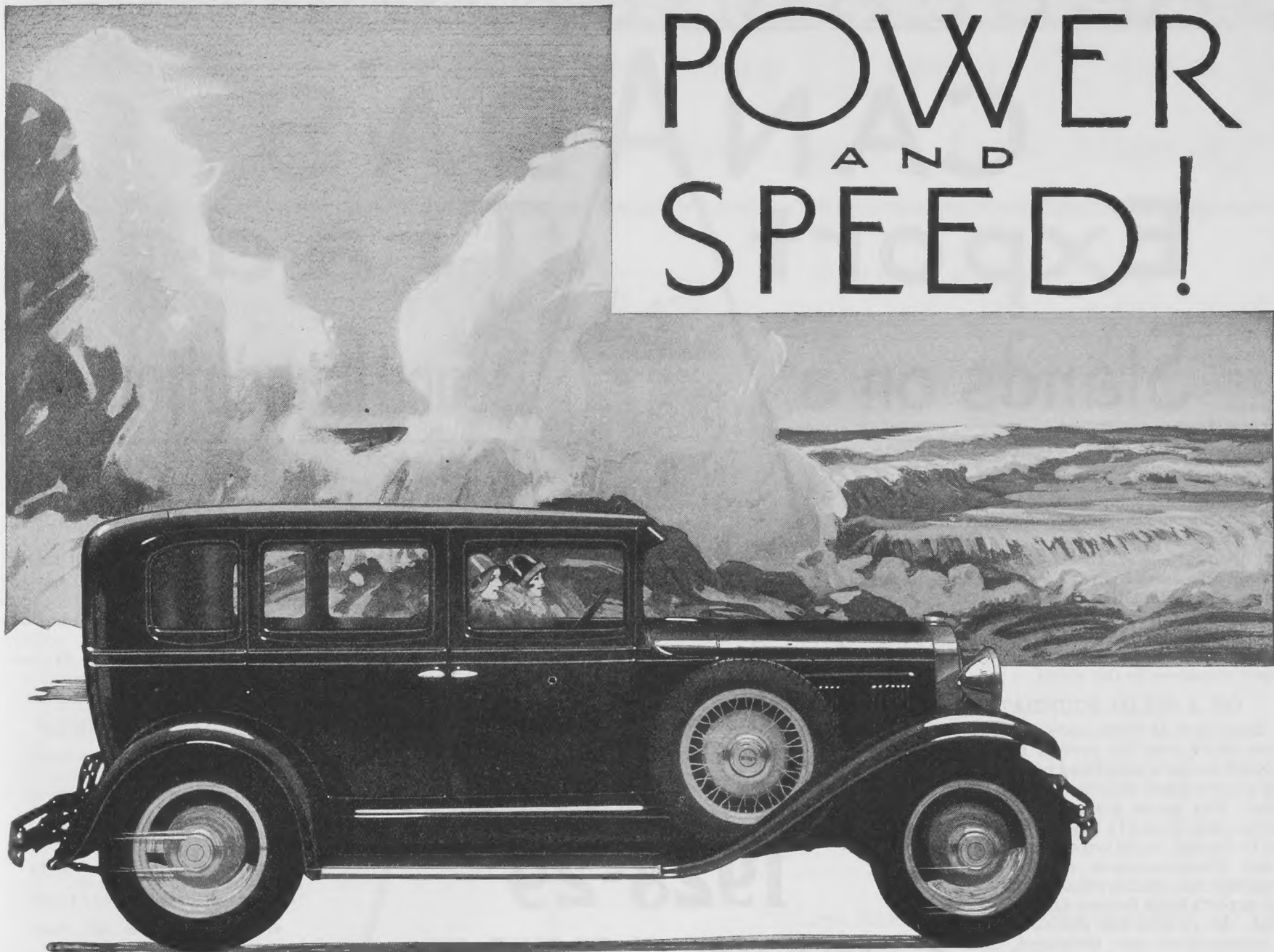
The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

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ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$2.50 A YEAR

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SPEED!**72 MILES AN HOUR**

48 IN SECOND... 65 HORSEPOWER...
 RICH BROADCLOTH UPHOLSTERY...
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 FINEST VALUE EVER OFFERED AT
 SUCH LOW PRICES.

The genius, resources and experience of the vast Willys-Overland organization have combined to build a sensational new motor car... the Willys Six.

This superb new car bases its claim to wide public preference on a multitude of new and spectacular features.

First is the mighty Willys Six motor, rubber insulated against vibration. 65 horsepower with speed of 72 miles an hour easily sustained. 48 miles an hour in second gear. Speedier, livelier, more powerful and more responsive than any engine ever developed in a Six of the new Willys price class.

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Other new Willys Six features include low and beautiful body lines, "Finger-Tip Control", hydraulic shock absorbers, remarkably low consumption of gas and oil. The big full internal four-wheel brakes make braking quick, easy and sure.

Only by an inspection can you fully appreciate this extraordinary car. Arrange a demonstration with your nearest Willys-Overland dealer today.

*Entirely NEW*THE **WILLYS SIX**

CANADA'S Export Trade Stands on a Sound Foundation

EXPORT business now provides more than two million Canadians with their livelihood. So vast has Canada's foreign trade become, that nearly a quarter of our population depend upon it for what they eat and what they wear; for their homes, their savings, their comforts and their luxuries. Export trade exerts its beneficence in every Canadian community and on every Canadian farm.

Roughly, a third of our total annual production—to a value of \$1,363,700,000—is shipped to other lands. Per capita, Canadians are the second largest exporters in the world.

ON A SOLID FOUNDATION

Because it is *Profitable Business*, Canadian effort year by year is more actively directed towards supplying markets abroad. Our export trade stands on a solid foundation. Our goods are in demand. Last year no less than 411 new business agencies in foreign lands were opened by our Trade Commissioners on behalf of Canadian manufacturers and producers. Our exports have become highly diversified. More than 600 distinct classes of commodities are embraced, and the list is ever expanding. Our goods are finding their way wherever trade routes lead.

IN REMOTE LANDS

Think for a moment of this diversification, and see how our people are blazing the trails of business all over the world. Here are some examples: Fence Wire for New Zealand, Automobiles for India, Lanterns for East Africa, Builders' Tools for Fiji, Agricultural Implements for Sweden, Wallpaper for Chili, Box Shooks for Egypt, Ice Cream for China, Milk for Honduras, Leather



1921-22



1924-25



1928-29

**EACH YEAR IT GROWS IN
VOLUME AND IMPORTANCE
TO EVERY COMMUNITY IN
THE DOMINION**

for Hong Kong, Fish for Dutch East Indies, Rubber Tires for Czecho-Slovakia, Canvas Shoes for the Straits Settlements, Flour for Portuguese East Africa, Machinery for Brazil, Motor Trucks for Mesopotamia, Radio for Argentine.

The ground is well prepared for still further expansion. Will you take advantage? Canada's 32 Trade Commissioners abroad are constantly drumming up new markets. Wherever a Trade Commissioner's Office has been opened, without exception there has been an increase in trade. The demand for Canadian goods is growing in every country where we are represented.

HOW CANADIANS CAN HELP

It remains, however, for Canadians to grasp the larger opportunities offering. Producers and manufacturers can help our export in several ways:

1. Producing the kind of commodities other countries want.
2. Maintaining production so as to assure continuity of supply.
3. Keeping all products up to rigid standards.
4. Becoming familiar with business methods abroad.

This is Canada's business. It is every citizen's business, because the more goods Canada sells abroad, the more certain and the more ample will be her continued prosperity.

GET LATEST INFORMATION

In addition to the Trade Commissioners' Offices throughout the world, the Department of Trade and Commerce maintains at Ottawa a highly specialized Commercial Intelligence Service. The sole duty of this organization is to assist exporters. If you have an export problem, first write the Commercial Intelligence Service. Up-to-date information will be provided and your business will be facilitated in every way possible.

Comparative Figures 1928 and 1929

A perfunctory glance at the export figures of Canada during the past year gives the impression of a general downward trend. Analysis shows, however, that the reverse is true. Due to conditions which no one can control, the export of raw material, mainly grain and grain products, shows a decrease of \$70,700,000.

But, on the other hand, exports of goods, manufactured or partly manufactured, show an increase of \$46,500,000, which is at the rate of 9.4%.

The trend of the year's activity in export trade is clearly in the direction of increased exports of manufactured or partly manufactured goods, while the export of raw materials has declined considerably.

Exports for First Ten Months of 1929 Compared with First Ten Months of 1928

	1928	1929	+increase -decrease
Goods, fully or partly manufactured (except flour)....	\$470,582,601	\$514,985,409	9.4%+
Other commodities.....	209,767,048	224,789,418	7%+
Wheat.....	304,170,889	200,310,311	51%-
Other grains.....	34,944,278	18,842,430	85%-
Wheat flour.....	51,444,533	45,707,655	12%-

Canada's Trade Commissioners Abroad

Argentina.....	E. L. McColl, Buenos Aires	Japan.....	J. A. Langley (Commercial Secretary for the Canadian Legation at Tokyo).
Australia.....	D. H. Ross, Melbourne	Kobe (Acting Trade Commissioner).	
Belgium.....	Jean J. Guay, Brussels	Mexico.....	C. Noel Wilde, Mexico City
Brazil.....	A. S. Bleakney, Rio de Janeiro	Netherlands, East Indies.....	G. R. Heasman, Batavia
British West Indies.....	R. T. Young, Port of Spain, Trinidad	New Zealand.....	C. M. Croft, Auckland
British West Indies.....	F. W. Fraser, Kingston	Norway.....	F. H. Palmer, Oslo
China.....	L. M. Cosgrave, Shanghai	Peru.....	G. R. Stevens, Lima
Cuba.....	James Cormack, Havana	Panama.....	J. A. Strong, Panama
France.....	Hercule Barré, Paris	South Africa.....	C. S. Bissett, Cape Town
Germany.....	L. D. Wilgress, Hamburg	United Kingdom.....	Harrison Watson, London
Greece.....	Henri Turcot, Athens		J. Forsyth Smith, London
Holland.....	J. C. MacGillivray, Rotterdam		Harry A. Scott, Liverpool
Hong Kong.....	Paul Sykes, Hong Kong		Douglas S. Cole, Bristol
India and Ceylon.....	Richard Grew, Calcutta		Gordon B. Johnson, Glasgow
Irish Free State.....	J. H. English, Dublin	United States.....	Frederic Hudd, New York
Italy.....	A. B. Muddiman, Milan		R. S. O'Meara, Chicago
	Director of Commercial Intelligence Service,		San Francisco (to be opened later)
			C. H. PAYNE, Ottawa

THE DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND COMMERCE

HON. JAMES MALCOLM, Minister

OTTAWA

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Fluffy? Yes, Crisco  is now so fluffy  you don't need to cream it. Simply stir together Crisco  sugar  eggs  Whisk  cakes into the oven in $\frac{1}{3}$ less time 



A cake that goes to church

No church supper in a certain little Alberta town is complete without one of Mrs. B's black devil's-food cakes. And when the appetizing odor is wafted out of her kitchen the children all gather 'round to learn if it's a cake for them, or only a cake for the church grown-ups.

In all her cakes Mrs. B., of course, uses Crisco—a shortening that tastes as pure and sweet as unsalted butter fresh from the churn. She says: "Crisco keeps my cakes moist and fresh as long as I can keep the children away from the cake-box."

BLACK DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Crisco	1 cup thick sour milk
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
3 eggs	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cocoa
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 teaspoons baking powder	2 cups flour
	1 teaspoon salt

Blend Crisco, sugar and eggs thoroughly in one operation. (Note how easily and satisfactorily *three* separate, difficult operations are now combined in *one* with the help of Crisco, which comes to you already creamed.) Beat cocoa in hot water until smooth and add to first mixture. Then add milk beaten with soda and flavoring and lastly stir in flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together. Bake in Criscoed 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven (375° F.) for about 25 minutes. This makes three large layers which may be iced with the following icing: Cook 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water to a temperature of 238° F. or until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour slowly over 3 egg whites beaten stiff, beating mixture as you do so. While icing is still hot, fold in 12 marshmallows which have been cut in pieces. Beat until of a consistency to spread.

Try this on your husband

There's at least one man in every family who thinks it isn't masculine to like sweets. But a cake like this flavored with coffee and put together with Crisco, whose own pure flavor allows the taste of the coffee to predominate, is truly a "man's cake."

A MAN'S CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco	2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 eggs (separated)	1 cup cold strong coffee
2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup walnuts (cut up)
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Blend thoroughly in one operation—Crisco, sugar and

egg yolks. (See how much simpler this is than the old-fashioned method of creaming a shortening like butter.) Then add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and the coffee. Stir in nuts and flavoring and lastly fold in the egg whites beaten stiff. Turn into Criscoed tube pan and bake in moderate (350° F.) oven for one hour. Cool and ice with: 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt cooked with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup strong coffee until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ of syrup slowly over 2 egg whites beaten stiff and beat as you pour. Cook remainder of syrup until it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.) and add to icing. Beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

Perhaps Ramses II ate some of these

"The charming art of cake baking probably originated with the Egyptians," says an old cook book called "The Pantropheon or The History of Food." gorgeously sweet and filled with spices were these Egyptian cakes. Can't you imagine an old Egyptian cook puzzling out the hieroglyphs which meant Yum Yum Gems? And then hunting around for the spiciest spices, the sweetest honey and a delicate shortening? No hunting around for a delicate shortening now—for your corner grocer has Crisco with its fresh, sweet flavor, sealed in an air-tight can, a fresher, sweeter flavor than you ever imagined a shortening could have!

YUM YUM GEMS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup brown sugar	1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 egg	1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup sour milk	1 cup raisins

2 cups flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnut meats
1 teaspoon soda	(chopped)

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg at one time. Add sour milk. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and add raisins and nuts. Pour into Criscoed cup cake tins or paper baking cups and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 or 20 minutes, or until done. This recipe makes about 18 cakes. Crisco keeps them so moist and tender that they may be baked several weeks before a holiday, and kept until time to serve. They may be iced at the time of baking or later with this caramel icing:

Boil 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups brown sugar and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ of this syrup over the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs beating while so doing. Put the remainder of the syrup back on the fire and cook till it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.). Add this syrup slowly to original mixture and beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

When you haven't time to bake cakes yourself, you'll probably find, at a nearby bake-shop or grocery, delicious cakes made by a baker who uses Crisco, too. Most good bakers *do* use Crisco, I've discovered. And I've found, also, that when a baker is so particular in the choice of his shortening, he is apt to use the finest of other ingredients, as well.

CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA

Free! 12 dozen Time-saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labour. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.



Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-20, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.
Please send me free cook book "Miss Splint's Selected Recipes."

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The importance of *Healthful Cleanliness* in Good Cooking cannot be over-emphasized

HEALTHFUL CLEANLINESS is the first requisite in the preparation of palatable and wholesome foods—and there is nothing else like Old Dutch to provide this protection. Old Dutch possesses many other distinctive and valuable qualifications. It is safe . . . quick . . . economical.

SAFE: Because it is free from acid and caustic, contains no sand or hard scratchy grit. It doesn't scratch. And that is worthy of consideration in this day of beautiful finishes. Scratches make utensils unsightly. They also provide lodging places for impurities, cause food to stick more readily and often scorch and burn; and then, too, they render cleaning more difficult. And here is still another advantage—Old Dutch doesn't harm the hands or disfigure the nails.

QUICK: Because of their remarkable detergent properties and ultra-modern efficiency, the soft, flaky, flat-shaped Old Dutch particles liberate and wipe away stubborn dirt, grease, grime, stains and rust with a clean sweep.

WHEN YOU USE Old Dutch, less work, time and energy are required because Old Dutch does so much more. You'll appreciate this especially at the holiday season . . . when there is so much to be done . . . cooking, baking, candy making and so many **EXTRA** utensils to be cleaned.

ECONOMICAL: Because **EVERY PARTICLE** of Old Dutch does its **FULL SHARE** of cleaning. The Old Dutch particles are flat shaped, they lie flat on the surface and do not rake it with hard sharp points, like grit. These Old Dutch particles, being soft, break into smaller particles; therefore, Old Dutch goes a long way.

USE OLD DUTCH for cleaning cooking utensils of every description—cutlery, pots and pans, boilers, percolators, snowy-white and gayly colored porcelain and enamel, glass and earthenware. Old Dutch removes all impurities, the visible and the dangerous invisible. It banishes all taint, all odor, assuring a healthfully clean utensil, which is an important factor in good cooking that cannot be over-emphasized.



Made in Canada